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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Vol. III. No. 34.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1936.

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SYDNEY



## WORLD MOURNS OUR KING



# OUR BELOVED KING PASSES

## Queen's Long Vigil at Bedside

### Poignant Grief at Midnight Announcement

By cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our London Representative

LONDON, Tuesday.—Death hovered in the shadows for only four days before it robbed the nation of its beloved Sovereign, George V.

The first bulletin telling of his illness was issued at midnight last Friday. A few minutes before midnight on Monday the King passed away.

THROUGHOUT Monday there was a continual stream of visitors to the Palace, and Counsellors of State, members of the Privy Council, gathered there, with the King's knowledge, to conduct official business.

Throughout it all Queen Mary remained the magnificent figure that the Empire knows and loves.

Capable, quiet and efficient, she proved the helpmeet that women throughout the world have known her to be at all times of crisis, yet withal the Queen and partner of the Empire's leader.

Her personal grief and anxiety were not allowed to interfere with her duty. She did all that a queen should do, and women everywhere acknowledge her example.

THE Privy Counsellors on Monday assembled in a sitting-room adjoining the room where the King lay, propped up with pillows. After the meeting had concluded, His Majesty appended his signature to the documents which constituted the Council of State which he had appointed earlier in the day.

Then the afternoon wore on, and to the thousands of people waiting at every possible place to hear news of His Majesty the hours seemed endless.

The members of the King's family, with the exception of the Duke of Gloucester, were at Sandringham on Monday. The King talked to them all, the Prince of Wales remaining alone with him for a brief time.



Waiting for the bulletin. A scene at Buckingham Palace during the King's previous illness. At left: When the King was convalescing, the Queen rarely left his side.



## Empire Shares Royal Grief

The heart of our mighty Empire goes out to the Royal Family in its great grief. He was a King above men, a man above Kings. The whole world mourns....

On Edward, the new King, now devolves the duty of carrying on the high standard set by his beloved father.

LOIS FAR LOVELIER



she's a wise, wily maiden, this Lois of the petal-soft skin! Nobody may see her without her cherished Revelry face powder because she has to admit in her heart, that her complexion is really the most ordinary thing. Praise be to Revelry that makes it look so flawless.

**Revelry**  
that artful, flattering Face Powder

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Also Revelry Face Creams, Revelry Talc and Revelry Perfume... echoing the same exciting fragrance.

J. & E. ATKINSON (AUST.) LTD.



86.6.37

The King was bright and cheery at these interviews, remembering even to inquire about his last-born grandson, Prince Edward.

As the night drew on His Majesty settled down into a peaceful rest, and was

without pain.

At Buckingham Palace, the huge crowds waited on, and when the bulletin was issued announcing that the King was dead, the scene was a memorable one, grief as majestic as it can only be

when personal sorrow is stirred to its depths.

The people mourned the man. Their anxiety for their Sovereign head was there also, but personal love and esteem came uppermost.

## Story Behind the Official Bulletins

By cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our London Representative

LONDON, Sunday.—The following statement as to the cardiac condition of His Majesty and his general treatment was communicated to me by a physician who has been closely watching the methods of Lord Dawson of Penn and those associated with him at the King's bedside.

THE bulletins so far issued concerning the health of His Majesty, while brief, are sufficiently informative to give a fairly accurate idea of the serious nature of his illness.

It would appear, for this reason particularly, that the term "bronchial catarrh" has been used in preference to bronchitis or broncho-pneumonia. Bronchial catarrh implies an acute inflammation of the bronchial tubes. The condition is bi-lateral, affecting the larger, medium or smaller tubes, and is often the common sequel of catching cold.

In elderly people the risk of pulmonary complications is very great, and therefore to be regarded as a serious condition.

The bronchial tubes being inflamed secrete an abnormal amount of mucus or mucopus, which tends to plug the finer tubes, inducing areas of collapsed air-cells and broncho-pneumonia, which is so often fatal in aged patients.

It seems that with advancing years, the bronchial tubes have less power to expel the secretion which makes the risk of extension to contiguous air-cells far more likely. Should this occur in the case of His Majesty, his life must be immediately in grave danger.

At this stage, however, the most disquieting news is the development of

"heart weakness." This does not imply that some grave heart disease has suddenly supervened, but rather that the heart muscle itself, and not the valves or arteries, is unable to withstand the extra strain placed upon it by the bronchial infection.

There are two factors important in this regard. One is the toxic effect of an infection—that is, the poisoning effect common to all bacterial invasions of the body and in which the heart, in common with all other organs, would share, and secondly the increased intake of air and extra respiratory effort required to meet the normal demands of the body for oxygen. Thus these two factors—toxaemia and oxygen insufficiency—must be regarded as the factors which have induced some degree of heart failure.

### Weary Heart

ON a normal heart this would not be sufficient to cause cardiac signs, so we can only regard the King's heart as quite unable to withstand any extra burden.

In the winter of 1928 he was stricken with an illness exactly similar, and although an empyema developed, necessitating an operation for the draining of the pus which had developed in relation to the lungs, he survived but

now he is seven years older, and weakened by his previous illness and the strain imposed by his high office, his heart muscle may not withstand even a bronchial inflammation.

The problem confronting the King's physicians is obvious. The normal oxygen requirements must be supplied artificially by raising the percentage inspired, and the heart must be artificially stimulated until the infection and consequent toxæmia are overcome. If this can be accomplished quickly before the heart is too far strained, all will be well, but an extension of the bronchial inflammation to the lungs must create a burden the heart will not carry.

### OUR COVER PORTRAIT

THE portrait of His late Majesty King George V, which appears on our front page this week, was substituted for our usual Boothroyd picture immediately the news of the King's death was received.

Portions of the edition had already been distributed and despatched, however, so that two editions of the paper may be simultaneously on sale by some newsagents this week.



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OF NEW SOUTH WALES



The furbelows are laid away  
With all the frills of yesterday,  
And now the wizard Time reveals  
What Grandmamma could ne'er support—  
Fair women in the field of sport.

## SPORTS GIRL

From end to end of all the earth,  
Of every creed, and state of birth  
They meet in one great sisterhood;  
Not for applause or idle fame . . .  
Their joy is only in the game. —P.D.-B.



# THE KING in HIS CRISIS

## Story Behind the Official Bulletins

### A Royal Heart Beats Between Life—and Death

By cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our London Representative

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THE bulletins so far issued concerning the health of His Majesty, while brief, are sufficiently informative to give a fairly accurate idea of the serious nature of his illness.

Bulletins are issued, primarily, to inform the people of the approximate nature of his illness, and not to give details which would only have significance for the medical man.

There is also a natural desire on the part of the King's medical advisers not to create alarm unduly.

#### Sequel to Cold

IT would appear, for this reason particularly, that the term "bronchial catarrh" has been used in preference to bronchitis or broncho-pneumonia. Bronchial catarrh implies an acute inflammation of the bronchial tubes. The condition is bilateral, affecting the larger, medium or smaller tubes, and is often the common sequel of catching cold.

In elderly people the risk of pulmonary complications is very

great, and therefore to be regarded as a serious condition. The bronchial tubes being inflamed



Waiting for the bulletin. A scene at Buckingham Palace during the King's previous illness.



Above: Lord Dawson, of Penn, the King's physician.

At left: When the King was convalescing from his previous illness, the Queen rarely left his side.

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ON a normal heart this would not be sufficient to cause cardiac signs, so we can only regard the King's heart as quite unable to withstand any extra burden.

In the winter of 1933 he was stricken with an illness exactly similar, and although an empyema developed, necessitating an operation for the draining of the pus which had developed in relation to the lung, he survived. But now he is seven years older, and weakened by his previous illness and the strain imposed by his high office, his heart muscle may not withstand even a bronchial inflammation.

The problem confronting the King's physicians is obvious. The normal oxygen requirements must be supplied artificially by raising the percentage inspired, and the heart must be artificially stimulated until the infection and consequent toxaemia are overcome. If this can be accomplished quickly before the heart is too far strained, all will be well, but an extension of the bronchial inflammation to the lungs must create a burden the heart will not carry.

Should, however, their efforts be successful, His Majesty's heart must always be greatly weakened and unable to withstand the slightest strain imposed upon it at any subsequent time.

the case of His Majesty, his life must be immediately in grave danger.

#### Important Factors

AT this stage, however, the most disquieting news is the development of "heart weakness." This does not imply that some grave heart disease has suddenly supervened, but rather that the heart muscle itself, and not the valves or arteries, is unable to withstand the extra strain placed upon it by the bronchial infection. There are two factors important in

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66.6.37

## "BEAUTY"—Our Splendid New BOOK OFFER!

Next Issue Will Tell How to Secure

A wonderful book, entitled "Beauty," is now to be made available to our readers. Full details how to get this book, together with the first token, will be found in our next issue.

IT was our intention to give these details in this issue, and references to our offer will be found in our current advertisements with other newspapers.

So heavy, however, were the demands on our space this week that we reluctantly decided to hold over full information concerning this amazing book offer until our next issue.

We had planned and announced that we would give our readers a special eight-page section on the movie world in this issue.

So overwhelmingly popular was the idea that we found it necessary to enlarge the section to 12 pages.

To do this, we had to sacrifice not only the space intended for the presentation of our book offer on Beauty, but also five pages of advertising.

We feel confident, however, that readers will be so delighted with the splendid new section that they will be content to wait until next week for full details of the Beauty Book offer.

"BEAUTY" is a truly fascinating book, and one which every woman will rejoice in possessing. Modern science has completely revolutionised the subject of beauty treatment in all its aspects, and this book fully covers the very latest scientific developments in that field.

The idea governing the book is expressed in its sub-title, "How to Obtain and Retain Beauty," and in carrying out this plan, special sections have been devoted to the foundations of beauty, the fundamental aids to beauty, maintenance of beauty, dress in relation to beauty, personality and charm, beauty in daily life, and beauty in children.

Each of these sections has informative, practical, and exceedingly interesting chapters devoted to it.

The appearance of the book is quite worthy of its title—luxuriously bound in powder-blue and silver, and lavishly illustrated. It is a veritable de luxe edition which will grace any home, apart altogether from the intrinsic value of its contents.

Full particulars of the extremely easy conditions which must be fulfilled to

We Give You These New Star Feature This Week..

12-page Movie Magazine —begins on page 31.

P. C. Wren Serial (to be completed in four issues)

—begins on page 5.

Edgar Wallace Thriller —page 7.

Shirley Temple Doll Competition, page 34.

"San Michele" Free Novel included.

obtain this book will be found in our next issue.

The securing of the Australian rights of this remarkable book is one of the greatest triumphs that has been achieved in this field by the overseas organisation of The Australian Women's Weekly.



# LET'S Talk About—



POPULAR BARITONE

**EDMUND BUTTERWORTH**, Sydney baritone, will sing the role of the Barber in "The Barber of Seville," to be broadcast by the Australian Broadcasting Commission this week. A member of the A.B.C. Wireless Chorus, he has only been heard in minor parts so far during the present operatic series. His operatic experiences date back to childhood, when, at the age of ten years, he sang in the children's chorus in the Bel Sorel Opera Company's production of "Carmen." However, it was not until 1926 that he took up singing seriously, being engaged by J. C. Williamson's to understudy the late John Ralston in Gilbert and Sullivan operas. He has appeared in a great many of these operas and a number of other productions, including interstate tours of "The Desert Song," "Maid of the Mountains," "Country Girl," "Lilac Time," "New Moon," "Vagabond King," and "The Student Prince." One of his most successful broadcasts was in the part of Silvio in "Pagliacci" over the national stations last year.



DIRECTOR OF HEALTH

**LAST** year was the first that the Creche and Kindergarten Association of Brisbane had, for president, Sir Raphael Cilento. At the end of the year he made a tour of inspection of the kindergartens and was greatly impressed. Sir Raphael, who was knighted last year, is a scholar of repute, and an expert on all tropical medicine and tropical diseases. He was an outstanding student of Prince Alfred College and Adelaide University.

For five and a half years he was the Director of the Australian Institute of Tropical Medicine, Townsville, and was Director of Public Health and Quarantine of the Mandated Territory of New Guinea for four years. Ten years ago he published a book, "The White Man in the Tropics"; other publications are "Malaria," "Filariasis," and "Diagnosis of Bowel Diseases in Northern Australia." At present Sir Raphael's headquarters are in Brisbane, where he is Director-General of Health Services.



SAFETY DIRECTOR

**ELIOT NESS**, just in his 43rd year, has been named the Safety Director of Cleveland, Ohio, by the Mayor, Harold Burton. More than any other, he is given the credit for helping to bring J. Capone and hundreds of other tax violators to bay. Ness is by far the youngest man ever to be named for the post of Safety Director in Cleveland, and at the time of his appointment was serving as chief of the Federal Alcohol Tax Unit in Cleveland. Ness is a former Treasury operative for the Federal Government.

# MUSIC Was HUSHED . . . . !

## Empire Waiting in Spirit at The King's Bedside

By R. J. H. MOSES

It was told very simply in the cables:

"The King's illness was announced in a public broadcast message one minute before midnight. The dance music faded out, and an announcer, with emotion in his voice, said:

"Before we close down, I want to read a bulletin regarding the King's health."

In a few breathless moments, a Kingdom, an Empire, a whole world became as one in mingled emotions of apprehension, commiseration, and affectionate sorrow.



KING GEORGE and QUEEN MARY as they were photographed on their wedding day, he then being Duke of York and she Princess Victoria Mary of Teck.

**THE** extraordinary feeling aroused the world around by the threat to this Royal life seven years ago was as nothing to this latest demonstration of affection towards a figure which had grown even more beloved of his own people and even more admired of all other peoples in the years between.

In this Year of Grace it is to England

that the nations have turned definitely for a lead in the paths of peace. And not for a political lead, but for a personal lead. His father was named Edward the Peacemaker, but it remained for the son to establish an even firmer right to that title through and after four years of the bloodiest war in history.

He has sought always peace at home and abroad. When the Irish question had brought men to thoughts of imminent civil war, King George intervened, without any real sanction, to effect a compromise. Afloat from all political ties, it has been his personal influence that has been behind the settlement of England's biggest industrial troubles in the difficult post-war years.

### "Follow the King"

**A** MAN of simple faith and simple ways, he has ruled an empire not as an emperor, but as the father of his peoples. Therein has lain the secret of the universal loyalty he has inspired.

With his own family as the model, he set a standard of behaviour as applicable to the affairs of a kingdom as with the affairs of the meanest household in his kingdom.

The slogan "Follow the King" was coined during the war as a rallying cry with his people when the great conflict was threatening to disintegrate the morale of the nation at home and abroad. And they rallied to that lead then and ever since.

A sportsman who played the game himself and would have none about him who did not. The hardest-worked man in his own kingdom because he would ask no one to do what he could not do himself. One steeped in the traditions of his people—at his accession he was dubbed the "Sailor King"—and yet one who never obtruded those traditions on men of other faiths and other habits.

For fifteen centuries there have been Kings in England. During the last 200 years the "old divine right of kings" has been whittled down to a shadow of

**THE PRINCE OF WALES** who, especially in recent years, has taken much of the heavy burdens of State from his father's shoulders.



SANDRINGHAM CASTLE, centre of the light for his Majesty's life.



FOUR GENERATIONS OF ROYALTY: Victoria the Good, Edward the Peacemaker, George V, and Edward, Prince of Wales.

its original substance. Yet to-day, in the person of the King of England there is vested a power and a significance never before existing. For that amazing paradox history will turn to King George for the explanation.

And the Royal wife, Queen Mary, a true consort who has shared the joys and the sorrows of her husband's people in a commonality of motherhood and sisterhood. She holds a place in the hearts of the nations second only to that of the King. We always think of them together. Australia met them in the flesh as the Duke and Duchess of York and knew them then and always after as the model husband and the model

wife, as a devoted son and a devoted daughter.

In their turn they begot a devoted family. The picture of the Prince of Wales at his father's bedside is the picture of the loving son, one who in these last few years has lifted no small portion of the burden of kingship from his father's shoulders. A prince who is the brother to his people: whose life purpose is to lift youth, out of the slough of despair into which the war threw it, again into the ways of contented employment.

All of which is why a minute before midnight dancing feet became still and then, as the hour struck, stole tip-toe to a palace gate.

## DO YOUR FEET LET YOU DOWN ?

—If So, You Need

## Zam-Buk

**O**N your feet all day—cleaning, cooking, shopping, and so on. If you neglect them, no wonder they burn, ache, feel tired, and make you too weary and irritable for anything.

Your feet will always be happy and comfortable if you give them a nightly rub over with Zam-Buk. Two or three minutes each night ensures days of ease. Bathe your feet in warm water, and after drying thoroughly, apply Zam-Buk to the ankles, soles, and in between the toes. The refined herbal oils are readily absorbed into the skin.

### Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved by Zam-Buk. Hard skin, corns, and bunions are softened, joints, ankles, toes, and feet are made easy, and you can again wear shoes in comfort. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores.



"Housework made my feet painful, tender, and tired out. Rubbing in Zam-Buk wonderfully soothed and strengthened my feet and enabled me to get about in ease and comfort."

Mrs. L. Collins

"For preventing blistering and chafing and for keeping the feet healthy, Zam-Buk is certainly the finest I have used. I walk 10 miles a day to and from my work without any trouble."

Mr. D. Jones

**Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night**





MRS. ANNI HAUPTMANN, emerging from the prison where her husband is held pending the carrying out of the death penalty, arising out of the kidnapping and murder of the Lindbergh baby. She declared that he feels, with her, that all will come out right.

# IMPRISONED FOR *Her Silence* Mrs. Edols NOW ASKS FOR a HEARING

## Woman Who Would Not Tell

The strange case of Aimee Belle Edols, the woman who will not tell, again comes before the Bankruptcy Court this week.

Strikingly handsome, a member of smart society, fashionable dresser, lavish spender and entertainer, she has been in gaol for three years in all for contempt of court, because she refused to give information demanded by the Court. Now she has asked that her case be further considered.

*An intimate of the family told The Australian Women's Weekly that if she really has a secret—and the Court thought she had—she will take it to the grave.*



MRS. EDOLS.

A FORTUNE has passed through the hands of this remarkable woman, and the court is inquiring into the manner of its passing. To seven unsecured creditors, £23,530 is owing, but that is only one phase of one of the most extraordinary dramas ever heard in our courts.

Round the central figure has revolved a story of enormous sums spent on frocks, furs and other *fa-la-las* dear to feminine hearts, magnificent entertainments, de luxe travelling, and big betting plunges.

Mrs. Edols had a flair for clothes, and how to wear them to best advantage.

The inquiry reached a deadlock when Mrs. Edols refused to answer certain questions during her bankruptcy examination, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for contempt of court by Judge Lukin, the Federal Judge in Bankruptcy.

That sentence will be completed on January 28. She has made application for the examination into her financial affairs to be continued, and will appear before Judge Lukin again at 10.30 a.m. this Friday, January 24.

On January 28 Mrs. Edols will have spent three years in gaol for contempt. Her health is said to be broken, though not necessarily as a direct result of her term in prison.

## Retains Dignity

A CLOSE personal friend of Mrs. Edols, who has visited her in recent months, says that, in spite of rough prison work, consisting of a cotton dress, white stockings, heavy boots and a straw hat, she has retained her characteristic dignity.

It will be remembered that the sheriff and his officers searched for her for about 10 months in order to serve certain legal documents and arrest her for failing to answer a summons.

When she was eventually arrested and brought to Sydney by Lieut.-Colonel G. F. Murphy, Sheriff of the Supreme Court, Mrs. Edols asked to be allowed bail on her own recognizance. She was told that the Judge must hear such an application, which could not be made till next day.

That night she had her first taste of prison fare, and next morning, smartly dressed, appeared in Court.

## "Naughty Little Girl"

OF the outcome of the projected proceedings, much conjecture is taking place. Some of her friends think that she will convince the Court her later statement—that she has no assets—is true.

Others believe that, whatever happens, if there is any secret as to what became of the thousands of pounds unaccounted for, she will carry it to her grave.

After having served six months in Long Bay gaol, Mrs. Edols on September 30, 1932, refused to tell His Honor Judge Lukin the names of two men in Melbourne to whom she said she handed £38,000, nor would she tell what she had done with £240 said to have been obtained from a Mrs. Styles.

Judge Lukin, in sentencing Mrs. Edols, said: "Mrs. Edols is like a naughty little girl who has stolen her mate's toy, and is so obstinate that she won't give it up, or say where it is."

Mrs. Edols is a woman who, prior to the first sentence for contempt of Court, had been used to every comfort in life.

After three years in gaol she has sought a further opportunity to face the Judge to try to convince him that despite what evidence she gave in the outset, her latest version of the disposition of her estate is true.

## Withheld Names

WHEN first examined in the Bankruptcy Court, Mrs. Edols said that she possessed an asset of £48,000, and refused to give the names of the persons who were holding it. On December 21,

## Advance...

### Autumn Fashions

FROCKS sketched by Petrov on the Fashion Parade page this week were specially selected by our fashion expert, Jessie Tait, from autumn evening models just opened by David Jones.

Further sketches by Petrov, and a special article by Jessie Tait, dealing fully with the styles, fabrics, and colors of the new autumn mode appear on page 62.

1932, she told His Honor that this was a pure fabrication, and that neither the two men nor the £48,000 existed in fact.

Regarding £14,000 which she claimed to have been lost in betting, a list of the names of well-known bookmakers with whom she said she had cash transactions was put in as evidence.

Unsecured creditors in the estate include Roy Edols, retired grazier, Melbourne, £2000; Arthur Edwards, solicitor, Wahroonga, £4700; Ernest Edols, retired grazier, Darling Point, £10,000; Dr. F. Digges in Touché, Newtown, £1000; Percy R. McConnell, retired planter, Wahroonga, £1000; Mrs. M. J. Vivers, Elizabeth Bay, about £130 and interest; and H. E. Ross, architect, Sydney, £1700 (estimated value of security, £1579).

## May Conduct Own Case

ERNEST AUGUSTUS EDOLS, her husband, told the Court that he was without any income, and that he had not had any income for 12 months. He was subsequently made bankrupt himself, and to-day, over 70 years of age, is without funds to pay for legal assistance.

According to her own statements, Mrs. Edols is now penniless. Perhaps she will conduct her case in person.

The Australian Women's Weekly interviewed Mr. Ken McLachlan, the solicitor who instructed counsel on previous occasions, including an application for release which was made on March 23, 1934.

Mr. McLachlan said that he had no knowledge of his client's wishes other than what he had read in the Press, but, no doubt, would hear from Mrs. Edols before the date of the hearing.

Australian legal history has no parallel to the case of Aimee Belle Edols.



## Friend of the Family

In your old friend, Bushells Blue Label Tea, you get the freshness and fragrance of young bud-leaves.

Its fine flavor cheers you. It satisfies your natural thirst for full enjoyment of really good tea.

To enjoy full flavor always take the teapot to the kettle so that the water is poured while still boiling.

## The Tea of Flavor









Illustrated  
by  
FISCHER

A LONG  
Complete  
STORY

# The BARBARIAN

An unwanted Oriental displays  
a wonderful sense of gratitude.



"O regrets, dear?" Arthur Crenshaw inquired of his wife.  
Joan raised her misty eyes to his. "Absolutely none. I was never so thrilled." They were standing shoulder to shoulder against the steamer rail, watching a Channel haze blot out the coast of England. "I'm a little teary at cutting the last string," she admitted, "but all my life I've dreamed about the East. Crowded cities, with funny sights and smells: Temples, Junks, Coolies, Potentates, Elephants, Ivory and jade. Oh, Arthur, I'm the happiest woman in the world!"

"There's the climate to think about, you know. And discomforts and poor food—"

"Bosh! We can stand them. Think of coming back all hard and brown, with the old exchequer bulging."

"You're the best little sport in the world," Arthur asserted feelingly. "I'll work like a slave."

It was easy to become acquainted with the other passengers, many of whom were army and navy people returning from leave. Crenshaw had an easy manner; his good-looking young wife was an eager, animated creature; adventure had kindled a fire in her.

Between themselves the couple agreed, after a few days, that by far the most interesting person on board was the one passenger whom they found it hardest to meet—a huge, swarthy Oriental of middle age who occupied the finest cabin on the ship.

"That's Said Abdul Buraala," the purser explained. "Part Arab and part Malay, I believe. Magnificent specimen, isn't he? College bred, too. He's the head of the whole Mohammedan show in the Dutch East Indies."

"I suppose he's fabulously rich," Joan said.

"Oh, rather! Money in the family for generations. Palaces, plantations, pearl fisheries—"

"No wonder he's so exclusive."

The purser shook his head. "Your first trip East, isn't it, Mrs. Crenshaw?"

He's not exclusive. It's his color. The whites and the natives don't mingle in this country."

"This country? We're not in the Orient. Surely he's a gentleman." "Of course. And I've no doubt he'd be delighted to know everybody aboard, but we're bound East—and it isn't done. Nobody understands that better than he."

Joan said no more, but later that day when Arthur emerged from the writing-room he found her talking to the Oriental himself.

"Oh, hello, dear!" she called. "I want you to meet Said Abdul Buraala. He was sitting alone and I stormed his solitude."

THE Said bowed; he spoke in a deep voice. "Your charming wife is most gracious. I appreciate her friendliness."

For a while the three talked, and Arthur found himself warming to the stranger.

When the stewards appeared with the luncheon cocktails Arthur inquired, "Will you have a spot with us, Mr. Buraala?"

Briefly the Said hesitated; then he inquired, "Won't you permit me to play the host in my cabin?"

"Whatever you prefer."

"Thank you. Then say—in ten minutes. I am in suite A.A."

When Arthur and Joan knocked on Buraala's door they were received into a sitting-room larger and handsomer than they believed existed on the ship. Vases of flowers stood about; there were quantities of books with English, French and Arabic titles, also boxes of cigars and cigarettes.

"Would you prefer a cocktail or a glass of Cécile, Madame?" the Said inquired.

"How festive!" Joan exclaimed. "I'd love champagne."

The cork was deftly untwisted; soon the three were sipping their drinks.

"What a splendid room!" Arthur commented.

"Which affords me an opportunity to explain why I spend so much time

in it and why I asked you to come here." Buraala spoke gravely, but without embarrassment. "Nothing would please me more than to have you young people return often, but it will be better for you not to do so. I understand you are going to Singapore to live."

"Yes, I'm joining the firm of Burkett, Stone and Burkett, solicitors."

"They wanted an Oxford man, and the pay is three times what Arthur was getting," Joan explained. "It's sure to lead to a junior partnership."

"My congratulations. In the circumstances, you must forget our meeting and pass me by as if we were strangers."

"Oh, I say!" Arthur began, and his wife likewise protested.

With a smile the Said shook his head. "In London or on the Continent we could be friends, but not in the East, and already this ship is a part of the East. I would not have it on my conscience that two such delightful young people had injured their prospects through me."

"How perfectly silly and unfair!" Joan exclaimed, and her husband agreed. The Said only shook his head.

## By REX BEACH

It was not without some discussion that the couple finally promised to heed his advice.

"Darned decent of him to warn us," Arthur remarked, as he and Joan descended to the dining saloon. "He made me ashamed of—of white intolerance."

The Crenshaws saw little of the Said thereafter. It was while the ship was steaming through the Red Sea that they learned he was ill. Malaria, the doctor pronounced it, and a frightfully bad attack.

"I say," Joan spoke to her husband privately. "That doctor was pretty stony. Don't you think we should make sure our nabob is getting proper care?"

"We'd be worms if we didn't. Come along."

The Said was indeed a sick man. Fever leached from his eyes; below them

lay shadows so heavy as to resemble bruises in the flesh.

"We just learned you were ill," Joan told him. "I'm sure we can do something to help or to cheer you up."

The man smiled; a faint sparkle came into his leaden eyes. "That is most charitable and most—unwise."

"Oh, to the devil with that rot!" Arthur protested. "Are they taking good care of you?"

Buraala confessed that, apart from the doctor's visits, he received practically no attention, and Joan voiced her indignation. Forthwith she took charge, and thereafter she and Arthur returned several times a day.

The Said's fever broke at Colombo, and as he improved the young couple spent more and more time with him. The invalid gave them much advice and told them many stories—strange tales of the Spice Islands and the pearl fisheries. He talked well on almost any subject—religion, music, literature—in fact, he surprised his listeners with the breadth of his culture. More than once he warned them that the East is likely to cast an evil spell upon Europeans and begged them to be ever watchful of her whims.

Farewells were said at Singapore before the young couple landed, and where the Said, now fully recovered, was to board a Dutch packet for Amboyna. When he had again thanked them for their kindness he said to Arthur, "Will you permit me to make a trifling present to your wife as a token of my gratitude for her charity?"

Taking a little box from his pocket, he raised the lid, disclosing a magnificent round pearl set in a platinum ring.

The Crenshaws stared at the jewel wide-eyed.

"Oh, you mustn't! I couldn't!" Joan gasped.

Arthur nodded. "You're very generous, but we'll think of you often without such a costly reminder. Please don't misunderstand me."

"I feared you would refuse," Buraala said regretfully. "Very well. But I shall keep you always in my thoughts. Good-bye."

Singapore, the Crenshaws told each other when they were finally settled, was the ideal spot. They had found a charming bungalow in the European residential part of Tanglin—it was green and white and it nestled amid blooms. It was Heaven. Friends were

easily made, too; there were dinners, dancing, golf, tennis and week-end shooting parties.

Arthur told. In his mind at all times was that prospect of a junior partnership, but he ran pretty deeply into debt. It is so easy to live beyond one's means where business is conducted on the insidious chit system. However, a few debts were nothing to worry about; most of the younger people ran behind at first, so he told himself.

NOT until they had been in Singapore a year and a half did Arthur, always careless in money matters, take serious stock of his financial situation. Then he was dismayed at the total of his debts. Before he could bring himself to talk it over with Joan, a stock-broker friend offered him a chance to recoup. It seemed there was a rubber company which was certain to raise its dividend rate at its next directors' meeting a week hence. The broker had it straight from the manager, a close pal. The shares had gone up considerably; they would double when the news was announced. Arthur would be a fool if he didn't get in on it.

"But I have no money to speculate with," the latter confessed.

He didn't need a cent; the broker pointed out. He, himself, would carry the shares for a week or so.

Arthur considered. He knew the man quite well; a bit of extra cash would certainly come in handy. "Put me down for—say, two hundred shares," he said finally.

"Two hundred! You mean a thousand. My dear fellow, the things a sinner! Lash out! You can't lose."

There was some further discussion; later that morning Arthur received a contract note showing that one thousand shares had been bought for his account. The sight of it appalled him, and he telephoned the broker that he had chills and had decided to sell as soon as he could do so without a loss. The market closed that day two points off, and Arthur did not sleep well.

Steadily the price fell and a panic seized Crenshaw; fearfully he waited for the directors' meeting. The day came and the dividend was not raised. It was suspended. Arthur was sick; the broker was apologetic. Accidents would happen, he declared.

Crenshaw's shares were sold at a loss of more than nine thousand dollars, and the broker's firm refused to accept payment over a period of time. Their client would have to raise the money somewhere, somehow.

Please turn to Page 54







# The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Lait,  
sketched by Petrov



● **SHIRRING** is the principal feature of this midnight-blue crepe model. Two half-circles on the bodice and two more at the knees, from which the skirt hangs in folds.

● **GREY-BLUE DULL CREPE** for this dress, with a full skirt hanging in vertical folds. The wide waistband is shirred in front and ties in back. Pink and mauve flowers.

● **RED CHIFFON** dress and scarf. Dark red crepe flowers, narrow cord shoulder-straps. The scarf is two horizontal lengths of chiffon with a circle cut out front and back.

● **HEAVY RUST CREPE** ensemble. The dress has a shirred bodice and simple skirt. The voluminous cape is shirred up into two wide bands on either shoulder.



# DEFT DETAILS

## Piquant Sauce to Fashion Dishes!



- (1) TO cover the head in some form is the fashionable note for the moment, and this velvet-and-tulle bonnet from Peter Russell, trimmed with cornflowers to match the huge flat muffs, shows the new side-reils.
- (2) CORDS and tassels are the latest trimming on French hats. Suzy makes this toque in black velvet, and trims it with a black silk cord and two tassels.
- (3) TWO British lions in gold form the amusing ornament on a violet suede belt worn with a simple day dress in violet cloque crepe from Heim.



- (4) HERE are matching gloves and handbags (in two styles) created by Alexandrine in antelope with trimming in chains.
- (5) BELTS in leather form sets with matching bags and gloves as originated by Alexandrine.

the latest hats, whether they be military in form or not. Suzy adds bright silk cords to many of her newest modas, either in the same color as the hat, as in the illustration of the black velvet toque with its draped top, or adding bright red, green or purple cords to black or other dark felt hats.

Muffs are another accessory which the smart Frenchwoman has added to her

(Photographs and Article from MARY ST. CLAIR by Air Mail from Paris.)

winter wardrobe, and though I know that you will not be interested in them in fur, still the velvet or fabric ones, some of which contain a small compartment in the top to be used as a purse, might readily be adapted for the evening. Peter Russell adds a big, flat muff in velvet, trimmed with a bunch of cornflowers in variegated blues, to an all-black dinner ensemble. And, of course, the amusing boinnet which provides the finishing touch to the costume is in black velvet also, and is trimmed with the same flowers.

The tulle veil at the sides, which can either be worn under the chin or hanging at the sides or back, is another idea that has been adopted with enthusiasm. One sees them at cocktail parties, at the

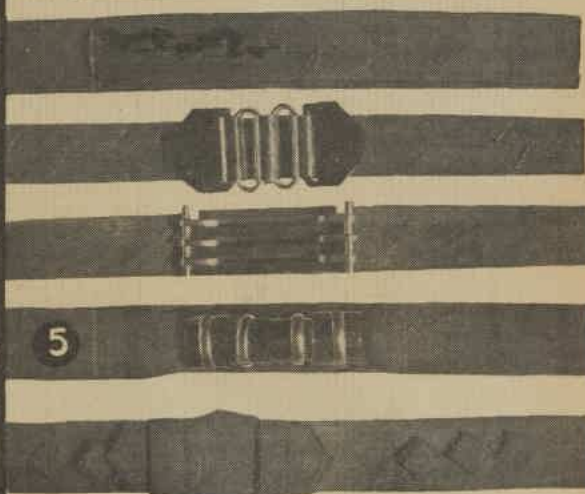
theatre, and in restaurants. They frame a pretty face bewitchingly, and help to keep the hair in order... If one must be practical!

We have all fallen very heavily for rich, barbaric jewellery, and we bedeck ourselves with metal bracelets, set with huge stones, either imitation, precious, or semi-precious—with huge collarettes of metal—and with hair ornaments in the form of diamante stars, bandeaus of crystal leaves and flowers or natural-looking blooms made of tin-foil.

SIMPLE day dresses are enlivened by large buttons or clasps of leather, woods, metal, or composition in bright colors, worked in various shapes, such as chessmen, dolphins, dragons or lions.

Belts are very important this season. They may be ten inches wide or, as dresses, when they are made of patent leather, or they may be a narrow gold cord in metal chains, or in gold or silver leather heavily embossed to look like pewter. In gold or silver leather set with huge cabochon stones they give a medieval air to simple white evening frocks.

Shoes, of course, are tremendously important, but I needn't tell you that, for Australian women have the loveliest feet in the world! The latest style here, borrowed, I believe, from America, is the low, flat heel shoes, both for day and evening.



"WHATEVER CAN MAKE BOBBY SO MISERABLE LATELY, NURSE? WHAT CAN I GIVE HIM?"

Safe? You're wise to ask that. Some mothers are too ready to experiment with cheap and drastic preparations, not realising the danger. Take my advice and give the children 'California Syrup of Figs.' Doctors recommend it and give it to their own children. We Nurses swear by it.

Send to the chemist and get a bottle. Give Bobby a dose to-night and he'll be fit as a fiddle in the morning. Wait till you taste 'California Syrup of Figs,' Bobby. It's simply delicious.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2 1/2 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Califig' on the package.

**"California Syrup of Figs"**  
"NATURE'S OWN" LAXATIVE

**A**CCESORIES are like sauce. They should be used to flavor the dish. To give it piquancy—but never to overweight it.

And because they can do more than anything else towards building up a reputation for chic, I have gathered for you this week photographs of the latest hats, bags, gloves, and belts that Paris is showing.

One of the most prevalent fashions here at the moment is the matching in design and material of gloves, bags, and belts, and these make not only excellent gifts but are veritable life-savers for plain costumes. Alexandrine started this mode, and one of her best selling sets is in black or tobacco-brown antelope with the trimming in small chains covered with the leather—but all the belts shown in the illustration also have gloves and bags to match.

The last word in smartness is to carry box calf or pigskin bags of huge dimensions in the morning with your tailored suit, and antelope—usually in envelope shapes—for the afternoon.

Tassel and cord trimmings are seen on



## An Editorial

JANUARY 25, 1936

## THE NATION'S AMUSEMENT



WITH this issue, The Australian Women's Weekly publishes for the first time in its history, or in the history of any other Australian newspaper, a twelve-page section giving a complete review, factual and critical, of that latest and most amazing development of modern life—the "talkies."

The criticisms by our critics of current films have long since been accepted by readers as the most unbiased available in Australia, and the surest guide to their picture entertainment, because they combine in unique manner a true sense of artistic merit in any film with a proper evaluation of its public appeal.

This service to the public has now been expanded, until to-day it covers the whole film world in all its vital aspects. The Australian Women's Weekly has placed its readers in direct news communication with the centres of the "talkie" industry—Hollywood, Elstree, London, and New York—not simply by ordinary mail and air mail but by cables and wireless.

These cables are sent direct from our own correspondents right on the various "locations," correspondents selected because they are Australians with special personal knowledge of film history and film identities.

In these last ten years the pictures have become definitely the mass amusement of Australia as with the rest of the world. They have ousted almost completely every other form of stage and musical entertainment.

The position in Australia to-day is that there are 1334 picture-houses, and the weekly attendances at these houses are conservatively estimated at 3,500,000. And that's with a total population of all ages of less than 7,000,000!

It is to the service of this great mass of Australians that The Australian Women's Weekly dedicates this special film supplement: not to pander to trade interests or to force its own critics' views on its readers, but very especially, to interpret a phase of international life in such fashion as to mould it to the best interests of Australians for their amusement and their education.

—THE EDITOR.

## POINTS OF VIEW

## The Feminine Touch

UNDER the skin, a woman is always a woman. No matter how she may ape masculinity, there comes the time when the urge to be truly feminine masters any desire to be regarded as "one of the boys"—in dress as well as in manners.

The girl athlete may be "a ball of muscle" on the playing field, and as rugged and capable over 100 yards as the majority of men; but transplant her to a drawing-room in a filmy evening frock, and all the gentleness and daintiness immediately come to the surface.

A man's a man for a' that. And so is a woman a woman. When Jean Batten returned to England after conquering the South Atlantic and was waiting to be honored and feted by her countrymen and women: what was her main concern? Not the compliments and congratulations, which would have been only natural!

Oh, dear no. A ladder in her tocking. And to be thoroughly feminine she refused to be welcomed until she had got rid of the offending hokey. What's more, Jean is not superstitious about ladders.

## Radio Nastiness

BROADCASTING programmes are carefully censored—over-censored, sometimes. If we are to believe some of the artists, who contend that their best items are frequently spoiled, despite this, a touch of nastiness occasionally creeps in.

Of course, to the pure, all things are supposed to be pure, but all the same, even those who are not looking for an unpleasant twist to a phrase, can hardly miss the subtle suggestive turn that an odd broadcaster gives to a quick-running fire of patter.

It may be clever; it may not be. It all depends on the point of view. But the fact remains that women and children comprise a very big section of listeners-in, and an artist who goes "over the odds," however subtly, should not be given a chance to repeat his offence.

## Paradise on Earth

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL P. A. SMITH, late of the Indian Medical Service, who reached Sydney a few days ago on a world tour, is now living in Jersey, one of the Channel Islands. What most Australians know about Jersey is that it has long been famous for the knitting of woollen garments, and for its breed of dairy cattle.

However, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith now tells Australia that the island's greatest attraction is that income tax is unknown there, and that for this reason many wealthy Australians have retired there to live.

Well, all that can be said for those Australians is that life must be very dreary without Mr. MacMahon's weekly private and confidential correspondence.

## Lyric of Life

## Sonnet of Silver and Green

I might have worn the veils of ordinance  
And gone detached, infinitely serene  
About the ways of life. I might have  
been  
Remotely from all, but by predestined  
chance  
You came my way with laughter like a  
lance.  
Of stabbing silver through my thoughts  
dim green  
And the quiet that all my life could  
mean,  
Lived out alone. You came with brave  
romance.  
And in a day, an hour, a moment's kiss  
I awakened into life in dear surprise:  
The mist was gone from my long  
dreaming eyes.  
You broke those dreams and in exchange  
gave this—  
A redly-beating heart, the human glow  
Of one who lived and loved and  
proudly so.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

## Marriage Symbolism

WHAT good material for a subsequent sermon came the way of the officiating clergyman when a young couple were married on the stranded wreck of the Maheno, off the east coast of Australia last week.

There was more than a touch of symbolism in the ceremony. The bride, owing to the cant of the deck, was forced to lean on the strong right arm of her husband; only genuine friends of the couple attended, and clung, like the ivy, to the alding steamer chairs, and even the wedding cake had to be propped upright on the table.

Outside, the pounding waves gave indication of the stormy seas of matrimony to be avoided, and, perhaps, there was a little applause in their thunderings for a girl so entirely free from superstition as to launch her marriage on a shipwreck.



RUDYARD KIPLING, Poet Laureate of the Empire in the making, whose death in London removes an outstanding literary figure.

## Privileged Few

SEEING the New South Wales Government has no money for hospitals (except through the State Lottery), that the burden of the taxpayers cannot be lightened, that Civil Servants cannot get their salaries restored that the wages tax can be reduced on only small salaries, and that, generally, it is said to be impossible to do anything to improve the lot of the community as a whole, the proposal to lighten the burden of bookmakers by reducing their taxation fees will create the impression in the mind of the average person that the age of miracles is not past.

To carry the idea to its illogical conclusion the racing clubs should shorten the bookmakers' hours of labor from four per week to say, three and a half. This could easily be done by running the races at shorter intervals so that each Saturday's meeting would conclude at 4 p.m. Thus they would be enabled to reach their homes in time for dinner, peacefully and comfortably.

It certainly seems a pity that anything should be done by halves for this privileged section.

## Kipling—the Singer of the Nation's Songs

By LESLIE HAYLEN

"If you've ever stole a pheasant-egg behind the keeper's back,  
If you've ever sniggered the washin' from the line,  
If you've ever crammed a gander in your bloomin' haversack,  
You will understand these little songs of mine."

YES, that is Kipling. Nothing explains the poet so much as his verse, and Kipling, whose death took place in London last week was pre-eminently the stirring singer of the people's songs. The poet-laureate of the under-dog; the eternal Man from Mandalay watching the pageant of life pass before him, and enshrining it forever in the leaping magic of his verse.

Kipling has been called a journalist using poetry as his medium; a writer of jingle, an outmoded Victorian, according to the temper and sentiment of his critics, but they are wrong.

A hundred thousand marching feet of Tommy Atkins, singing his campaign songs; the multitude who gain fresh courage from his inspirational verses, and the millions with heads bowed to the sonorous beauty of his "Recessional" at memorial and Cenotaph supply the answer. Grave and gay, he was the translator of the people's thoughts into the music of words; the bard of the dumb and the inarticulate.

## The Wide Lands

HIS EMPIRE was the wide land of courage and derring-do, his provinces the arid plains of India, the hot veils of Africa, the bush of Australia, or the snows of the Himalayas—every place where goes the ceaseless devil of adventure walking up and down. His too, the place where men "go down to the sea in ships" and the ocean bed where the "blind sea-cables sleep."

Kipling's verse will live with the Empire of which he sang and the men he met in its making. He is not outmoded. No man who wrote as he has done is destined for obscurity. The burning beauty of his poems kept the yardstick of the mere versifier, for it deals with life and humanity, rubbing the salt of humor into its wounds.

## Mother Love

WHILE most of Kipling's verse is of a man's world there is nowhere anything so tender and authentic as his poem, "Mother o' Mine."

"If I were damned of body and soul,  
I know whose prayers would make me whole,  
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' Mine!"

The song of the black sheep, the wanderer, and the outcast, the solace of the lonely heart. How well Kipling knew his men—and women.

Kipling's mother was his early help and inspiration. I was she who coined for him one of the finest phrases of this worker in words.

The poet was seeking to express in a sharp, vivid word-picture the fact that the "little Englanders" knew nothing of the Empire; nothing of the greater Britain overseas. For hours he labored, but the right line was elusive—madly so. He repeated the half-formed thought for the hundredth time.

"What do they know of England?"

"Who only England know," said his mother, sewing quietly by his side.

And thus was coined a line, which became a burning slogan to the Empire-builders of the "far-Bung outposts." Better than a thousand speeches it told its tale of the new nation grown up overseas.

Australia knew Kipling the man. He visited in many years ago, and came in contact with our troops in South Africa. He came out of his retirement to write the ode for the Melbourne Centenary, and Australians in London always found Kipling easy to interview, a wonderful conversationalist, and a friendly host.

Perhaps Kipling, great poet and patriot, wrote his own epitaph when he sang thus of the great men of Empire:

"But their work continueth,  
Deep and strong continueth,  
Greater than their know-  
ing."





# GRANDMA Decides to Marry AGAIN! It's Not "Cricket"—But What Does Grandma Care?

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist



Illustrated  
by  
WEP

I've got some rather startling news to tell you.

My grandmother Myrtle is getting married again. So soon after the death of my grandfather, too! Too bad, I call it. It's not cricket. I said as much to her.

"Cricket be blowed!" said the old lady. "Do you think I care if it's not cricket, or football, or hockey? I'm going to get married." All the Lowers are like that. Headstrong, impulsive, and slightly up-stage.

IN her teens Myrtle was a Girl Guide. I believe she guided to some purpose, because they made her a Major-General (that major laugh, didn't it? Shame! Oh, all right!) or a spare part, or something like that.

Anyway, she was only 18 when she married Arburthnot, my late lamented grandfather. Just a shy, coy girl who had to smoke ready-rubbed tobacco because she had no big strong man to cut it up for her, and you know, girls, how rotten it is trying to smoke a whole plug!

It was a love match, I believe. Myrtle was jilted by some bloke, and Arburthnot had been turned down by an enraged chorus girl, so, as Myrtle and Arburthnot both

hated the sight of each other, they decided to get married and mark everybody.

They got a lovely lot of presents. I gave them an engraved fire-extinguisher (how the devil could you give them an engraved fire-extinguisher when you weren't born?). Awfully sorry. One does get mixed up now and then, does one not?

Anyhow, according to the family archives (we keep all our pawn tickets in an album) they got a lovely lot of presents.

They tell me the young bride was a picture. She had a train (and carriages)—if you make a noise like a locomotive you'll get the proper atmosphere, and know what I mean—and there was a

dance in the barn after the wedding breakfast, and a free fight for anybody who liked to join in. Myrtle got three teeth knocked out; Arburthnot was carried home on a litter, and a good time was had by all.

Time went on. Isn't it ridiculous the way time goes on? By the time you've finished shooting the moths out of your winter overcoat everybody is wondering what happened to their bathing costumes. I've got a grey hair in my moustache, and I'm so conscious of it that it feels like a stick of sugar cane, and I walk lopsided.

You should stop me when I get like this!

## Rare Reputation

MYRTLE, it is said, was a very good wife to Arburthnot, and soon earned the reputation of being the greatest *scone*-burner in the country. Other wives whose husbands complained about their meals used to visit Myrtle and bring their husbands and stay to dinner.

It was an infallible cure, I understand. Husbands would go home from Myrtle's place, eat a plateful of *coke*, and say, "This is delicious!"

Myrtle was a good mother, although, judged by modern standards, perhaps a little too harsh. She used to belt her kids with broom handles. As a matter of fact, one of the chief items of expenditure on the household budget was broom handles. Arburthnot used to complain bitterly about it. The broom handles were delivered fresh with the milk each morning.

## A New Idea

ULTIMATELY, Arburthnot decided to grow his own broom handles. He had a very flourishing crop, but imagine his chagrin when he discovered that there were more broom handles than kids! Myrtle, a woman of resource, was not going to see all those broom handles go to waste, so she used them on grandfather.

I have a birthmark on my back which I inherited from Arburthnot.

Now, that's an idea! Let's forget about Myrtle for a space.

What about a birthmark party, with a prize for the most original and amusing birthmark?

Rules:  
(1) Bruises don't count.  
(2) No competitor is to wilfully inflict a birthmark on himself with the intention of misleading the stewards.  
(3) No surreptitious exchanging of birthmarks.

(4) Any slave having a properly certified card shall be thrown into the gold-fish bowl to see if he'll drown.

Back to Myrtle (very confusing, isn't it?).

They tell me that she presented a be-



Grandma prepares herself for Husband No. 2, seen hovering in the near distance.

witching sight seated by her old spinning wheel in the corner. There she'd sit in her old lavender gown, spinning the wheel while my grandfather acted as croupier and paid the winners. I remember as a small boy how I had the job of raking the suitcases together in the backyard.

Well, I'm sure you all wish Myrtle success in her new matrimonial venture. He seems to be a worthy fellow. He plays half-back in the local domino team.

Anyhow, Myrtle is looking forward to her marriage with relish. Eh? Oh, yes! Relish.

## How does she keep her SLIM FIGURE

SHE'S got that slim attractive figure so much admired by the opposite sex. She's maintained her lovely line and kept in perfect health with the aid of her nightly Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable and can be taken regularly with perfect safety, for they not only improve your figure but your health as well.

So, if you want to gradually melt away those surplus pounds of fat and have radiant health, just remember to take a couple of Bile Beans nightly.



"My weight had got to four tons above eight pounds when on a friend's recommendation I began to take Bile Beans regularly every night. I have lost seventeen pounds of surplus fat in the past few weeks, and have every confidence that Bile Beans will still further reduce my figure to normal."  
—Mrs. M. Graham

"I was getting on so much weight that my state was affecting my health. Bile Beans have removed all excess fat, and I am now over a stone lighter. With the help of nightly Bile Beans I am able to maintain a slim and attractive figure. My skin is clear and smooth, and I have plenty of energy."  
—Miss F. Bennett

# BILE BEANS

1/3 & 1/4 EVERYWHERE



## EXPANSION

For 119 years, the Bank of New South Wales has consistently promoted the expansion of Australian industry and trade.

Deposits and shareholders' funds now total over £105,000,000. This money is used to assist those who can profitably increase production or extend Australia's internal and overseas trade.

Every man or woman who deposits money with this Bank assists the Bank to co-operate still further in the development of the country's resources and the expansion of employment for Australian workers.

At each of the Bank's 753 branches throughout Australia, New Zealand and the Pacific Islands, interest bearing deposits may be lodged and cheque drawing accounts may be opened.

Bank of New South Wales

(Established 1817)



196 C.36



## WISE WORDS AND A PRESENT TO PROVE THEM



Safe for filmiest fabrics or most delicate colours PERSIL's active suds keep undies like new. No need for ruinous rubbing, dirt is gently coaxed away. PERSIL is concentrated-remember that! And be sure you get the genuine PERSIL.



**The SIMPLE WAY is the PERSIL WAY**

## DIAMOND'S ECZEMA SOAP

CERTAIN RELIEF FROM ALL SKIN DISEASES

Eczema, Psoriasis, Acne, Boils, Rash, Pruritis, Varicose Veins, Ulcers, Tropical Ringworm, Germ under Nail, Rosacea, &c.



Prepared to a special formula, Diamond's Eczema Soap is unequalled in its remarkable effectiveness in relieving any skin disease. No matter how badly you may be affected, get a tablet of this soap and use it regularly. You will be surprised at the quick relief you will get.

## DIAMOND'S BLOOD TONIC

Purifies the Blood

A course of this famous Blood Tonic will purify the blood stream, and clear up the source of any skin diseases or blemishes. Apart from that, it will tone up the system generally, and give you a feeling of fitness.

Both Diamond's Eczema Soap and Blood Tonic are obtainable at most good chemists. If, however, you can't get them locally—send 2/6 for the soap and 3/6 for the Blood Tonic, direct to Mr. Richard Diamond, of Diamond's Pharmacies, Bondi, N.S.W., and they will be sent by return mail post free.



## NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

### BARONESS ORCZY writes Fine Historical Novel!

With historical books and films enjoying such a vogue, it was only to be expected that Baroness Orczy would be represented with some romantic tale in this field—a field in which she has been writing for many years, and in which she won outstanding success with her "Scarlet Pimpernel" series. It is a story of a cause which failed, and sheds new light on the history of the Bourbons.

CURIOUSLY enough she does not follow the purely romantic trend of her former novels in her latest book, "The Uncrowned King," but bases her story on documents relating to the succession of the Bourbons to the throne of France.

It may be that the letters and facts presented in the opening of the book have lessened her scope for romantic incident, or, again, it may be the requirements of history, but this novel is not in the expansive vein of her works which carry only the glamorous background of history.

On the basis of novel writing this is all for the best, and the novel has a quality of reality about it despite the rather meagre substance of fact upon which it is written.

The story deals with the infant son of Louis XVI and of Marie Antoinette. According to the author, despite popular belief, the child did not die in the Temple prison, but was secretly conveyed to Austria, where it was cared for by the French Royalists who had fled there after the downfall of the monarchy.

This Louis lived the whole of his life there, and married his nurse, the widow of an English army officer, and herself a Spaniard of excellent family.

The novel deals with the plans of the mother to set her son on the throne of France. In this she is almost a fanatic, although it is obvious to the most ardent Royalist that her son Louis, should he come through the hard campaign, both military and political, necessary to put him on the throne of France, would be but a weak and unhappy monarch. There is a half-brother to the young

king who, despite his English father, has a startling resemblance to Louis, although cast in a manlier mould. When things go wrong with his mother's plans for placing her son on the French throne backed up by the Austrian Emperor and the Vatican, Cyril Bertrand, the half-brother, is prevailed upon, through his love for a millionaire's daughter, who is only a pawn in the Royalist game, to marry her in the name of Louis. The marriage is necessary to supply funds for the cause of Louis, and the deception is easy enough since, according to the custom of the times, the parties to arranged marriages often did not meet until the wedding day.

There is tragedy in this for Bertrand, who sincerely loves the girl. Louis himself further complicates matters by marrying an opera singer and abdicating in favor of his cousin, the Duke of Bordeaux.

THUS is history satisfied, and the rest of the book moves on to a satisfactory conclusion, with happiness for the couple who have been caught up in the net of high politics.

Admirers of Baroness Orczy will like this book, for it has the same easy reading quality of her other novels, and the more critical will find justification for the theme she exploits in the introductory letters which preface the tale. The court life is excellently presented, and the action is well sustained. The concluding chapters are well rounded off without an undue oversteering of the happy ending. A good, light novel of love and sacrifice, tinged with the glamor of high adventure and the grandeur of history. Jodder and Stoughton, 7/6. (Our copy from Angus and Robertson Ltd.)

## SHORT REVIEWS

"TROPIC ROME." Dennis Kinead. Many pages of history must be turned back to reach the period Dennis Kinead has dealt with in this fine novel. He has done it in a masterly style, and with his accustomed sense of fitness. Gaea, where the story has its setting, is little known to the ordinary tourist, and its history has been swallowed up in the rapid march of world events. Mr. Kinead resurrects the early days of the Portuguese settlement there, and the visions of its pioneers to found a city greater than any in their own land. The hero, Gil de Mendez, is a romantic figure, as indeed are many others in the story. It is a vivid, arresting tale of life in the days of the Mogul Empire, and of an India that is little known. (Chatto and Windus, 7/6)

"DESERT PATROL." Leslie Webster. Australian soldiers who served in Egypt will appreciate this story of fighting in Sinai, and womenfolk will find in it a justification for the oft-repeated remark of their men that it was as tough a spot as anything in the Western front. The Australian Light Horse were in the battles recorded in the book, which has for its highlight a particularly vivid and graphic description of the battle of Romani. The book deals not only with battle and the whir of conquering aeroplanes, but contains a strong love interest as well. Pamela, the girl in the case, is a delightful character, and Dick Warrenner is the very essence of the fighting British soldier. There are none of the horrible patches we have come to expect from war books; neither are there hysterical outbursts. To the author the war is sufficiently remote to use it as the background of romance, which, all things considered, is the right perspective in this year of grace. (Eldon Press, 2/6)

"SONG WITHOUT MUSIC." Jean Cooke. This author's second novel is a different sort of story from "Now Beasts That Unquiet Heart," with which she scored a considerable success. "Song Without Music" concerns Charlotte Fenwick, who longs to be a great singer, but total deafness as the result of an accident in the playing field shatters that ambition forever. The rest of the story

deals with the hiding away of that dream in the lavender chest of memory, and of her marriage to a young doctor, Paul Bonamico, who is wrongly removed from the register. The story is at its best in these chapters dealing with the adventures of the young couple, and Paul's struggle for rehabilitation in the medical world. Miss Cooke writes with a nice regard for detail, and her situations are not over-colored. Perhaps the finest thing in the book is when the ambitious young Charlotte discovers she is deaf!

"She lay tense, very low under the bedclothes, the silence impressed her; the blindness shut her in upon herself. She was at the bottom of the sea. She was drowned. She was dead. But the words burned all the time in her brain—stone deaf—stone deaf." (Hutchinson's 7/6)

"THE GUEST BOOK." Edward O'Brien, who has edited numerous anthologies, has performed a like function with "The Guest Book." He has collected some delightful pieces of literature, the names of such well-known writers as Leigh Hunt, Edward J. Trelawny, Hazlitt, Thomas Decker, and many others figuring among the list of authors.

It is a book intended primarily for entertainment and it is provided in great variety. A prelude, three interludes, and a postlude are by Arthur Calder-Marshall and John Davenport (Arthur Barker, 8/6).

"HEDGEROW TALES." Enid Blyton. A book to delight the heart of a naturalist and to give pleasure and profit to those who have but a superficial knowledge of the intimate life of dumb creatures. It is written in a most readable style, and cleverly illustrated by Vere Temple (Methuen, 5/6)

"SMOKE RINGS." George Brown. There is quite a lot of humor blended with philosophy in this collection of essays, which is the work of a Victorian writer who, we are told by Professor Mauleston in the foreword, "wins his living day by day rolling cigars." All are interesting, but the writer cannot resist making special reference to "The garden." (Angus and Robertson, 4/6)



ELIZABETH SPRIGGE, whose first fine novel, "The Old Man Dies," was followed by the equally successful "Castle in Andalusia," published last year.

## FREE LUCKY CHARM

Here is a wonderful chance for you to have a real Royal Lucky Charm and at the same time become a member of the Bear Club. All you have to do is send in one size from the inside of a tin of Bear Boot Polish—the polish that stays "just like BOOTS NOT CRACKS" the leather. This will entitle you to a membership of the Bear Club and full details will be given for obtaining a FREE De-Luxe Vacuum Cleaner, valued at £9/10/6, and other valuable prizes.

Start on Bear Polish to-day—you'll be surprised at the brilliance of its shine, even at the end of a day. Applied in a few moments, Bear Polish gives that "new shoe" effect without hard rubbing, and it's economical, too, only 5/11d per tin at all stores. Get your FREE Charm NOW—it is made by Sydney's leading jewellers. Send one disc only from a tin of Bear Polish, with your name and address, to A. J. Read (Agents) Ltd., 127 York-st., Sydney.

**SPIRO POWDER**  
For Feet & Armpits  
Prevents perspiration  
odor. Stops chafing  
and prickly heat.  
Obtainable at all  
leading Chemists.

## Result of "Bran Tub" No. 36

The winning Competitors in this contest are—  
Mr. A. Dalziel, 185 High Street, Launceston, Tas.; Mrs. G. Mills, Golf Links, Townsville, Qland.; Mrs. C. E. Haller, Queens Road, Clayfield, Bbane.; Mrs. J. Bell, Warwick Street, Allora, Qland.; Mrs. C. A. Kahler, Galah Street, Longreach, Qland.; Miss A. J. Deegan, Blow Glen, W. Wyalong, N.S.W.; Miss E. E. Simpson, "Elgin," Pretty Pine, N.S.W.; Mr. C. H. Saul, 12 Villiers Street, Graytown, N.S.W.; Mrs. E. French, 68 Keppel Street, Bathurst, N.S.W.; Mr. I. P. Lynch, "The Home," Kincumber Stn, N.S.W.; Mrs. C. Levick, Flettwood, Three, N.S.W.; Mr. E. J. Thomson, Centenary Street, Albany, N.S.W.; Miss B. Norman, District Hospital, Camden, N.S.W.; Mrs. M. O'Neill, 56 Boomerang Street, Haberfield, N.S.W.; Mrs. F. E. Barnes, King's Bluff, Qland. Their solutions, each containing four errors, were the most nearly correct ones received, and the Prize of £50 will therefore be divided equally between them and will be posted on Friday, 31st January.

**SOLUTION OF "BRAN TUB" No. 36**  
Large numbers were including in surf bathing, when at least a dozen persons were caught in the undertow and simultaneously carried out into the danger zone. Eventually all were rescued from drowning.

**RESULT OF "BRAN TUB" No. 37**  
The winning competitor in this contest is—  
Mr. A. Sutherland,  
16 Lancelot Street,  
CONCORD, N.S.W.  
His solution, containing only one error, was the most nearly correct one received, and the prize of £50 has therefore been awarded to him and will be posted on Friday, 11th February.

**SOLUTION OF "BRAN TUB" No. 37**  
Persons passing are liable to be torn by these voracious animals, who rush out of an open gate unaware upon them. A female, the other evening, was attacked in this manner, and had her dress torn.

We regret that this paper cannot publish our weekly competition pending the result of a Crown Law action.

If we succeed in our appeal, this paper will again publish the "Bran Tub" competition.



# NERVY! WORRIED RUNDOWN



## WANT TO GET WELL QUICK? FOLLOW NATURE'S WAY!

THERE is hope now for pale, rundown men and women and those who are troubled with indigestion, chronic headaches, anaemia and that horrible feeling of listlessness and depression. Through Bidomak, the amazing new, undiluted mineral concentrate, science at last reveals the truth about nervous disorders. In two words specialists say it's cured by Mineral Nutrition. Your system must get enough of the absolutely necessary natural food minerals—iron, lime, potash, sodium, glycerophosphates and phosphates. If it doesn't, nerves become starved for minerals, inflamed and often painful. Unfortunately these minerals are mostly lacking in our modern diet. Specialists have incorporated them all in Bidomak so that when you take this great nerve tonic, nerves are fed, new rich blood is formed in the veins, wastes are carried out of the system and you feel fit and well again. Bidomak contains no drugs and therefore is not habit forming. It tapers out, so that children take it readily.

## BIDOMAK

The Tonic of the Century for  
"Nerves, Brain, and  
Depressed Feeling"

3/- at all Chemists and Stores

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## Every BLONDE—of BROWN MOUSEY or LIGHT shade—



## should MAKE THIS TEST

Nothing to lose but you gain added beauty! Satisfaction—or No Cost! To prove to you that you can again give your hair that golden beauty and natural blond color of your childhood, no matter if it has turned dark, brown or mousey, cut off a small lock of your hair after you wash it with any shampoo or soap. Keep it for a week and then wash your hair with STA-BLOND. A day or so later cut off another lock and place both locks side by side in any light. You will be undeniably astonished at the difference. You will see how fascinating and enchanting your hair looks to your friends after a STA-BLOND Shampoo treatment. If it does not appear 2-4 shades lighter and glister like ambrosia on water, ask your hairdresser or chemist to give you your money back. This wonderful new shampoo treatment STA-BLOND, used by millions of women all over the world, prevents natural blond hair from darkening and brings back that true, fascinating golden beauty of childhood in even the oldest and most faded brownish blond hair—all without the use of peroxide, injurious bleaches, dyes, camomile or henna—and makes the permanent wave last longer. Known abroad as Nordland and Blondes. Made in England. Sole distributors: Farnett & Johnson, Ltd., P.O. Box 3579, S.E. Sydney.

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Forty years is a long time—long enough to prove beyond all doubt the power of EUCRAY to overcome the drink habit. Many unhappy homes have been transformed. May be given secretly or taken voluntarily. Harmless. Not costly. Call or write for FREE SAMPLE. Booklet Testimonials under glass cover.

Dept. B, The Eucray Co.  
c/o Elizabeth Street, Sydney

# The INVENTOR



THE man with the sad eyes rose from his table in the almost deserted restaurant, picked up his bill, left no tip for the waiter, and crossed to the pay-desk. Placing the folded paper in front of the girl, he said evenly:

"I don't know what the amount is, but it does not matter. I have no money to pay you. I haven't a cent in the world."

The girl, unmoved at the sight of wealth, was embarrassed at this new experience of penury. She stared back at him without speaking. And the elderly, benevolent-looking man who had arrived at the pay-desk immediately behind the offender, took a new interest in life and gazed at the man pittingly.

"I'll have to call the manager," the girl said.

"And then the benevolent gentleman acted. Ever so delicately he insinuated himself into the conversation."

"May I have the pleasure of helping you out of a position which any of us might have to face these days?" he suggested.

The man in front wheeled round, flushed as though insulted, remembered his predicament, and suddenly paled.

"It's awfully good of you," he muttered, looking deep into the other's eyes. Then he walked slowly towards the door while the two bills were being paid, and waited till the elderly man drew up on him. They went into the street together, and moved in step for some distance without speaking.

"You know that was decent of you, settling that bill," said the young man.

"I haven't had a bite for twenty-four hours, and I was pretty nearly desperate."

The older man glanced at him.

"Go on—me," he pressed gently. "Think you know I'm a friend."

They looked at each other for a moment.

"My name's Terrance," the man went on. "Aubrey Terrance."

"Mine's Green," he seemed relieved to be talking to someone. "Jim Green. Cured with an urge to invent things, and blessed with—"

Again he broke off and thrust his hands into his pockets. "Say, isn't it some kind of a nice wife for whom a man'll do that?"

From his pockets he withdrew two buttered rolls and a cake that had been itemised on the restaurant bill paid by Terrance.

"She's a wonder," he rambled on, but there was a nice note in his voice. "I'd do anything for her. And I can do nothing! I've slaved away at this invention. I'll cut down the petrol consumption of cars by fifty per cent. It'll make me a bloated millionaire, I know. And now—"

They were crossing Piccadilly. For the first time Aubrey Terrance's benevolence became tinged with a commercial interest.

"Perhaps if we talked about it over a drink," he suggested. "We might discover that things were better than we thought. What about the Cafe Royal?"

Over their glasses they talked.

"I've a feeling we're going to know a lot more of each other," Terrance said. "Now what was it you were saying about this invention?"

Only for a moment he hesitated. Then he plunged:

"It's grand! But I can't get on with it. I'm stuck. Absolutely. I've spent my last penny on it, and now I'm up against a blank wall. I want another £1000. Proctor—an old friend of Sylvia's—is willing to advance £500 if someone else will give five hundred—we three to have an equal share of the profits! Did you ever hear of such barefaced robbery?"

Aubrey Terrance was leaning across the table.

"It's monstrous," he declared. "Of course it is!" Green's eyes were blazing now. "Because I'm in a hole here taking advantage of me. Instead of getting what I'd be entitled to, I'll only have a third interest with Proctor and someone else. It's damnable, but what can I do? I'm right up against it. You saw—to-night—"

Terrance's fingers tapped the table impatiently.

## Complete Short Story By J. W. DRAWBELL

what you say it is, I'll come in for the thousand, and you and I can go halves on the profits! What do you think?"

But Green was suddenly thoughtful.

"Got to go slowly," he murmured. "I don't understand these things too well. Must see if Sylvia is agreeable first, and if she likes you. Come on! There's no time like now. Come home with me!"

SHE was sitting up in bed, a frail, pale thing, when they stumbled up the stairs of the flat. She looked at Terrance out of her big blue eyes when Jim Green introduced him, and then held out her hand.

Green, eager to get her verdict, plunged into the proposal at once, while Terrance glanced about the poor room and then let his eyes rest on the woman in the bed. He watched her as she listened to her husband's story, and met her eyes boldly when she turned and scrutinised him.

She lay back in thought when Jim's voice had died away, and the two men



EILEEN JOYCE, well-known West Australian pianist, who will broadcast and give recitals at South Australia's Centenary celebrations which will be officially opened this week.

waited in suspense.

Then she said quietly:

"Yes, I think Mr. Terrance is right, Jim."

Immediately they were like three babbling children, Green and Terrance shaking hands with each other as if they had been lifelong friends.

"I'm so glad!" Green shouted.

"I'm delighted to help," Terrance murmured. "I tell when we first met to-night that something really big was going to happen. It was in the air. And now we're all going to be happy little millionaires. Do you mind?"

"Do we mind?" they yelled together.

Twenty minutes later Aubrey Terrance took his departure.

"The money will be in your hands to-morrow, Green," he assured the young inventor. "But in the meantime, in view of many things—he glanced round the room—"here's the first instalment—all I've got on me!"

They counted the notes when he had gone, and there was £100 in all.

Jim Green, the ardent inventor, stood in the middle of the floor and threw them around him.

"Oh girl!" he chuckled "they say there's a fool born every minute and I'm the boy who knows they're right. As soon as I saw his kind old mug in the restaurant, Peg, I knew he'd fall for my yarn. And Peg, I told him my name was Green! Oh boy! Aren't I the quiet confidence man in the world?"

"And aren't I the tee who's been waiting to get this evidence for months?" said Aubrey Terrance in the doorway, motioning to the two policemen with him.

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# DESTROY! These PESTS!

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HOUGHTON & BYRNE Guaranteed Destroyers will stamp out these pests that are menacing property and health.  
**SAFE—CERTAIN—INEXPENSIVE!**  
"SQUILLTOX" KILLS RATS AND MICE, BUT NOTHING ELSE—Quickly kills homes and properties of these destructive pests. Will not harm humans or domestic pets—Kills Rats and Mice only, but it kills them with certainty—1/2 lb. to 100 lbs. (30 baits).  
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## COCKROACHES



"SOLVENTO"—A safe and certain destroyer of the loathsome, disease-carrying Cockroach pest—has been tested and proved fully effective under every condition—ashore and abroad—it is perfectly safe among food-stuffs. Protect your family's health.  
Use "SOLVENTO" 2 1/2 oz. TIN 1/-

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"KILLSIL" is a simple and safe cure of the Silverfish pest that plays havoc with carpets, fabrics, curtains, knobs, etc. Stamp this pest out now and avoid the destruction of valuable possessions!  
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"KILMOTH" (Crystals)—This wonderfully effective moth destroyer is a gas-liberating crystal—Instant death to Moths, Moth Eggs and Moth Larvae—Non-poisonous to humans and free of objectionable odour. Safeguard clothes, carpets and woollens!  
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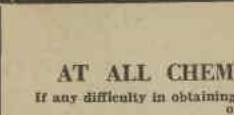
"TIMBERTOX"—The poison in oil, kills White Ants and Bores and prevents further attack. Contains a poison soluble in oil only—will not bleed out.  
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"K.F." is the safe Flea Killer—Kills Fleas on Dogs and Cats—also Lice and Vermin on Birds, Poultry and Mammals—It is non-toxic and non-poisonous and prevents re-infestation—Indispensable in the home too!  
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"WOODBOROL" is to-day's sure method of destroying Borers—Kills Bore and their eggs—Does not leave stain—Easily applied—Safe and certain destruction—No more Deposits—No more Bore!  
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"SPRAYZOL"—A liquid insecticide which quickly destroys these filthy vermin—Drives them out of service to die. "Sprayzol" means quick riddance of these unwelcome "Bug" guests.  
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THERE is nothing you can do to insure the happiness of your children more than to be certain that their eyes are cared for. We have organised a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist late of Moorfields Eye Hospital, London. This means that you do not have to wait at the overcrowded public hospitals for attention, and it saves you the alternative of having to pay the usual specialists' fees now charged. We have spared no effort to give you, at a moderate fee, this Medical Eye Service, which is conducted at their rooms, 378 Pitt Street, right opposite Anthony Hardens.

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MISS MYRA MORRIS—A study of a well-known Australian writer by one of our well-known artists, Mr. John Rowell



MISS JUDITH HALSE ROGERS was the subject of this fine study in costume. The artist is Mr. R. H. Jerrold-Nathan.



MRS. J. B. STEVENSON—There is grace and charm in this clever portrait by Mr. R. H. Jerrold-Nathan. Personality and expression have been cleverly rendered.



MISS JEAN MORT.—This interesting study is by artist Herbert Kemble. There is vigor and truth in it, and a fine sense of portraiture.

*These paintings of notable women were among the exhibits at the Archibald Memorial Exhibition last week.*



## The Lady who sang at the spinet



### LOVED PEARS AS IT IS LOVED TODAY

Beautiful women have handed down to their lovely daughters and grand-daughters the secret of the perfect complexion care... Pears, the pure soap, and clear water.



BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING  
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## PEARS

Original Transparent  
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FIVE GENERATIONS IN THE SERVICE OF BEAUTY

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All your keenness...  
your excitement over a good afternoon's racing must be complemented by alertness and good spirits. Nerves and depression, lackadaisical weariness have no place in the programme. On days when fatigue is likely to overcome you, when energy is low, Vicker's Gai will assist tremendously. Its mild stimulation, its certain palliative virtues, make it an invaluable and indispensable aid to women.

## VICKERS

FAMOUS SINCE 1750



THIS gentleman aroused a certain amount of interest among the passengers of the Amazon, a fact to which testimony was borne by their endowing him with a nickname. Somebody, on the day after his arrival on board the Amazon, alluded to him as The Bright Bermuda Boy; and the name stuck.

For Señor Manuel Maine, albeit by no means a boy, was essentially bright. His hair, his teeth, his eyes—especially his eyes—were extremely bright; and bright were the supple buttons of the white waistcoat which he wore with his velvet dinner-jacket; bright the diamond that adorned his little finger; bright the patent leather of the shoes he wore with his flannel suit; bright, very bright, the smile with which he accompanied each remark; bright with gold even was the comb that he took from the breast-pocket of his dinner-jacket and passed through his curling hair after each dance that evening, and after each turn upon the windy deck.

For Señor Manuel Maine was essentially of tidy habit, and particularly disliked to feel his hair awry—a harmless if not actually laudable trait.

And yet singular Sir Harry Vane stared with wide-open eyes, if not wide-open mouth, when he saw the gentleman at the close of a somewhat allegro and scrambling Paul Jones, relinquish his partner, and with a gleaming smile, bow from the waist, turn away, take a comb from his pocket, pass it a few times through his ambrosial locks, regard it with interest, and return it whence it came.

"Good God," quoth Sir Harry Vane. "Did you see that, Consuela?"

"Yes, I did see that," replied Consuela Vanbrugh.

"And I have seen it before," she added in a whisper.

"Seen it done before?" asked Sir Harry Vane, incredulous.

## SPANISH MAINE

Continued from Page 14

"No, seen the man before."  
"The Bright Bermuda Boy?"

"Yes, I have seen him before, somewhere."

Sir Harry was surprised.

"Think you have, you mean?"

"Yes. That—smile—I have seen him before. Somewhere."

"You really have seen The Bright Bermuda Boy before?"

"No. I am wrong. I have never seen him before."

"And don't want to see him again. I should think," observed the young man.

"Combing his beady hair in a ballroom! He'll be making up his face next."

"Right now," agreed the girl, with a curious change of accent and intonation. "You've said it."

And indeed, Sir Harry Vane had "said it," for the foreign-looking gentleman, having returned the comb to his breast-pocket, produced from a side-pocket a small object, also very bright.

From this compact he extracted a small powder-puff and proceeded to draw the line at brightness in the matter of his nose. This should not so shine before men (embracing women), however brightly shone his eyes, his hair, his teeth, his waistcoat-buttons, his studs, his links, his patent shoes.

"My God!" murmured Sir Harry Vane, again displaying that prejudice and insularity that mark the travelling Briton.

Turning to observe the effect of this upon Consuela, he saw that it was considerable; indeed extraordinary.

She was looking—queer... almost pale. No, hardly that, perhaps. It would be difficult for anything of such vitality, such vivacity, so glowing, so colorful, as Consuela's face, to turn pale—but somehow it was as though, quite suddenly, she looked a little tired, a little drawn. He was not good at expressing himself, but love made him almost eloquent, almost poetical. He thought of a lovely flower that drooped a little; of a woodland violet plucked by a hot hand; of a lovely rosebud willing for lack of water.

"It's hot in here," he said. "Let's go out on deck."

"Yes, it's hot in here. Let's go out on deck," repeated the girl mechanically.

AND then for a couple of days The Bright Bermuda Boy disappeared from sight altogether. He was not posted or otherwise ill; nor was he lonely, for he received numerous and, at night, lengthy, visits from a Spanish steward who gave him quite a lot of accurate information concerning the passengers, and did with him some very secret, extensive, remarkable, and mutually satisfactory business.

And during these days Sir Harry Vane and Consuela Vanbrugh also did with each other much mutually satisfactory business of a wholly different order, secret sweet traffic that made these hours the happiest of their lives.

On the third evening they descended from the back-deck to dinner.

As they reached the ballroom door, they came face to face with the foreign-looking gentleman, The Bright Bermuda Boy, who, his hair arranged to his satisfaction, the light of his countenance agreeably shaded to the tint of his preference, his aristocratic nose guileless of guile, smiled brightly upon all men, more brightly upon all women.

The Englishman, his stolid, handsome face expressionless, regarded the foreigner without apparent interest.

Suddenly his usually impassive countenance frankly confessed and exhibited the real interest that he felt.

Not given to fancifulness, he was for a second—fanciful.

He fancied he saw a black panther; saw it offered meat.

A memory-picture sprang between him and the foreigner's face.

A zoological garden, or perhaps a menagerie, circus, or fair; wild beasts in cages; savage, dreadful beasts behind bars.

Most savage, most dreadful of all, a black panther, motionless, its terrible eyes half-closed; and yet, its eyes, its face, its attitude, its whole body expressive, horribly expressive—of danger, of threat, of menace, of incalculable ferocity, of colossal power of destruction; of a volcano—about to erupt most devastatingly; of a terrifically high explosive—about to explode.

STILL, as a statue; silent as Death; enigmatically expressionless as a skull; it was terrifying, nightmarish.

And suddenly it came to life. Its great, green, glowing eyes opened wide; its lips retracted in a ghastly, minatory smile, exposing fearful, gleaming teeth; its awful mouth yawned cavernously; its claws, like sharp, curved daggers, protruded from their sheaths, and it uttered a dreadful, snarling sound. It had seen meat. Its keeper was bringing it raw meat.

Rubbish!

Sir Harry Vane frowned, pulled himself together, almost physically shook

himself, as the memory-picture faded, and, through it, he saw the face, not of the black panther, but of the black-awed Spanish caballero; not the gleaming fangs of the feral beast, but the shining teeth of the Señor; not "the smile of the tiger" but that of Manuel Maine. And yet the change was not so very great as might have been expected.

Also Sir Harry Vane heard—not the dreadful snarling sound made by a hungry panther that sees its meat—but the voice of the Spaniard, saying, "Sol... So-o-o-o-oh!"

And found himself almost pulled past the staring fellow by Consuela, whose little hand was on his arm.

He glanced down at her.

Definitely, this time, she had turned pale.

Well! What an amazing experience for a matter-of-fact, unimaginative young Englishman!

In the space of a couple of seconds he had seen all that. Seen that well-remembered black panther again; seen it come to life at sight of Consuela; seen the expression of its expressionless face change suddenly to vital interest, to hunger—predatory, fierce, determined.

"That's queer!" he said, as Consuela impelled him, they mutually, almost unconsciously, turned back into the quiet outer darkness of the promenade-deck.

"What is queer, Harry?"

"Daring!" he whispered, in answer to the pressure of her hand upon his arm, the little movement that she made of drawing closer to him, as for reassurance, protection.

"Why—that this fellow, The Bright Bermuda Boy, seemed to recognise you! He seemed to know you."

"To recognise me, Harry? To know me?"

"Yes. As we came face to face with him, just now, by the ballroom door, he caught sight of you, and his whole face changed—sort of lit up. Well, naturally anybody's face would."

Please turn to Page 18

## DEAF

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If you or any relative or friend are worried or suffer because of varicose veins, or bunions, the best advice that anyone in this world can give is to get a prescription that literally hundreds of people all over the country are using with complete satisfaction.

Simply ask your chemist for an original two-ounce bottle of Emerald Oil, and apply night and morning to the swollen, enlarged veins, rubbing gently upwards and towards the heart as the blood in the veins flows that way. Soon you will notice that they are growing smaller, and the treatment should be continued until the veins are of normal size. Emerald Oil is a powerful yet harmless germicide, and results are guaranteed by its makers. You can get it at all good chemists, who will refund the purchase price if you don't gain relief.



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Conducted by  
**L. W. LOWER**

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"Hey, Mabel! Isn't it wonderful how a goat can climb."



TEACHER: Can any boy tell me what a canary can do and I can't?  
SMALL BOY: Please, Miss, have a bath in a saucer.



THUG (to victim): Here's a couple of bob back just to soften the blow.



GOLFING NOVICE: Well, how do you think I hit that one, caddie?  
CADDIE: You hit it all right, but not near the hole.  
NOVICE: Hole? What hole?

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and the stitching hasn't faded—not even by the merest shade. That's the advantage of sewing with Dewhurst's "Sylko," the super quality mercerised sewing thread—now supplied in

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SILK SUBSTITUTE MACHINE TWIST

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**FAST COLOR FAST COLOR FAST COLOR FAST**

MAN MOTORIST: What's the shortest space you ever pulled up in?  
LADY DO: A yard.  
MAN MOTORIST: A yard?  
LADY DO: Yes, but I went through the fence first.

## Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

A CANDIDATE to the force was being verbally examined.  
"If you were by yourself in a police car, and were pursued by a desperate gang of criminals in another car doing fifty miles an hour along a lonely road, what would you do?"  
Candidate: Sixty.

"How much will a fortnight's holiday in Melbourne cost? I don't want to spend too much—a second-class hotel will do if it's good, and second-class fares."  
"Oh, I should think you and your wife could do it nicely on twenty-five pounds."  
"But I'm going alone."  
"Oh, then, it will cost you at least forty pounds."

LITTLE GIRL: What did you get for Christmas?  
Little Boy: I dunno yet. Dad hasn't finished playing with it.

"WHAT animal makes the nearest approach to man?"  
"The flea."

NEW ASSISTANT: Now, what is the stuff in this bottle?  
Chemist: Oh, that! We only use that when we can't read the prescription.

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AND he squeezed her arm.

"But it was more than that. It was a look of recognition. More than that, too. Why—the fellow—what shall I say—looked like a chap. If you'll excuse my putting it like that. Didn't you notice?"

"No, Harry. I didn't notice him. I didn't see him at all. Perhaps he was looking at somebody else."

"Not he. He was surprised—clean bowled over. I thought he was going to speak to you. He stared straight at you, opened his eyes wide, showed his teeth, and said, 'So-o-o!' Like that."

The girl laughed.

"You are making a lot of Harry."

"My dear, have you ever seen a sheep cat suddenly catch sight of a mouse? It was like that. Three you ever fed a tame hawk? It was like, a—like a black panther that suddenly sees meat. See—its prey."

"Oh, Harry! You are a funny boy. I must notice, next time I see The Bright Young Boy."

"Well, I hope he's not going to do that every time he sees you. He'd better not, anyhow. Queer that you should have thought, at first, the other night, that you knew him; and that when he caught sight of you to-night, he should be perfectly certain that he knew you!"

"Darling, he reminded me of somebody else. And he was just staring at me—like such men do, in South America. They are awful. He's just..."

But they had reached the solitude and friendly darkness of the portion of the deck outside the curtained windows of the forward music-saloon, and:

"What did you call me?" interrupted Sir Harry Vane.

"What did I call you—darling?" whispered the girl.

Instantly the young man halted in his stride, took his arm from beneath hers and put it about her, turning her towards him. With his right hand gently, tenderly, reverently, he raised her chin and gazed into her eyes.

"Darling! ... Darling! ..."

Concealed sweet mouth smiled. Her eyes closed. Her lips trembled, as he bent over her and his face came down to hers. The trembling of her lips ceased as they met his in a long, long kiss, and her arms went about his neck, his about her body.

"Concealed! ... Darling! ... Then you do love me?"

"I do, Harry! ... Oh! ... Kiss me again. Do you love me, Harry?"

"I worship you."

"Oh, Harry! ... Oh, we mustn't ... I mustn't ..."

## SPANISH MAINE

Continued from Page 16

"You must, Concealed," replied Sir Harry Vane as he prevented further utterance on the subject.

THAT night, Sir Harry Vane had a long and altogether pleasurable interview with his mother, in her cabin.

He had not only a great love, but a deep respect, for this wise and witty woman who was his best friend, whose mind was as broad as it was deep; who knew her world and was known by it; who was so understanding, and who had never, from his prep-school days until this day, let him down, as he pleased it, in any way whatsoever.

He asked her whether it were not true that he was married.

He gathered, among other things, that it was not; that Lady Drusilla Vane considered, in the first place, that there was no woman good enough to become the wife of her son; and that, in the second, if there were, it would not be one of the Bright Young Things for they were never bright, had never been young, and were merely things.

After some conversation, the name of Concealed was mentioned, apropos of Bright Young Things.

"Oh, but she's as bright as a flower and as young as the morning," smiled Lady Drusilla, "and one of the dearest things I ever met. Do you like her, Harry?"

"Er—yes—Mother. I do, rather," replied Sir Harry Vane. "Yes, I rather like young Concealed."

"That night, Miss Concealed Vanbrugh had a long and wholly unpleasurable interview with Senor Manuel Maine—

in her cabin.

She gathered that the caballero, in the first place, considered that there was no opportunity had enough to be missed by a sensible chevalier d'industrie; and that, in the second, if there were, this was not it. It was, in fact, a literally golden opportunity, the opportunity of a lifetime.

That night, Mr. Otis Vanbrugh had a long and most painful interview with Concealed, in his cabin.

He gathered that, in the moment when the sun had risen on the life of his beloved Concealed, it had been eclipsed; that, in the very moment that the cup of joy had reached her lips, it had been dashed from them; that life had turned to dust and ashes at a touch—the touch of a man of whom he had never heard, and the fact of whose

very existence she had, until that moment, utterly forgotten.

That night Senor Manuel Maine had a long and not wholly unpleasurable interview with Mr. Otis Vanbrugh, in the Senor's cabin.

As Concealed had done, Vanbrugh gathered that Senor Manuel Maine intended to make the utmost of the chance of a lifetime; that Fate, having hitherto treated him scurvily, had obviously now relented, that his ship was coming home, and he was reaching port at last; that his ship was that Amazon, his port, Southampton, or perhaps, Plymouth, as the Battery was being landed there; that his ship would not only come home, but he with her; and that he had no wish to be unpleasant, but had the fullest intention of making life pleasant for Senor Manuel Maine at any cost—to anybody.

OTIS VANBRUGH eyed his man.

Yes, he had to admit that he was a man, and—saying a certain glossiness, not to say flashiness—was, in appearance, a gentleman.

Tall, straight, square-shouldered, well-built without heaviness; handsome in a hard, arrogant, and aggressive way; he had a good forehead, fine nose, strong, cruel mouth; he had good hands, well-kept, powerful, sinewy; a typical adventurer; soldier of fortune; the type of Spaniard who followed Pizarro and stout Cortes, new worlds to conquer and incredible atrocities to commit.

A man to reckon with; to handle carefully. No petty criminal, poor weak-thief, cheap pickpocket, this. No common, gutman tough, either.

No; definitely the predatory, soldier-of-fortune type.

A gentleman gone wrong.

Of whom or what did he remind him? Lucifer, Son of the Morning, fallen angel?

And yet—blackmail. Blackmailing a woman.

Poor, poor, little Concealed. On the very day that happiness had come to her—at last. The day on which the man she loved had declared himself. Her chance of happiness, her glimpse of such a future as she had so yearned for.

"Sit down, Senor—er—Vanbrugh? What can I offer you? Cognac? Clear?"

Quite a good voice. That of an educated man; a man of what is called culture, and what is termed refinement.

"No, thank you. All I want is a little



PRINCE JUAN DE BOURBON, heir-presumptive to the Spanish throne, and his Princess, who arrived recently in Hawaii on their honeymoon. Traditional welcoming leis were placed around their necks.

talk with you. Yes—my name's Vanbrugh."

"Then pray sit down, Mr. Vanbrugh. For I want a long talk with you."

Otis Vanbrugh, without further remark, seated himself in one of the two small armchairs that the state-room boasted.

Coolly taking, cutting, and lighting a cigar, Spanish Maine eyed his visitor and took stock of him.

Hm! This complicated matter. Her "brother," eh? What a tale!

Of course the little girl was lying. Her brother!

Why he, Spanish Maine himself, looked more like her brother than did this tall, fair, blue-eyed Anglo-Saxon.

What would he be? Husband? Lover? Souleuseur?

The last, most probably. He'd hardly be husband or lover as she was affiancing herself to the wealthy English Baronet.

The Baronet was the lover and the future husband.

This must be the current proprietor. And complaisant.

Or was she tooting this man Vanbrugh? Was she dropping the shadow for the substance—dropping this man for the rich nobleman, who was bigger game?

If so, there'd be trouble—for her—because this Vanbrugh was evidently a man. Not a tough guy, not a typical fighting-man; but a man who'd fight, nevertheless. He had a chin—and a look in his eye.

This fellow knows his onions. A man of the world who'd seen things and done things, and then some. Looked like an army officer—say a major in a crack cavalry regiment—British or American. Obviously an upper-class Englishman or American. And her brother!

Please turn to Page 20



*"Really dazzling whiteness"*

is what pleases MRS. ESMA CARLIN, OF 64 ROTHSCHILD AVENUE, ROSEBURY.

"Rinso is a real washing-day partner, believe me. The white clothes come out really dazzling, and I've never known a colour so stark or fade if it's washed in Rinso. It's wonderful the way Rinso suds lift out all the dirt and grime. I don't spend back-breaking hours over a wash. I don't spend more time washing clothes than all my housework. And when it comes to washing dishes, Rinso just makes the grease go like magic. I'm getting for every kind of cleaning, and I'm getting quite proud of my smooth, white lands."

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You don't need bar soaps

Think of the money you'll save—no bar soaps to buy! Even hard-and-fast dirt is loosened quicker with Rinso... shake on a little dry Rinso, and rub lightly in the soak water. In less than no time all the dirt has vanished. There's nothing to equal Rinso for brightening up coloured things. Rinso cleanses *softly*, without rubbing—and leaves colours just *exactly* like new. For safe, quick, gentle cleansing, Rinso has made a name for itself. Silks and woollies stay new-looking twice as long when they're cared for safely with Rinso. Change to Rinso for all your washing.

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28 WW 1: Bias-cut and hand-embroidered in the finest manner. In white or apricot, green or blue. Sizes S.W. and W. Now priced at, each.

28/11

**10'6, 11'6 P'cess Slips**

28 WW 2: Dull art. silk in a form-fitting opera shape with fine net edging. White, green, pink and collar are the shades. Sizes S.W. and W. Now.

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**9'11 Lawn Pyjamas**

28 WW 3: Cool style with short sleeves. Floral design in pastel, pink, green or blue. Sizes S.W., W. and O.S. Now priced at, the pair.

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**Model Nighties below Half!**

28 WW 4: Imported models in crepe de Chine and satin. Beautifully tailored and lavishly embroidered. White, pink, blue. Sizes S.W. and W. Usually 57/6, 54/6, 51/6, 48/6; now less than half price at 27/6, 24/6, 21/6, and 18/6. Lay them by!

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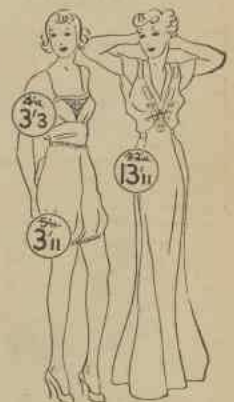
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**DALZO**  
STICKING PLASTER  
FOR FIRST AID  
ALL THREATS

**F**ANCY thinking she could pull that bunk on Spanish Maine. Especially in view of what he knew about her. Did she think he was a fool?

Anyway, this fellow must be dealt with first, whoever or whatever he was, since she was travelling with him and using his name.

"Well?" said Spanish Maine, throwing his match out of the port-hole, blowing a long cloud of smoke and fixing Otis Vanbrugh with a hard and steady stare.

"I am Miss Consuela Vanbrugh's brother."

"Oh, yeah? . . . Yes?" murmured Spanish Maine with a smile that did not reach his eyes. "So? Brother, eh? Well! 'A la mujer cuesta no le busques abuelo,' as we say in Spain."

"I am Miss Consuela Vanbrugh's brother. She has just been to my cabin to tell me that you came to her. You forced your way in."

"No, no," deprecated Spanish Maine. "I knocked very gently on her door, and asked for an interview. She accepted it instantly. Isn't that surprising?"

"You forced your way in by announcing yourself as an old friend who some time ago had known her well, and to whom she would be wise to grant immediate admission."

"Which she immediately did! Isn't that curious?" smiled Spanish Maine. "You then told her that you knew all about her. Everything. And that you proposed to use your knowledge to

## SPANISH MAINE

Continued from Page 18

the utmost advantage to yourself. You gave her quite clearly to understand that on penalty of exposure, she must to-morrow recognise you publicly; remember you as an old friend; and introduce you to Sir Harry Vane, his mother, myself and her acquaintances on board as a gentleman . . . Otis Vanbrugh paused and laughed . . .

"As a gentleman, of means and position; a caballero, of wealth, rank, and unblemished reputation; a hidalgo, in short, whom it would be an honor to know and with whom it would be a pleasure to associate. Am I right?"

"So far, pretty correct," smiled Spanish Maine. "Proceed, I beg. For that is but the overture."

"Yes. You then proposed to attach yourself to her . . ."

"In the discreetest manner," interrupted Spanish Maine with another smile that revealed bright teeth behind firm lips, but no humor behind hard eyes.

"In a parasitic capacity. To live upon her, in fact, until such time as she could produce a sum of money sufficiently large to purchase her freedom—from you, Blackmail, in short."

"An unpleasant word," observed Spanish Maine.

"For an unpleasant thing," con-

tinued Otis Vanbrugh. "A foul, despicable thing; a poisonous, dastardly thing; a cowardly, devilish thing."

"Well, there are worse things, Mr. Vanbrugh. Worse things than blackmail."

"What—Blackmailers?" inquired Otis Vanbrugh.

"Worse things than blackmail—and blackmailers," was the reply. "There are poverty—and the poor. As a man and a gentleman, I dislike blackmail. As a man and a gentleman, still more do I dislike poverty. And by God I know what I'm talking about. Yes, I dislike blackmailers—but I dislike the poor even more."

"A matter of taste, Señor Maine. Mine differs from yours."

"I dare say. Have you ever been hungry—with no sign or hope of food? Really desperately, cravingly, starvingly hungry? So hungry that you'd have eaten a bellyful of orange peel or sawdust, and without the where-withal, the hope, the chance, to get a crust of bread?"

"Of course not," Spanish Maine answered his own question. "Well, I have, and to starvation I prefer what you are pleased to call blackmail. Incidentally, I call it the seizing of opportunity. Does not your poet, Dryden, bid us

"Take the goods the gods provide thee when

"Lovely Thais sits beside thee?"

## Nature Song

As long as life goes on...  
there will be these,  
Warm, clodded earth and  
blossom-laden trees,  
West wind and rain... and  
flocks upon a hill,  
The fresh, sweet wonder of  
a daffodil,  
And over it... and under  
it... and through,  
The mind of God made  
manifest in you.

—G.M.

Otis Vanbrugh eyed Manoeel Maine considerably, speculatively. "What manner of man was this with whom he had to deal? What manner of man was this in whose hands lay Consuela's future life, her chance of happiness?"

"Have you ever been ragged, Señor Vanbrugh—so ragged that you were indecent and ashamed? Have you been filthy, fool, lousy, stinking, a human sewer-crow? . . . Of course not. . . Well, I have. And I intend never to be in that condition again. I prefer what you call blackmail, and what I call seizing the opportunity of preventing it."

"Have you ever been utterly homeless, Señor Vanbrugh? Have you ever trodden the streets of a great city, soaking wet, chilled to the bone, weary to death, and with absolutely nowhere to lay your head? Utterly homeless, friendless, alone, without a coin in your pocket, fain to lie down to rest, to die, in the gutter, until kicked up by a policeman; and then thankful to be flung into a foul, verminous cell with the criminal scum of the town? Not you. Well, I have. And I don't intend to find myself in the gutter, in my old age, for want of seizing a golden opportunity."

"Oh yes, there are worse things than blackmail and the blackmailer, Señor Vanbrugh."

"Is a murderer worse?" asked Otis Vanbrugh.

"A murderer? Why?"

"I was only wondering," replied Vanbrugh. "Matter of taste again, I suppose. I think, on the whole, I'd sooner be a murderer than a black-mailer."

"Well, as you say, a matter of opinion. But isn't that rather beside the point?"

"Not wholly, Señor Maine. Not entirely perhaps. I was just thinking that if I—er—killed you to prevent your blackmailing my sister, I should be a murderer."

"Mm! . . . Come now, Señor. Between gentlemen. What an ugly thing to say! Don't let's have any unpleasantness. So unnecessary between gentlemen."

"Unpleasantness? Gentle-men?" murmured Otis Vanbrugh, and laughed contemptuously.

"Yes. Let's settle this amicably and not use nasty words like blackmail—and murder—and so on. Let's lay our cards on the table. Let's come to an honorable understanding—a gentleman's agreement—and live happy ever after. . . I intend to live happy ever after, anyhow."

"Do you?"

"Yes. And there's no reason why you and your—ah—sister should not do so. We don't want to wrangle like gutter-snipes, and talk about murder. An ugly word and an ugly thing. Difficult to do too, in some cases. And such a drastic penalty for doing it. Oh, come now. Murder!"

**A**ND it was Spanish Maine's turn to laugh contemptuously. As he did so he gave a brilliant exhibition of amateur conjuring. A little leger-de-main; sleight of hand; juggling; skill and dexterity of which a professional might have been proud. For, before the interested eyes of Otis Vanbrugh, a fair-sized automatic pistol suddenly materialised in Spanish Maine's right hand, was tossed in the air, caught by the handle, and with a flash of blue steel, vanished.

One second it was there, and in the next, or in the same one, it was not. But in its place was a wicked-looking stiletto with a handle of gunmetal inlaid with gold, and a bright steel blade with blood-ornamentation.

And this again, turned in the air, was caught by the handle, and—vanished.

"Very neat. Very neat, indeed," thought Otis Vanbrugh to himself. "The automatic under his left arm, the stiletto in his right hip pocket or something. Really an amazing little exhibition of deftness. The gentleman is prepared for emergencies."

"Yes. Murder's sometimes difficult," repeated Spanish Maine. "Sometimes. To some people. And not everybody can get away with it. Most murderers, you know, are despicable."

Please turn to Page 22

## "Breakfast was a problem until we discovered Corn Flakes"



Mrs. Doon Gregory, of Darling Point, Sydney, says: "I have a family with 'assorted' tastes, and breakfast was a big problem until we discovered a mutual liking for Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Now we have them every day!"

**T**HOSE fresh, crisp, golden flakes of toasted corn solve lots of breakfast worries! They're matchless for flavour—their delicious goodness just melts in the mouth! Tasty and tempting served with sliced fresh fruits, stewed fruits, berries, or made up in recipes.

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# Kellogg's CORN FLAKES



Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

# So They Say

**READERS, NOTE!**

The "So They Say" page is your page. Any topic you care to write about is welcome, so long as it is interesting — and provocative. Letters should not exceed 120 words.

## FACING REALITY

THERE is a story of a Russian woman who sat in a warm, well-lighted theatre weeping over the stage sorrows of the hero of the play, while outside her coachman slowly froze to death.

This little story serves to illustrate the imagination which is futile and vicious because it is wrongly directed. Aren't too many of us prone to luxuriate thus in imaginary sorrows, completely unaware of the tragedies about us in our own little workaday world?

Happier is he (or she) who, in Kipling's words, can dream, and yet not make dreams their master.

Let us "do noble deeds, not dream them all day long," and be happier ourselves, while making other people happier.

For this letter to Miss E. Plavin, 8 Church St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

## MEN ARE HYPOCRITES!

WHY are men so hypocritical? I know many who, in the presence of their families, are paragons of virtue, sternly and righteously denouncing all immoral and wicked practices. Yet when they congregate with "the boys" they take an unctuous and infantile delight in relating obscene stories concerning the very subjects they are so pious about in their own homes. If, by any chance, they heard their wives and families discussing these subjects in the same repellent manner, they would be justly shocked — and virtuously angry.

Surely this is hypocrisy of the highest order!

G. J. Hart, 47 Shaftesbury St., Moreland N12, Vic.

## NATIONAL COSTUME

IS it not high time that we originated a national costume by which our country might be recognised and honoured throughout the civilised world? I think it would help to instil in our minds greater pride of nation.

England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, Greece, Spain, Holland, and dozens of others are instantly brought to mind by well-known and approved national dresses.

What have we to offer beyond symbols — the aboriginal's boomerang, or the flowing robe and sheaf of wheat, which usually typify Australia.

We have a national flag, a national song, and a world-renowned "coo-ee" — but what about our costume?

Mrs. Beatrice Reeves, 1 Cook St., Lithgow, N.S.W.

## ADELAIDE "DRINKIES"

THE Adelaide "drinkies" should be wiped off the slate. I believe hotel bars should have the same facilities as refreshment rooms. One should be able to have a drink when one desires. My objection is to the roundabout methods.

The Adelaide "drinkies" will mean a greater consumption of strong drink by both sexes, because the method is indirect, somewhat private, and appears glamorous. Anything behind closed doors attracts.

M. S. Riddock, 30 Glenalpine Street, Eastwood, N.S.W.

## AWAY WITH MRS. GRUNDY

OFTEN wonder why we take so much to heart of Mrs. Grundy. I know she makes us more careful of what we do and say, but surely we have minds and wills of our own, and if we think we are doing or saying the right thing we shouldn't let other considerations influence us.

If we are about to do something different, our first question often is: "Oh, what will people say?" This often holds us back. People may talk, but if we feel we are right it is worth holding to our course.

Mrs. H. Jeffries, Woodlawn, Victoria, via Tallangate, N.S.W.

## Letting Visitors Help In The Kitchen

RE Miss L. Bray's letter "Guests in Kitchen." I certainly think guests should be allowed to assist in washing-up.

After all, the "best frock" can easily be covered with an apron. Besides, I enjoy a little chat with my hostess away from the menfolk, and washing-up provides the opportunity.

Another point to be remembered is that guests make extra work for the hostess, work which she gladly undertakes, if in return, the guest cheerfully offers a little assistance after the meal, the hostess is usually most appreciative.

Has Miss Bray ever tried washing dishes which have been standing for hours at a time when she'd like to be tucked up in bed? I have, and it isn't much fun.

Mrs. D. Metcalf, Cr. Anderson St and Lansbury Parade, Ashgrove, Qld.

## Guests Don't Mind

DO you not think that a guest feels more at ease and at home if she helps with the washing-up?

I am sure I feel much more comfortable after I have helped than if I knew that the dishes had to be done after I had left.

I certainly cannot see that it is tiring to help one's hostess in her kitchen, and I am sure she appreciates the little help given her in that loathsome task of washing-up even if all the dishes are put in the wrong places.

Miss P. Nicol, 22 Rogers St., off St. Paul's Terrace, Brisbane.

## Chance for a Chat

YES, certainly a guest should be allowed to wipe the dishes for her hostess. The hostess should offer an apron to protect her guest's frock.

There is surely nothing in wiping a few dishes to make anyone either uncomfortable or unhappy. Often, too, it is a chance for the womanfolk to have a chat apart from the men. How much nicer for the hostess, after her guests have departed, to walk into a tidy kitchen instead of one littered with soiled dishes.

Miss Thelma Trengating, 698 Seaview Rd., Grange, Adelaide.

## Let Guests Decide

SURELY the guest may decide for herself whether to assist in washing-up or not! No hostess asks her guest to do it. My guests — nay, all guests — are quite free to take their ease in the lounge-room, thus preserving the perfection of their "best bibs and tuckers," and conserving all their energy so that



they may "sparkle for the remainder of the evening."

But could one really sit and "comfortably chat or play cards" while the traymobile is piled with dishes to be washed? Anyway, most guests visit the hostess, not the house.

A. Cornow, 175 St. Emmanville, N.S.W.

## Keep Them Out

IN reply to Miss L. Bray's letter (4/1/36), I think guests should not be allowed in the kitchen, no matter if there are a large or small number of visitors.

If they tried to help, as the kitchens are built very small nowadays, the result would be very disastrous to the host or hostess, and I think they would very reluctantly invite them again.

F. Harper, 25 Queen St., Woodlawn, N.S.W.

## Likes to Help

WHEN I am a guest I am only too happy to help my friends with the washing-up.

I know my hostess has gone to infinite trouble to have everything "just so," with dishes (and prepared for me, and I would feel very unkind, if on my departure, I left dirty dishes behind for her to do alone.

J. Elmet, Kyalbrae P.O., Vic.

## Are Schools of Etiquette A Good Idea?

YOUR "School of Etiquette." Mrs. Philpot is a good idea, but no doubt it would be like lots of other schools — too expensive for the average person to attend, and it is the average person who needs knowledge on the subject. There seem to be numbers of books on the market, but practice is better than theory, and, after reading them, one is still at a loss. Anyway, something should be done about it. It would not be a very pleasant experience to have an invitation and not know what to do, or how to act.

G. Nelson, Herbert St., Brisbane.

## Teach Manners Early

A "SCHOOL OF ETIQUETTE" is quite unnecessary in childhood. Good manners should be thoroughly inculcated. What is social polish? Perhaps at times a very thin veneer, which barely covers the defects beneath. Refined people, whether they are at the bottom or top rung of the social ladder, don't require such a veneer for genuine courtesy, however.

Australians, collectively, are no worse than other nations.

Mrs. Hudson, 18 Queen St., Auburn, N.S.W.

## HEARTY HAND-SHAKE BEST

HOW often, when one is introduced to a person, does he, or she, hold out a limp hand or sometimes only the tips of the fingers? It would be much nicer if they would give a firm and cordial handshake. I have noticed it mostly with women. When one is introduced to a man he gives a firm handshake and a pleasant word, while the woman tenders a limp hand and looks the person over.

Has any other reader noticed the difference?

D. Kidd, Caping Siding, via Mackay, Qld.

## Correct Speech First

RE Mrs. Philpot's letter (4/1/36). "Schools of Etiquette Needed." I do not agree with her when she says that Australians have been criticised for their lack of manners and casual attitude toward social polish. I would like to know the name of one person of note who, after visiting Australia, has remarked on our lack of manners. I think that what we need is a tightening-up of our speech. Before teaching people manners, what about teaching them to speak correctly?

Ivor Rowe, 75 Janet St., Merewether, N.S.W.

## We Need Instruction

AUSTRALIANS are certainly a little lax, and have not that polished finish of manner that belongs to people of other nations. Definite awkwardness is shown by those who have not mastered the simple rules of etiquette at society gatherings, and I think to acquire these little outstanding points about ourselves we do need instruction — some "School of Etiquette."

Barbara Grant, 5 Lagoon St., Goolburn, N.S.W.

## Doesn't Appeal

I CAN'T say, Mrs. Philpot, that the prospect of attending a "School of Etiquette" is one that appeals to me. Certainly the manners and general behaviour of a great number of people could be vastly improved, but that improvement can hardly be expected to be brought about by lessons on these subjects.

For those who have missed instruction on the subject of etiquette in their childhood (for it is in childhood that such things are most easily learned) it would be best to watch and learn from the social behaviour of others whom they consider to be well versed in manners and other things pertaining to "social polish."

To attend a class and to be instructed in the art of correct behaviour would not merely be a waste of time, but would also be degrading to the extreme to the pupil.

Janet Somers, 29 Kemmis St., Randwick, N.S.W.

## Why Women Will Do Battle For Bargains

MISS PREISS asks: "What is there about a sale that has such an extraordinary effect upon a woman?" I think there is an unhealthy infection of greed, which turns the gentlest little woman into a ferocious fighting female. And the explanation is that every-



body enjoys spending money, but most people do not feel justified in doing so unless they can persuade themselves that by spending they are actually saving it.

Mrs. J. R. Cress, Campbell St., Bowen Hills, Brisbane.

## Provides a Break

SOME comparisons are odious, but to compare a bargain-hunter to a seagull is rather kind — to the bargain-hunter. The seagull always seems a rather inoffensive bird.

Some women's lives are very monotonous. They haven't the means to play golf or bridge, and a bargain sale provides a little break.

Mrs. A. Langby, St. Helier's Rd., Auburn, N.S.W.

## Just Crowd Psychology

THE mere fact that a number of women are struggling round one table convinces others that bargains are there, and they determine to share them, wildly. A saleswoman said that it often surprises her how women rush a table for something that has not been reduced very much, while real bargains are entirely overlooked.

J. G. Paynton, 3 Garden St., Hawthorn E3, Vic.

## Are You Bashful?

**Shy or Nervous?**

Are you timid? Self-conscious? Afraid of meeting people? Unable to blush, blunder, and become confused and when you would like to make a good impression?

Do you worry over trifles? Are you gloomy or depressed, or FRAGILE, nervous, the faintest?

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ADLAIDE. Boat to Melbourne, car to Adelaide, accommodation in Adelaide and Melbourne, all excursions, return by sea. 11 days, inclusive £20/-

## SPANISH MAINE

Continued from Page 20

"WORSE than blackmailers?" inquired Otis Vanbrugh.

"Despicable as murderers, I mean. Shocking bunglers. Ought not to be allowed to commit murders. Haven't the faintest idea, even where the murder is easy enough to commit. Any fool can murder some other fool—but no fool can do it and escape punishment. Without, for one moment being so discourteous, Senior Vanbrugh, as to suggest that you are a fool—even at murder—I do suggest that you would be up against a double obstacle. In the first place, you'd find it extraordinarily difficult to murder me. And in the second place, if you did succeed in doing it, you'd hang. Don't let us talk of such crude, unpleasant things."

"Very well," agreed Otis Vanbrugh. "Let's talk of blackmail."

"Much better. Since you insist on calling it that. As I was saying, I don't intend ever again to be hungry, to be ragged, to be homeless—in short,

to be poor. Fortune knocks but once on a man's door, and only a fool neglects to open it when she does so. And 'Al hombre osado, la fortuna le da la mano,' as we say—Fortune offers her hand to the brave. Well, I am not a fool, Senior; and I am brave."

"Against a woman?" observed Vanbrugh quietly.

"I do not wish to boast—but I venture to say I am brave even against a woman," smiled Spanish Maine. "Against men—of course. Well, now. What about a pleasant, friendly understanding; a gentleman's agreement; no hard feelings; all comfortable, clear and straightforward, and everybody satisfied. What do you propose, Senior Vanbrugh?"

"Why should I propose anything at all?"

"I UNDERSTOOD that you had come for that purpose? Come from your—ah—'sister,' to give



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me the answer that she omitted to give."

"Answer to what?"

"To my plain, simple question. Whether she was prepared to buy my silence—at my price. My silence concerning her history. Shall we say her 'past'? Haven't you come for that purpose, Senior Vanbrugh?"

"Not exactly."

"Then?"

"Well, I wanted to find out what it was all about," replied Vanbrugh quietly, speaking slowly and carefully, as thoughtfully he considered Spanish Maine, "what sort of a creature you were; what you really knew about my sister; what you wanted. And to decide as to what would be the best way of handling you. Oh, to find out a lot of things."

"WELL, now, Senior Vanbrugh, as to what I really know about your 'sister,' as to what I want, as to the sort of creature I am, and hence as to the best way of handling me—I'll enlighten you. Listen..."

Sending himself comfortably in his armchair, Spanish Maine crossed his legs, leant back, gazed at the white-painted steel ceiling and listened with gratification to the sound of his own voice.

"Would it surprise you to know, Senior Vanbrugh, that I have the honor to claim some measure of what shall we say—compatriotism, racial derivation, racial alliances—with your noble self? Oh, yes, I am partly Anglo-Saxon."

You have, of course, heard of Lady Smith in South Africa, rendered famous by its siege; and perhaps of the less famous Harrismith, in the same British colony? Possibly you are also aware that those towns are named after Sir Harry Smith and his wife, Lady Smith, and that Lieutenant Harry Smith, of the 95th Regiment of Foot, was present at the capture and sack of Badajoz. Here he rescued a Spanish girl, of fourteen years of age, from the drunken and licentious soldiery. He took her to his tent, married her next day, and she followed his fortunes, in war and in peace, for the rest of her life—until he became Sir Harry Smith, and Governor of Cape Colony.

You may wonder what all this has got to do with the matter. Nothing, except that his brother officer, Captain Charles Maine, did precisely the same thing—saved the life of a Spanish senorita, married her, and with her lived happy ever after.

Pues, a pretty romance that must appeal to you.

This Captain Charles Maine and his wife, Senora Maine, were blessed with a son, Alphonso Charles Maine. This son they made both English and Spanish, sending him to Eton School and to Oxford University to be educated, and bringing him back to Spain, to make a good husband of him when his education was completed.

Please turn to Page 24



# What Women Are Doing

## Her Father's Works

MISS MARION MARCUS CLARKE has been specially commissioned by the A.B.C. to give listeners of today broadcasts of her father's less-known but finest works, and she has collected many gems of writing in the form of essay and play from the late Marcus Clarke's diary.

Miss Marcus Clarke has been arranging the writings for broadcasting in collaboration with the A.B.C. Talks Department.

## Was Very Interested In Theatres Abroad

MRS. H. J. GODDARD, who has returned to Hobart, accompanied by her husband, Dr. Goddard, and her daughter June, has enjoyed an unusually comprehensive and interesting tour of Great Britain, Europe and America.

Mrs. Goddard plays a very active part in Hobart's philanthropic, musical and theatrical circles. She is hon. secretary of the Victoria League, and has delighted many Hobart audiences with her talented interpretation of leading roles in the Repertory Theatre's plays.

Naturally, the musical and theatrical world abroad was particularly interesting to her, and she was tremendously impressed with the theatres in London, and enjoyed seeing "Noah," with John Gielgud, "1900 and All That," and Evelyn Williams' thriller, "Night Must Fall," as well as "Love on the Dole."

Her outstanding impression of Paris was the singing of Lucienne Boyer, the idol of the State.

The most interesting part of her journey was spent in the United States. Her visit to the Rockefeller Centre in New York, and her attendance as a guest at a recital of the Harlem Philharmonic Society she found very thrilling.

## Kindergarten Expert Publishes A Book

"THE Duration of Attention in Young Children," by M. V. Gutteridge, has been published by the Melbourne University Press.

The author, Miss May Gutteridge, has been principal of the Free Kindergarten Union of Victoria's Training College for many years. Her book represents five years of scientific research. The idea for this work was suggested to Miss Gutteridge at the Rochester Convention of the International Kindergarten Union in 1929, and most of her research has been carried out through kindergartens and nursery schools in Victoria.

Miss Gutteridge left recently for a year's leave of absence abroad.

## Young Pianist to Tour Australia

MISS EILEEN JOYCE, the young West Australian girl who delighted European critics with her excellent piano recitals last year, is to tour Australia with the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

With her black hair set close to her head, Miss Joyce has been described as a Jane Austen figure, and a pretty picture for the eye by those who have seen her on the concert platform.

However, that is only a first impression; soon they can talk of nothing but her brilliance as a pianist.

## Designed Carpet for A Million Roses

THOUSANDS and thousands of roses, practically one million in all, and chiefly cream color, will form the pattern of the floral carpet which has been designed by Miss Gwyneth Norton for the South Australian Centenary Floral Festival.

The carpet will be laid on the lawn in front of the War Memorial and the Flower Committee plans to start making it at 5 a.m. on the day of the festival. A carpet of living flowers before the floodlit War Memorial should be a beautiful conclusion to the Week of Flowers.

Miss Norton's design is entirely original, and the pattern used is a conventional one and will be for a carpet 50 by 20 feet in size.

## Disguise For Boredom

THE latest American novelty, according to an English visitor, Mrs. John Hewitt, who passed through Brisbane recently, is the introduction at formal gatherings of masks for the women guests.

The masks are usually beautiful ashen faces featuring vivid lips and lace eyelashes. They are attached to attractive holders, and are brought into play when the owners feel the desire to yawn, or if they wish to hide their boredom.

These masks were seen by Mrs. Hewitt in Hollywood.

## Victorian Plan for Guide Camp House

A LITTLE more than £3000 has been raised in the three years that the Guide Camp House Fund has been in existence, and Girl Guides in Victoria are beginning to look forward to the end of 1938, when they hope that the required sum—£5000—will be reached.

Half of this sum will be used to buy the much-needed camp house and land, and half will be set aside as an endowment fund.

Mrs. Susan Littlejohn, who is now acting as convener of the fund, says that though last year was a quiet year many helpful donations came in for the fund.

Apparently Guides arrange their programme so that they have alternate quiet and busy years. This year is to be a very busy one as far as the fund is concerned.

Mrs. Littlejohn has belonged to the Girl Guides since 1925, and has been on the executive for six years. She is a very practical person, and not so long ago she ran the equipment shop that provides a substantial slice of Guide funds for two years.

## University Student Days Are Over

SOME journeys always remain in one's memory, and the one that Gwen Gerrard made the other day from her home, Ingleburn, Mudgee - Cassilis Rd., to Sydney, was a memorable one for her.

Its purpose was to participate in the ceremony at Sydney University that marked the close of her student years, and to receive the diploma, M.B., Ch.B., which she had gained as a result of them.

Dr. Gerrard was a resident of Sancta Sophia College for Women for four years, and identified herself during that period with the University Debating Society.

Dr. Gerrard.

Dr. Gerrard.

## Been on the Staff of Four Governors-General

A JOB that must be of interest to other women all over Australia is that of Miss Kathleen Macartney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Macartney, of Melbourne.

She has been on the secretarial staff of four Governors-General—Lord Forster, Lord Stonehaven, Lord Somers (acting G.-G. for a short while), and Sir Isaac Isaacs—and is about to take up work with a fifth, our new Governor-General, Lord Gowrie.

There are only two women on the staff, and of these though she still looks a mere girl, Miss Macartney is the veteran. Her work takes her from Melbourne to Canberra and Sydney, and from time to time to other big cities in the Commonwealth.

## Traveller Returns After World Tour

MRS. G. H. MURRAY, wife of the Hon. G. H. Murray, Director of Agriculture in New Guinea, has just accompanied her husband on a world tour, which was full of interest. In Vienna they were the only English visitors in the city, and they saw no Englishmen on their journey to Italy. Huge photos of Mussolini were everywhere.

In Spain, the excitement of a bull-fight was witnessed, and in America a visit was paid to the world-famous factory of motor cars of Mr. Henry Ford. Like everybody else who visits America, Mrs. Murray was impressed by the well-groomed appearance of the women over there.

Several weeks of Mrs. Murray's trip were spent in Egypt, where several flying expeditions were made over the Delta and the Pyramids.



Miss Kathleen Macartney.

—Ronald Eiler photo.

## Marathon Programme For 1936

ARRANGING programmes on a large scale is nothing new to the Young Women's Christian Association, and the Y.W.C.A. Melbourne, already has a comprehensive programme planned for 1936.

There are clubs for girls under eighteen and senior clubs two nights each week, a programme of team games, hand art, dramatics, and debating, and general sports meetings while picnics, parties and camps are planned for various times of the year.

There are night basketball matches three times a week, and gymnasium classes that include exercises and intermediates, tapping classes, fencing, ballroom dancing, anatomical studies and slimming and keep-fit classes.

The Business Girls' Fraternity, which gives business girls an opportunity to learn English, French, German, modern art, dance, pottery, and other crafts, is held twice each week.

Then, there are Melbourne Women's Dinner Club dinners each month, and every Saturday has its sports fixtures, tennis, basketball, rowing, hockey, lacrosse, and walks with Halcyon and Revelers' dances to round off the evening. Even Sunday has its speakers, discussions, and teas.

## Now Has Her Turn At Holidaying

HAVING disposed of the problem of providing a vacation for the forty-two girls whose welfare she has so much at heart,

Miss Jean Law, Launceston, is now holidaying herself. She is secretary of the Girls' Home, and as the Gable Station at Low Head where the girls usually holiday was sold last year a new location had to be found for them.

When the special holiday appeal fund was totalled up it was found that a month at Mole Creek, that lovely summer resort at the foot of the Western Tiers, could be financed. Half of the girls accompanied by two of the staff enjoyed the first fortnight, and then the other two members of the staff took the rest of the girls there for two weeks.

It is difficult to imagine all the little perplexities which confront the committee of the Home being so smoothly overcome without Miss Law's capable direction. She has been secretary for 10 years.



Miss Jean Law.

—Wideline.



## Outstanding Service in Many Good Causes

WHATEVER the movement, provided that its object is for the betterment of the lot of others, you will find Mrs. R. St. Vincent Hayes and Miss Ivy J. Quinton to the van in West Maitland.

Mrs. St. Vincent Hayes has been a most energetic charity worker since the South African War. Despite her increasing age her activities seem to multiply rather than diminish. She is secretary of the women's committee of the new ambulance station building fund, vice-president of the Red Cross Society, and vice-president of the U.A.P. Her services to the Maitland Hospital have been rewarded by a life membership, and a similar honor was conferred upon her for many attentions to the Maitland Benevolent Society.

Opportunity was taken recently by the Country Women's Association to show tangible proof of Mrs. St. Vincent Hayes' work, when the Mayoresse (Mrs. H. W. Fry) presented her with a gold wristlet watch.

Miss Quinton, who has been secretary of the Country Women's Association since its inception in West Maitland, was also entertained recently by the branch when the president (Mrs. F. E. Carr) made presentations to her on behalf of the branch and also on behalf of Mrs. Hayes. Miss Quinton was also presented with a life membership badge.

Sharrow, the beautiful Lorn home of Mrs. P. B. Cohen, is always given by her to assist charitable movements, and entertainments held there have recited the codices of many worthy institutions. Mrs. Cohen, with Mrs. Hayes and Miss Quinton, comprised the executive for the centenary ambulance car appeal, and as a result a car costing £111/18/- was handed over complete with equipment, insurance and registration. There were no expenses.

## IN and OUT of SOCIETY -- By WEP



## Miss Cocks Interested In Welfare Work

NOW that her official duties as a policewoman in South Australia are over, Miss Kate Cocks is finding time to spare for her "side-lines," and chief among these is Methodist social welfare work.

She has just returned from a holiday in New Zealand, and while there she visited a Methodist training college for young women bent on doing social service.

Now Miss Cocks has her eye on a similar training centre in Adelaide, and, although nothing has been decided yet, it is likely there will be big news in this direction shortly.

## Secretary Who Is Also Camp Mother

THE busy secretary of the Girls' Friendly Society, Melbourne, Miss E. M. Woolcock, has a double duty to perform at holiday times.

Every year the Society holds a camp in the hills or at the seaside, and for the last two years Miss Woolcock has acted as "camp mother."

The "camp" is actually a house rented for a few weeks, but some of the meals are cooked outdoors to get the camp atmosphere.

This year the house was at Belgrave, and many girls had a holiday there, the number reaching as high as 30 during the week-ends.



Miss Cocks



Miss Eileen Joyce



## Max Factor's — the make-up secret of Glorious GRACE MOORE

Max Factor himself instructed Grace Moore, star of Columbia's sensational production *Love Me Forever*, in Color Harmony Make-Up. You can learn the same thrilling art — through Max Factor's Color Harmony Chart! Fill in the coupon below and send for Max Factor's Lipstick Palette and sample of Rouge in your shade. Use the "Make-Up of the Stars" for an exciting new glamour!

MAX FACTOR'S OF HOLLYWOOD  
JAMES & ANDERSON, Representatives for Australia,  
C4, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.

**FREE** Please send me Max Factor's Lipstick Palette and sample of rouge in my shade, also 48-page instruction book, "The New Art of Victory Make-Up." I enclose stamps in stamps to cover postage and handling. Print name and address and post to MAX FACTOR'S, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney. Fill in chart below with a ✓

NAME	COMPLEXION	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
	Fair	Blue	BLONDE	Dry
		Grey	Light	Oily
	Creamy	Brown	BROWNETTE	Sensitive
			Light	
	Medium	Black	BRUNETTE	Moist
		LASHES	Light	Dry
	Rusky	Light	Dark	
	Olive	Light	REDHEAD	AGE
		Dark	Light	
	Sun Tan			

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... this marvelous  
new liquid floor wax  
**SHINES as it DRIES!**

Five minutes where it used to take hours . . . smiles where there used to be backaches. There is no floor polish in the world that will do just what No-Rub will do. It's a liquid. You simply spread it on to the floor with No-Rub applicator . . . leave it for 20 minutes . . . when you come back . . . you see a rich, glowing, polished surface . . . hard, dry, scratchproof, waterproof, and what's more important, slip-proof . . . from then on a light rub over every day with a dry mop will remove the dust and keep your floors a joy for ever. Change over to No-Rub . . . It's Marvelous.

WRITE FOR A FREE DEMONSTRATION in your own home if you live within the Metropolitan area . . . and a free sample to country residents on request to Department "W," SUPREEM POLISH CO., 477 Kent Street, Sydney.



Packed by  
the makers  
of . . .  
SUPREEM  
SHOE  
POLISH

FIG. 1

## SPANISH MAINE

Continued from Page 22

THE young gentleman returned to his parents at Cadix. He came back with an even wider education than they had expected or intended, for he brought back with him an English wife; and, in the famous old town of Cadix where there was already a considerable English colony, this Alphonse Charles Maine, and Mary, his wife, settled down. To them was born a son, Miguel Charles Maine, who had at least one distinction. He was my father.

I grew up an extremely dissipated young man.

I admit it. Not that I was a loafer, a waster, mark you. Far from it. I had too much energy for that. I was indefatigable, both at work and at play; but, unfortunately, much of my energy in the latter direction was misplaced; for, although I read with avidity, and spent hours daily in the fencing-school, rode like a centaur, sculled like a water-beetle, and swam like a fish, I also found time—far too much time—for the serenitas.

As often happens with young caballeros such as I, I rode my hobby too hard—and got into serious and dangerous trouble with a girl who was, alas, of breeding and family equal to my own, and whose name was Dolores Folmar. Marriage being out of the question owing to my youth, her extreme youth, the fact that she was betrothed to a very wealthy vineyard-proprietor, and that my own parents had quite other views for me, the position was awkward.

Oh, very awkward.

AND as though it were not sufficiently so, her silly brother had to go and get himself into trouble, too. Trouble that kept him on his back in hospital, between life and death, for weeks; trouble that he found at the point of my duelling rapier.

Yes, the presumptuous and foolish lad had had the bad manners to strike me in the face with his open hand as I sat sipping a glass of sherry at the Amuntillado, where we students of Cadix University were wont to take our ease and our wine.

Well, he looked for trouble, and, as I say, he found it; for it was not my fault that I was a superb fencer, both in the French and the Italian styles.

Nor had the unbalanced, ungentelemanly, and selfish fellow considered the trouble that he was bringing on me. I had to disappear, pronto; and on my mother's advice and with her help and blessing I sailed from Cadix for England, left the ship at La Rochelle, took train for Paris, went to Berne, and from there to my real destination, Heidelberg.

At Heidelberg I became a foreign student, a young gentleman from Madrid desirous of pursuing his studies in "alt Heidelberg," at the feet of the German philosophers.

I had a good time at Heidelberg, though I confess it took me a good while to change my habit of savoring the world's finest sherry to that of savoring vast quantities of lager beer.

However, the spirit was willing and the flesh was strong.

And then, one day, misfortune overtook me again.

There was a girl, lovely in the German madchen way, Gretchen Kellner—whom I delighted to honor. There was also a Prussian corps-student whom I detested on sight, loathed on acquaintance, and abhorred on familiarity, who tried to supplant me in Gretchen's innocent heart.

He was everything that I was not—gross, coarse, colonial, ugly, boorish, brutal—with his shaven head, his pig-like little eyes, flapping ears and bloated red face marked with a dozen of their silly duel-scars.

I suppose you know their absurd, idiotic idea of fencing, their schlager play? You have a blunt-pointed, razor-edged sword; you keep your right arm stiff above your head; you use only your wrist; you have your eyes protected with mask and goggles, and your cheeks, chin, and scalp exposed. There is no thrusting at all; no cutting at the body. Purely by means of wrist-play, you slash at your opponent's face and head.

The whole idea, of course, is to collect "honorable" scars on your cheeks, chin and skull. When you've got them, you keep them open as long as possible, with salt and beer, for fear they should ever fade away. When they are on your skull you keep your head practically shaven, so that they shall not be hidden. Childish in the extreme, crude, clumsy, and truly Teutonic.

And if you are challenged to this travesty of a duel, you have to fight—to call it "fighting"—or be disgraced and kicked out of the Studentenkorps, your Student Club.

WELL, one day as I sat at lunch in the Red Hen, this Prussian brute (I've forgotten his name—something incredible, ridiculous and unpronounceable) came past my table, followed by a couple of boar-hounds as big as elephants or bigger. He was one of those Blut und Eisen bullies who copied Bismarck, even to the boar-hound touch, and thought that, to be a gentleman, you must be overbearing, boastful, violent; and to be a patriot you must bawl "Deutschland über alles" and "Gott mit uns" all day long, will bear all night, and swagger all the time. At my table he stopped, snatched up my plate, and threw its contents, some slices of excellent bolonia sausage, to his dogs, remarking as he did so:

"Das ist zu gut für Sie." ("That is too good for you.")

I sprang to my feet and did to him exactly what my foolish young Cadix friend had done to me. I snatched his face.

Of course I had to fight the Schurke, and to fight him in his own way; but, while doing it, I made up my mind that he should also fight me—in my way. It was a maddening experience, trussed up like a fowl, with my hand above my head, and unable to do anything but slash, by a wrist-twisting flick of the sword, at his ugly head, of which I could only see the jaws and his eyes behind the iron mask and goggles.

Of course I had not a dog's chance. He was a past master at this idiotic game, and cut me across the top of the head within a few seconds of the word "go." Owing to the protective head-covering, which leaves only the scalp exposed, the duellists cannot receive a fatal wound, and only very rarely a dangerous one. It is extremely painful, however, to have your head cut to the bone; and it's a very bloody business.

As soon as I had been mopped up, and the blood had ceased flowing into my eyes, we went to it again; and once more, within a few seconds of starting, I got a slash, this time across my cheek—as you see—a cut that laid the cheek-bone bare.

Our swords had hardly clinked for the third time when I got another across the top of my head; and, at that, the referee, judges, seconds, or else the surgeon decided that that would be enough.

Please turn to Page 44

## THERMO-RAY Short-Wave Medication

Case 155

A typical case where Thermo-Ray treatment enabled the patient to avoid an operation was Case 155. A woman patient, aged 27, suffered from Ovarian Cysts. Two operations had been performed removing the cysts. A third one was advised. As an experiment the Physician agreed, at the request of the patient, to a course of Thermo-Ray treatment, in order to avoid another operation. Under the treatment the cysts disappeared and the patient is now entirely free from this complaint. Several similar cases have since been treated successfully. Each week we shall refer to a different case, but should you require information regarding any ailment, you may be suffering from, our medical officer will advise you if this treatment will benefit you.

The services of a fully-qualified medical staff and of the Dutch Scientist who invented the Thermo-Ray Unit are available at Thermo-Ray Unit, of the Thermo-Ray Institutes Ltd., "Wyoming," 175 Macquarie Street, Sydney—phone BW142.\*\*\*

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**FORD'S  
CORPUREAL CAPSULES**  
A Kensington lady writes: "I have reduced from 11 stone to a stone 11½." This is a scientifically correct treatment endorsed by leading doctors. No dieting or starving. Three weeks' treatment, 5/6; six weeks, 10/6; at all Chemists, or sent free from NOLAN, FORD, M.P.S., 1194, 1211, Chemist, 247 King Street, Newcastle, N.S.W.

## "DRIVE THOSE BL-BL-BLUES AWAY"

To-day's the day of speed and efficiency—appearance, too, counts more than it did last season. Don't be time about those old white shoes you were thinking of deserting. "Bl-BL-BL" the amazing new white shoe cleaner, that won't rub off, and which costs only 6d. Make them new. Agents, A. J. Vreth (Australians) Ltd., 127 York Street, Sydney.

## LONELY MEN AND WOMEN

and stamped, addressed envelope to obtain free illustrated booklet and confidential articulation of my Matrimonial Correspondence Club. Make acquaintance all over Australia.  
MISS ROWENA F. RUSSELL,  
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Barrack Street, Sydney, N.S.W.





# New Year Weddings

## FURNISH EASILY at

### W.W. Campbells'



**20% DEPOSIT 4/6**

Polished Walnut Veneers are a feature of this artistic Bedroom Suite. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe (with bow-front door); 3ft. 6in. Dressing Table; 4ft. 6in. Chest of Drawers; 4ft. 6in. Double Bedstead. The Suite has bar-handles and Carolee legs throughout. This Week's Cash Price is £19/19/- (Bedstead Extra). Or on Easy Terms.

## 2 YEARS to PAY

Examples of general Furniture Orders.

(SYDNEY & SUBURBS)  
 £25 for 10' deposit, 5' weekly. £50 for 20' deposit, 10' weekly.  
 £100 for 40' deposit, 20' weekly. £150 for 60' deposit, 30' weekly.



This attractive Transome Chest is selected from a very large range of designs displayed in our new Showrooms. Call and see them—you will be delighted. This week's Cash Price of above **77/6** 5/- and 2/-

Every Bed needs a wardrobe, and this popular size will accommodate a large range of books. It is in two-tone finish with attractive inlaid door and movable shelves. Special Cash Price is **45/6** or on Easy Terms.



This new 4ft. 6in. Breakfast Room Cabinet is fully fitted with drawers, cupboards, etc., and has artistic headlight doors. It is faultlessly constructed and no home should be without one. The Reduced Cash Price This Week is **79/6** or on Easy Terms.



This fully-fitted lounge is an ideal gift for a gentleman. It has sliding trays, drawers, adjustable mirror, and quilted handbag compartment. Don't miss this bargain. Special Cash Price This Week **59/6** or on Easy Terms.

Many other designs and qualities are in stock. **5/- and 2/-** DEPOSIT WEEKLY

## SAVE £4 on RADIO

During 1935 this 5-Valve Super Radio was a standard stock model valued at £18/18/-. To make room for new stocks the balance of these splendid Radio Sets is being cleared at the ridiculously low Cash Price of £12/19/6, or on Metropolitan Easy Terms.

**15/- and 3/6** DEPOSIT WEEKLY

Now as stock special 1936 Dual Wave Model, latest All Metal Valves, Special Cash Price, £16/19/6, or on Easy Terms 15/- Deposit, 4/6 Weekly.



## The "SIBERIA" ICE CHEST

This is our Standard Quality Ice Chest, well-known for 25 years for reliability and economy in ice consumption. Splendidly finished Cork Packed Case. Priced from 85/-. A size for every home. Carries our usual Full Guarantee. All our Ice Chests have two doors "Front Opening" NOT the old style "Lift-Lid". Metropolitan Easy Terms from



**5/- and 2/-** DEPOSIT WEEKLY

**COUNTRY CUSTOMERS**  
 Write for Free Catalogue, stating requirements. Reduced deposits, with very low monthly instalments, are not available.



## PALM BOXES and COFFEE TABLES

See this year's wonderful display featuring uniquely designed and finished Veneers of Oak and Walnut at attractive prices. The Palm Box shown is 24in. high, in two-tone finish only.

**11/6**



Comfort, appearance and sturdy construction are features of this new Cane Chair. Built of mottled Malacca, with colored linings, every home in Sydney should secure one or more at the introductory Cash Price

**11/9**

We stock a great range of Cane and Seagrass Furniture—all at Warehouse Prices.



Here is a handsome Dining Room Set at a remarkable price. It comprises 4ft. 6in. sideboard, with polished figured and quartered Maple veneers; 5ft. Rectangular Table, and four Upholstered Chairs (two only in illustration). This Week's Cash Price, £13/13/-, or on Easy Terms.

## OPEN on FRIDAY NIGHT



Luxurious comfort is built into this sumptuous Lounge Suite, with its five fully-adjustable loose cushions and in a rich velvet upholstery. The design and finish are examples of the finest craftsmanship and in all respects this lovely Lounge Suite will please the most fastidious. For this week only the Cash Price is £19/19/- or on Easy Terms.

**20% DEPOSIT 5/-**



Here is a handsome Dining Room Set at a remarkable price. It comprises 4ft. 6in. sideboard, with polished figured and quartered Maple veneers; 5ft. Rectangular Table, and four Upholstered Chairs (two only in illustration). This Week's Cash Price, £13/13/-, or on Easy Terms.

**13/6 DEPOSIT 3/6**

## CARPETS and LINOLEUMS

HALL CARPETS REDUCED			
Wilton	Width	Yd.	Per Yd.
22in.	8/11	Now	6/9
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AXMINSTER CARPETS REDUCED			
Wilton	Width	Yd.	Per Yd.
22in.	8/11	Now	6/9
27in.	9/11	Now	7/9
36in.	13/6	Now	10/6
GENUINE CORK LINO — TWO YARDS WIDE			
5/3	5/11	7/6	per yard
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TABLES, 27/6. DESSERTS, 25/- per half dozen.

Write for Prices of Our Old English Pattern Table Silverware.

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When you visit Sydney, stay at Petty's Hotel. The tariff is indeed moderate.

Wire or write for reservations PETTY'S HOTEL

## THE HAPPY TRAVELLERS

Continued from Page 7

"WHO is it?" asked her companion earnestly as he saw the danger signal.

"The man I told you about—he is at the table immediately opposite."

Presently the dark young man looked. "So that is the famous Gonzalez. A wisp of a man that I could break!"

"A wisp of a man who has broken giants, Emilio," she interrupted. "Have you heard of Saccoriva—was he not a giant? That man killed him—shot him down in his own headquarters when there was a guard of revolutionary brethren within call—and escaped!"

"He is anti-revolutionary?" Emilio was impressed.

She shook her head.

"Comrade Saccoriva was very foolish with women. It was over some girl he had taken—and left. He is looking this way!" I will call him over."

Leon rose lightly at the signal and came across the crowded dance floor. "Signorita, you will never forgive

me!" he said in despair. "Here am I watching you again. And yet I only came here because I was bored."

"Bore me also," she said with her sweetest smile, and then, remembering her companion. "This is Herr Halk, from Leipzig."

Leon's eyes twinkled. "Your friends change their nationalities as often as they change their names," he said. "I remember Herr Halk of Leipzig, when he was Emilio Cassini, of Turin!"

Emilio shifted uncomfortably, but Isola was amused.

"This man is omniscient! Dance with me, Senor Gonzalez, and promise that you will not murder me!"

They went twice round the ballroom before Leon spoke.

"If I had your face and figure and youth, I should have a good time and not bother with politics," he said.

"And if I had your wisdom and cunning I should remove tyrants from their high positions," she retorted, her voice quivering.

That was all that was said. Going out into the vestibule Leon discovered the girl and her escort waiting. It was raining heavily and Isola's car could not be found.

"May I drop you, gracious lady?" Leon's smile was most entrancing. "I have a poor car, but it is at your disposition."

Isola hesitated.

"Thank you," she said.

Leon, ever the acme of politeness, insisted on taking one of the seats that put his back to the driver. It was not his own car. Usually he was very nervous about other drivers, but to-night he did not mind.

They crossed Trafalgar Square.

"The man is taking the wrong turning," said Isola with quick vehemence. "This is the right road to Scotland Yard," said Leon. "We call this the Way of the Happy Traveller—keep your hand away from your pocket, Emilio. I have killed men on less provocation, and I have been covering you ever since we left the club!"

IN the early hours of the morning telegrams were despatched to the police headquarters at Folkestone and Dover!

"Arrest and detain Theophilus Barger, Joseph Lokely, Henry Rigdon" (there followed five other names), "travelling to the Continent by boat either to-day or to-morrow."

There was no need to give instructions about Isola. For a perfect lady, her behaviour was indefensible.

"She blotted her copybook," said Leon sadly. "I've never seen a Happy Traveller less happy when we got her to Scotland Yard."

Considering the matter at the morning conference which was part of the daily routine in Curzon Street, Manfred was inclined to regard the plot as elementary.

"If you speak disparagingly of my genius and power of deduction, I shall burst into tears," said Leon. "Raymond thinks I was clever—I will not have that verdict challenged. George, you're getting old and grouchy."

"The detection was clever," Manfred hastened to placate his smiling friend.

"And the scheme was clever," insisted Leon, "and terribly like Isola. One of these days she'll do something awfully original and be shot by the Cheka. Obviously, what she set out to do was to collect seven men who bore some resemblance to the members of her murder gang. When she had found them, she made them get passports—that, of course, is why she asked if they knew a clergyman, for a padre's signature on the photograph and application form is as good as a lawyer's. Seven poor innocent men with passports which she handed over to her friends while the Happy Travellers were sent into out-of-the-way places. She was heading the gang into Italy—all the passports were visined for that country."

"Tell me," said Manfred, "did they arrest the spurious T. Barger at Dover?"

Leon shook his head.

"The man who was to have travelled with T. Barger's passport was one Emilio Cassini—I spotted the likeness immediately. Isola was very abusive—but I quietened her by suggesting that her husband might like to know something about her friendship with Emilio. I have been watching Isola for a long time, and I have seen things."

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## The New Marvellous Complexion Restorer

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Le Charme cream. Le Charme cream is absolutely a complete restorer. They work miracles on the skin, and they are the most ideal complexion creams on the market.

Le Charme Foundation cream is not a vanishing cream; vanishing creams only dry up the skin, but Le Charme Foundation cream keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. When thinking of other face creams remember that Le Charme creams are not like any of those. Try it and you will never go back to any other face creams you have ever used.

Le Charme Vitaminised Cucumber cream is the latest gift of science to those who are beginning to worry about old age. It will restore your youth, vitality, figure, and banish wrinkles and other disfigurements of age.

Then there is Le Charme Special Eye and Wrinkle cream. If this cream is smeared around the eyes at night, every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Le Charme creams. They will make the worst complexion perfect.

TRY LE CHARME CREAMS UNDER THIS INVITING OFFER!

Only the first-class stores and chemists have been appointed to sell Le Charme creams. If your favorite store hasn't yet been selected send letter to Le Charme agent, G.P.O. Box 284P, Sydney, explaining your skin troubles (enclose 2d. for reply).

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## CONSTIPATION

If you are troubled by any of these symptoms, be on your guard against Constipation.

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Take Nyal FIGSEN, the natural, pleasant laxative which relieves Constipation without purging, griping, or forming a habit. Nyal FIGSEN is sold by all chemists, 1/3 for 24 Tablets.

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NAME ADDRESS

WW25/1/36

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NEW CLOTHES for you!  
Not really new — but Fairy Dyes will make them look new... your dresses and under; hats, gloves and scarves. Even stockings can be safely dyed with special 6d. stocking dyes. Try them!

Fairy Dyes  
ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

DRINK VICTIM SUCCESSFULLY TREATED

For ten years one man was a heavy drinker, lost work, happiness, and home—his wife refused him with "DRUGS". This safe, inexpensive treatment will also save your health. It can be given secretly. Booklet in sealed wrapper. Write or call for it. Dept. W. HOME WELFARE FTY., 222 George St., Sydney.

"Another Sunlight user . . . that's 6 in a Row"

Even the grocer notices how many homes always take Sunlight Soap. 7 housewives out of 10 make light of washing-day by using Sunlight. It is all pure soap—hard on dirt, but easy on clothes. And Sunlight suds, being twice as rich, go twice as far.

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A hemstitched, embroidered PILLOWCASE, 31 1/2 x 21 inches, in best pillow cotton.



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# BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES!

## Cereza is a Fickle Jade

By BETTY GEE

I think it was very nice of the A.J.C. handicapper to arrange such an easy programme for Warwick Farm on Saturday. When four favorites and three second favorites win the seven races on a programme it is very encouraging. But I doubt if anything like that will happen at Randwick over the Challenge Stakes and Anniversary meeting. However, I managed to add a little more to my bank for the big meeting on Saturday. I will now face the bookmakers armed with a lot of confidence, because I have a bit of their money for them to get back—if they can.

**AFTER** the heavy rain on Friday I thought Warwick Farm would have to be postponed, but almost as soon as Dickie and I reached the course the clouds dissipated and our old man ran in all his glory. Summer was on again.

I did not ask any questions of anybody in the first race because McCurtin has been winning everything about the place lately, and when I saw he was riding Stalwart, owned by Mr. W. H. Mackay, and heard the bookmakers screaming their heads off, "Seven to one bar one," I determined to have a pound's worth of the "bar one" at seven to four. It was too easy. Stalwart did not even bother to jump away with the leaders because he knew he had a mile to go. I was a bit worried when the favorite was two lengths away in the straight, but just there McCurtin whipped something to him—perhaps about my £3/5/-—and he bounded past the leader, Hercules, as if a wasp had stung him.

### A Reversal

When I remembered that Cereza had got very tired in the legs in a six-furlong race at Randwick, nobody could persuade me that the little chestnut filly could see out seven furlongs against such good horses as King's Head, Wind-bird and Golden Chance. I placed my faith in Golden Chance, because it had won the Villiers at Randwick at Christmas, but the New Zealander could only run into sixth place. Cereza, the fickle

little jade, just won as she liked, after letting Darby Munro make all the pace on Bombus.

### Next Start

Well Dickie gave me no peace for ten minutes after the race, rubbing it into me about not following the ladies as I did at Moorefield. But I know a little lady named Cereza (whatever that means) that will be running against a lot of young flappers in the Adrian Knox Stakes on January 27, and she won't trick me next time. I am telling all my girl friends that she is just unbeatable. But just fancy missing her at Warwick Farm at 7 to 1, and I'll be lucky to get "even money" about her at Randwick.

I don't know why Mr. Tom Haylen called that good two-year-old of his Water Waggon, perhaps because his father's name was Tippler, but anyhow it can gallop when there aren't any Bonnie Legions in the race, and with McCurtin on top it was a wonder any bookmaker would lay against it. Mac has a nasty habit lately of winning on nearly every two-year-old he rides, and it was an armchair ride he had on Water Waggon. I took £4 to 2 from Fred Vockler and was mighty pleased with my third win on Water Waggon.

I went back to the ladies again in the second division of the Nursery Handicap, and put £1 on Jean Harlow, because I had seen her in "China Seas"

at St. James Theatre the night before, and I reckoned if the filly were only half as slick and lively as the little platinum blonde, she could easily outclass this field. However, I was wrong, as although Jean was fast enough she was a bit short of wind, and my £1 on her went astray. Someone that backed John o' Grunts has my £1 now.

### My Obstinacy

I am a pig-headed little devil when I get a thing into my head, and I would not be put off the girls over one or two reverses, so I put my next £1 on Fair Diana, and this time I selected the tale for my investment. My race glasses must have been dirty as I was sure that Fair Diana ran third, but imagine my surprise when the judge gave third place to a black mare named Imagine, that nobody wanted to back and which paid £23/5/- for an outlay of 10/-.

I did not back Curator as Dickie suggested after it had won, simply because its mother was a mare called Lipstick. I would not be that silly. But I took £3 to 1 about it because a friend of Andy Knox's wined me up to the fact that Curator was a better horse than his last couple of runs indicated, and I saw Fred Vockler lay about £150 to £50 about it in one bet. It is history now how Curator led all the way, and he landed my £3 for me just when I was feeling a bit depressed.

After so many ups and downs I decided not to bet on the last race, but to save my winnings for Royal Randwick.

### The Big Events

I have not told you how much I am going to win on Cereza in the Adrian Knox Stakes on Anniversary Day, but I intend to have an equal amount on Fidelity, a little champion, owned by Sir Colin Stephen, Chairman of the A.J.C., at her next start. I like the two New Zealanders, Golden Chance and Gay Blonde, for the big double; and how are they going to take the Whidden Handicap off Bonnie Legion?

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Multi-make style. Sizes 24 to 30 inches. Usually 4/9. **SALE PRICE 3/11**  
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Fine quality, well tailored. Length 22 inches. Usually 12/6. **SALE PRICE 10/11**

Leth. 24in. 27in. 30in.  
Usual 14/6 15/9 16/6  
**Sale 12/11 13/11 14/11**  
Leth. 22in. 24in. 26in.  
Usual 12/6 13/6 14/6  
**Sale 10/11 11/11 12/11**  
Length 22in.  
Sale .. 22/11  
Length 24in.  
Sale .. 23/11  
Length 26in.  
Sale .. 25/6

**FUJI DE LUXE BLOUSES**  
Sports or Convertible Collars. All sizes. Usually 3/11. **SALE PRICE 2/6**  
BETTER QUALITY .. .. . **SALE PRICE 3/11**

**"SOLWEAR" TUNIC FOR SCHOOLWEAR**  
British Finest Material. Lengths 22 to 24 inches. Usually 5/9. **SALE PRICE 4/6**  
Lengths, in. 26 to 34 30 to 34 6/9  
Usual .. .. . **SALE PRICE 4/11 5/11**  
Lengths, in. 36 to 40 42 to 44 6/9  
**SALE PRICES .. .. . 6/11 7/11**

**"DOWELYN" TUNICS.** British Tailored, adjustable length for girls. Lengths 22 to 24 inches. Usually 5/11. **SALE PRICE 4/11**  
Lengths, in. 26 to 34 30 to 34 6/9  
Usual .. .. . **SALE PRICE 5/11 6/11**  
Lengths, in. 36 to 40 42 to 44 6/9  
**SALE PRICES .. .. . 7/11 8/11**

**TIES, 1/11, 2/6, 2/11**  
**HATBAND, embroidered, 2/6, 2/11; woven, 3/11**



**500 COLLEGE PANAMAS.**  
Nearest shapes, every hat perfect! Finest quality panama. Three shapes in choice from. Usually 4/2. **NOW 3/3**

Assorted strings. Navy or Brown underlinings. **EXTRA FINE QUALITY GLAZED PANAMA.** Usually 5/9. **NOW 4/9**  
Latest all-round dropped shapes. Assort Navy or Brown. Assorted strings. (Postage Extra.)

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In Navy Fuji de Luxe. Elastic waist and inner. To fit children 6 years to 14 years. Usually 1/11. **SALE 1/6**  
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**No. 8—THE TRENTON GIRLS' OR MAIDS' BLACK OR BROWN CALE, ALSO PATENT COLLEGE WIDE-BAR COLLEGE SHOES.**  
Made to wear like iron. Sporting selected fine leather and buttons. Every pair guaranteed.  
Usual .. .. . 7/6 11/6 12/6  
Usual .. .. . 8/6 11/6 12/6  
**SALE PRICES .. .. . 8/6 9/6 10/6**

**No. 7—GIRLS' ALL WOOL GOOD COLOR NAVY BLAZERS**  
Bound Plain and Two-tone Coats. Usually 5/6. **SALE PRICE 5/6**  
Also in "Doctor" Flannel Two-tone Plain and Navy Coats. Usually 10/9. **SALE PRICE 8/9**

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Made to wear like iron. Sporting selected fine leather and buttons. Every pair guaranteed.  
Usual .. .. . 7/6 11/6 12/6  
Usual .. .. . 8/6 11/6 12/6  
**SALE PRICES .. .. . 8/6 9/6 10/6**

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Usual .. .. . 7/6 11/6 12/6  
Usual .. .. . 8/6 11/6 12/6  
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**McDOWELLS KING & GEORGE STS**  
**"Will Serve You Best" BOX 1184 H.H.G.P.O.**



## it's a grand refresher!

It's a splendid sport, surfing and swimming, but strenuous and tiring. A glass of Milk after the dip—Nature's own tonic—will work wonders for you. It revitalises the whole body—tones up the system.

**DON'T FORGET YOUR HOLIDAY MILK**



Doctors describe Milk as almost a perfect food. It contains all the elements the body needs to replace lost energy—it gives new stamina and strength.

**Remember — a glassful of Milk is a glassful of health.**

**A QUART EACH DAY KEEPS ILL-HEALTH AWAY**

INSERTED BY THE MILK BOARD



# Intimate Jottings

## Did You Know That—

Mrs. Eric Sheller is latest advocate of hair-ribbon in lieu of hat fashion? Made appearance in early hours at Orient wharf to meet Ormonde in white linen suit and wide, white ribbon tied round hair.

## Travelling Incognito

SYDNEY will shortly have visit from Viscount Thurlow, who travels incognito as Mr. J. A. Butler. Young man descendant of illustrious line. His father, Earl of Ossory, is heir to Marquess of Ormonde, of Kilkenny Castle, Ireland. Mrs. Gainsford, of Katoomba, is interested in arrival. She is member of Butler family, of Aherlow Castle, and is related to traveller.

## Packing is Difficult

EVER since marriage Mrs. John Maude has collected varied treasures in Darlinghurst home. Regrets now that all activities in that direction were not strictly utilitarian. Is having frenzied time sorting and packing before leaving with family for England. Party including Mrs. Maude, senior, leave by Temeraire next Tuesday. Popular couple will entertain at cocktail party at Prince Edward Yacht Club before departure, and will be farewelled by Mrs. Ivy Bain at Queen's Club, and buffet supper party at Derec Dean's home.

Jocelyn Poynter goes no further afield than Manly for surfing holiday. Is guest at Hotel Pacific.

## Hollywood Hat Fashion

RED and mauve was rare color scheme affected by Margaret Vyner at Romano's on Saturday. Red frock adorned with mauve belt and same colors blended in flowers. Helen Twelvrees introduced popular Hollywood style of wearing tiny black hat with evening attire. Dashing white cravat tied over black velvet coat. Very bright were the sparkling blue sequins worn by Mrs. Fielding Jones and Mrs. Eric Sheller wore black with a large white flower at the neckline.

## Tactical Error

DEFINITELY under cloud are guests who absent-mindedly ordered coffee at tea party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Gervas Huxley, at new ballroom at Hotel Australia. Encouragement of tea-drinking object of entertainment. Gathering most representative. Hosts rather vague as to guests, and vice-versa, as no names announced. Margaret Vyner held court at one end of room, but many pretty girls rivalled her. Lady Gordon, Mrs. Cyril Shepherd and Rosemary, Mrs. Leslie Dunlop, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Hooper, Mrs. Edwardes and Ena, and Mrs. Roy Agnew among guests.

Two country lads, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Alec McNeil, of Yass, almost ready for first term at Tudor House. Charming mother is busy buying outfits for occasion.

## Farewell Party

PROF. AND MRS. T. G. B. OSBORN leave this Wednesday for England. Son Peter has left historical studies in favor of stage. Is attached to Ambassador School of Dramatic Art, London. Mrs. Osborn farewelled at Hotel Australia by Mrs. Greg McGirr. Ballroom festive with tiger lilies and delphiniums for occasion. Dame Constance D'Arcy, Miss Fidler, Dr. Sandford Morgan, Miss Camilla Wedgwood were among friends to give au revoir messages to traveller.

## Second Hordern Granddaughter

NEWS comes by cable of arrival of second grandchild to Sir Samuel and Lady Hordern. New babe belongs to Oscar and Mrs. Peall, of Wiltshire, England. Mrs. Peall, formerly Doreen Hordern, popular in Sydney social circles and enthusiastic ornithologist. Her grandparents hope to make little lady's acquaintance shortly, if Sir Samuel's health permit. Their other grandchild is Sara Jane Hordern (Australia's richest baby), only child of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hordern.

## Always Very Chic

MRS. ARTHUR NIALL is hostess at Edgecliff home to Captain and Mrs. Oleg Erdeley, recent arrivals from Paris. Before leaving Australia, Mrs. Erdeley extremely smart, so nine years' sojourn abroad made little perceptible change. Russian husband most charming. Was member of Imperial School for Pages and Captain in Czar's army before Russian upheaval.

Mrs. Ernest Merriman, whose husband famed far and near for breeding of merino sheep, now in Sydney. Hotel Metropole present headquarters.

## Caroline's Birthday

SMALL Caroline Morris just attained her first birthday and has not yet seen her father, who is on service on H.M.A.S. Australia. Home-coming plans have been deferred many times. Mrs. Morris, formerly Kitty Mere-wether, might follow in steps of Signora Voltera (Pat Kelly), who made daily cine-camera records of her little girl's progress and sent them to husband in London. Proud father intensely interested in unfolding of film.



MISS MILDRED MacKINNON, who is en route for Los Angeles, where she will be the guest of another Australian, Mrs. Sidney Laughlan. Miss MacKinnon is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon MacKinnon, of Janice.



## Hard Work Rewarded

DURING last few years Molly Patterson gave too much time to serious study to have spare moments for gay time. Having just gained degree of Bachelor of Science with honors in B Section, time for relaxation has arrived. Clever graduate leaves next month for European holiday. Will join mother in London, and receive hearty welcome from brother at Rugby. Lots of ex-Frensham and Ascham girls will extend friendly hand across waters.

## Patrons Were Missing

FIRST night of "Patience" not so packed as other G. and S. performances. Lots of habitual patrons missing. Deuchar Gordon, of Manar, one of quartet in box. Ross Nott in Sydney on holidays escorted good-looking mother to dress circle. Alison Nicholas wore becoming frilled black net frock with white cape. Pink and silver brocade was choice of Mrs. Ernest Watt, who was accompanied by husband.

"Heat Wave" is name of seasonable play chosen by Beryl Bryant for season's first offering at Playhouse.

## From Tenterfield

MRS. ROY LOMAX, from Tenterfield, had good look round at new luncheon and dinner meeting places during week. Was kept busy greeting old friends. Elder daughter spent few days at Tenterfield with her aunt, Eileen White, and is all the better for spot of surfing. Mrs. Lomax and remainder of family are guests of Mrs. Archie White, at Windermere flats. Mrs. White has invited friends to tea party this Tuesday.

## Furs in Midsummer

MRS. GEORGE WALKER wore surprising midsummer display of fox furs at Usher's popular luncheon rendezvous during week. Wintry ensemble almost needed for unseasonable weather. Others round and about same hostelry were Jack Woody with navy shirt and grey sulking; Mrs. Roy Smith, from Yass; Ruth Cameron and sister; Mrs. Bunny France, who had just packed small son off to Palm Beach for holiday with Alec McCormack.

Dr. Chen, popular Consul-General for China, returned during week-end by Nankin from visit to Shanghai.

## Fencing is Graceful

SYLVIA FORREST, who displays more agility in fencing combats than any other Australian girl, leaves this Tuesday for London. Traveller in pursuit of final diplomas in fencing and Greek dancing. Peter Osborn has just tied for third time in succession in London fencing competitions. Most exasperatingly close to victory, but hopes for better luck next time.

## Have You Noticed—

John Hodge wearing brown hat, grey suit, and blue shirt? Dapper young man usually more color-conscious.

Jane Anne



... and

they lived

*the electrical way*

ever after!



**H**E was wise. He knew that romance dies when household drudgery begins; that more married happiness is wrecked by brooms, flatirons, washtubs and hot, stuffy kitchens than by any eternal triangle... So he made their home **electric**.

They are just an average couple... with no money to waste... but they believe that a home is for **joyous living**, not for constant toil. Electricity will do **all** the work in their home... the washing, cooking, cleaning and refrigeration; the making of coffee, toast and waffles; the boiling of water — **everything**. And the point is... **this happy couple will**

**actually live more economically than people who 'manage without' electrical appliances.** It costs **LESS** to let electricity do the housework!

A cordial invitation is extended to all residents of Sydney to visit the new, modern Showrooms of The Electricity Undertaking, at The Queen Victoria Building, George Street. Here, in beautiful surroundings, all the advantages of electricity are displayed in a fascinating and interesting manner. Special Demonstration Theatre, All-Electric Kitchen, Bathroom, and everything that is new in electricity!

**ONE PENNY SPENT  
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Do 3 hours Ironing.  
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Burn an Electric Fire 1½ hours.  
Operate an Electric Fan 20 hours.  
Percolate 25 cups of Coffee.  
Operate an Electric Mixer 22 hours.  
Operate a Vacuum Cleaner 7 hours.

**ELECTRICITY**

The Electricity Undertaking

The Sydney County Council

Queen Victoria Building, Sydney







# THE MOVIE WORLD

January 25, 1936.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page 31

## CALLING Australia! Hot Film News from Hollywood

By Cable from J. B. DAVIES,  
Our Special Representative.



**HELLO**, Australians! This is the first of my weekly cables to you. Everybody here is keenly interested in this, the first direct cable service on screen events to be published in any Australian paper.

It will be my job to send you up-to-the-minute news of happenings in the studios and in the executive offices.

Again, greetings!

*The coveted distinction of the Legion of Honor has been bestowed by the French Government on Australian Walt Disney, creator of the funniest of animated cartoon characters, Mickey Mouse.*

WITH the final decree through for her divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Hollywood is speculating on a new romance for Mary Pickford, linking her name with Charles (Buddy) Rogers, actor and orchestra-leader. Rogers was Mary Pickford's leading man in "My Best Girl."

Mary Pickford, who has been inactive for two years, yesterday started work on a new picture. At a recent meeting of the directors of the United Artists, Fairbanks shook hands with the world's ex-sweetheart, and both smiled and talked amiably together before business claimed their attention.

••Polly Moran is leaving shortly for a series of personal appearances in Australia. The comedienne has practically given up Hollywood movies because she refuses to work for less than she has been getting, and the producers won't meet her figure.

LESLIE HOWARD, now in Hollywood, playing in a film version of "Romeo and Juliet," opposite Norma Shearer, expects to retire from the screen and stage very soon.

His last role will probably be Hamlet, on the New York stage. Howard said yesterday: "I would much rather write and produce plays than act in them," and the future will probably see him working both as an author and producer.

He considers the role of Hamlet will be a fitting finale to his career as an actor.

Apparently Garbo, reported ill, has recovered, as despatches state she showed Noel Coward the sights of Stockholm during the latter's visit to Sweden. Garbo says she is longing for Hollywood, and would like to star in "The Lady of the Camellias."

••Jackie Coogan cannot marry Betty Grable, his recently-announced fiancée, for two whole years. The reason is that RKO Radio Studios have stipulated that Betty must not marry until she is 21. Our sympathy, Jackie!



*A Lovely and Exclusive Study of Shirley Temple, the World's Tiny Sweetheart.*

Read About Our "Shirley" Doll Competition on Page 34.

JOHN GILBERT, who died on January 9, at Los Angeles, met his Waterloo with the advent of the talkies. His high-pitched voice was unsuited for recording. The much-married Gilbert picked four actresses for his matrimonial ventures: Olivia Burwell, Leatrice Joy, Ina Claire, and Virginia Bruce. In the curious psychological atmosphere of Hollywood, it was calmly accepted that the ex-wives were the closest friends.

Although he had not worked for a long time, Gilbert reputedly left half a million dollars, bequests including 10,000 dollars to his daughter, Joy; 150,000 dollars to Virginia Bruce, and 50,000 dollars to friends.

Samuel Rothafel, known to millions as "Roxy," has just died of heart failure at the age of 53. He was the dominant figure in transforming movie show-houses into present-day cathedral-like palaces, replacing piano-players with hundred-piece orchestras and colossal organs. After losing his position as manager of the seven-million-dollar Radio City Theatre, he was planning a comeback when death intervened.

DESPITE the depression, the Congressional listing of large salaries disclosed tremendous earnings for 1934 of many movie stars. Mae West headed

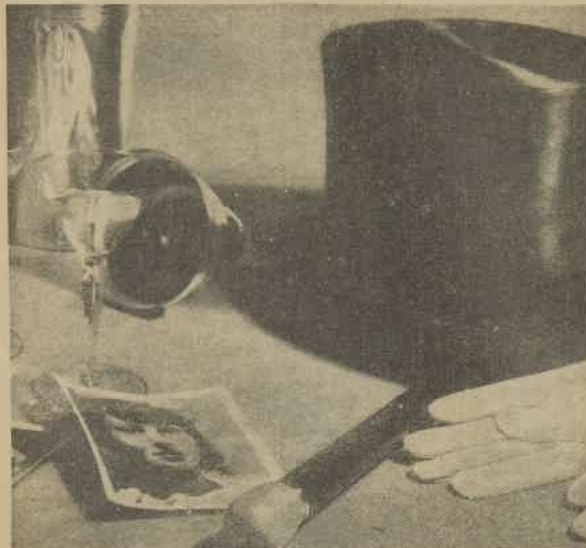
the list with 339,000 dollars. Bing Crosby drew 192,000 dollars, and others among the highest paid were: Constance Bennett, 176,000; Charles Chaplin, 143,000; Marlene Dietrich, 145,000; W. C. Fields, 155,000; Sylvia Sydney, 110,000; Gary Cooper, 139,000; and Claudette Colbert, 85,000 dollars.

FOLLOWING on the big success of "The Tunnel" at the Plaza Theatre, every day has brought its fresh crop of rumors regarding Richard Dix's future plans. The star, himself, is non-committal. One thing is certain: this picture has brought him right back among the screen favorites of this country.



# QUAINT WIT of BILL POWELL'S DIARY

● Fun and Philosophy Blend in this Inimitable Record  
Racy and Revealing, it is a Unique and Delightful Human Document



THE INSIGNIA of Bill Powell—man about town.

## OUR SPECIAL FILM SERVICE

HERE is nobody on the screen to-day quite like Bill Powell; he has something that is all his own.

The following intimate and spicy excerpts from his diary are typical of the man. They have a definite Powell flavor, compounded of wit, philosophy, and fun.

**MONDAY.**—Mornings are all the same. I wake. I wonder why I never go to bed until the dawn comes up like thunder. I can't decide.

My mouth feels like the flannel under-pinnings of a mouth.

I ring for orange juice. Before it arrives, I open my door to look for the morning papers. I hope they will not be there. So that, item, I can find something to kick about. And, item, so that I won't have to read them. They are always there.

The orange juice arrives. I contemplate it sceptically. I don't know whether it will go—or rather stay. I achieve it. I then settle myself against my three-cornered reading pillow (a Christmas present) and read the movie columns.

I rise and totter to the shower.

I go out of doors.

I survey my lawn with melancholy pleasure. I decide that I was just as happy in more modest dwellings. I figure that it's all right, though, if only Communists don't crawl under the wall—or tax-collectors over it—or termites into the house itself.

**TUESDAY.**—I was taking a sun-bath in my solarium this afternoon. Suddenly I heard voices below. I draped a bath towel about me, and went down.

Three women were passing from my living-room to my dining-room and thence to my game-room. They were animated and seemed very pleased with the house. I had never seen them before. I looked at my butler. He made inquiries. He came back and reported that they were tourists—fans.

They had wanted to see a movie actor's home, so they had been gracious enough to choose mine. They said that they knew I wouldn't mind.

My mother and dad are now installed in the cottage built for them on the grounds. They are happier there than they would be in the house with me—more independent. My hours are so indefinite that I'd have servant problems and they'd have indignation.

My mother still calls me "Willie." And thinks of me as her "baby." That's all right. I often bark back to those days of yore. I'd like to be a child again.

I think I tore down Hobart Bosworth's original house and built this new one, new from the ground up, so that I could play blocks again.

**WEDNESDAY.**—Some talk of my playing in a picture with Carole Lombard this year.

I was asked, "Would you like it?" I said, "Sure, it would be swell." Why not? Carole and I go places occasionally again now that Jean Harlow and I decided to—"Just be friends."

Someone asked me the other day why I became an actor.

I said, "Don't be nasty."

They weren't being nasty, they said. So I told them. I said that I became an actor because I was acutely self-conscious as a kid. I used to spend hours, when I was going to a party, figuring how I would act, what I would say, what sort of an impression I would make.

I developed the habit of rehearsing before going out. I'd rehearse myself—in the role I thought I would appear in—to the best advantage.

In other words, I was always putting on a performance. I forever was figuring out my exits and entrances, my lines. It was but a step from being an amateur to becoming a professional.

That is why I am an actor. It may be the "why" of all of us. Perhaps actors are, fundamentally, more self-conscious than other men.

**THURSDAY.**—A friend said to me to-day, "Are you a business man or are you all temperament?"

I went to look for my keys.

I keep resturatives locked in cupboards all over the house. As usual, I could find no key.

I came back and said, "I am a business man at heart. I am a merchant with a commodity to sell. The commodity is myself."

My friend said that I was "killing."

I developed my train of thought. I said, "Instead of selling soap I sell my own personality. The studio bottles it for me. I act accordingly."

"I watch my fan mail. Why? Well, doesn't every good business man check up on his sales? Doesn't he have to know how his customers are receiving his cans of soap? The fans are my customers."

**FRIDAY.**—To-day my friend was here again, or possibly yet. We got to talking about actors again. He said, "But actors have more emotion than other men . . ."

I said, "I have a deep affection for Luce Rainer and for all of the other lovely ladies who have been in pictures with me. But it is affection—and nothing to do with the emotion called 'sex.'"

**SATURDAY.**—My son Bill was here to-day—he is ten.

He's developing into a fine swimmer. I think he's going to be a producer.



A STRIKING study of William Powell, the screen's most debonair actor. He will shortly be seen with Luce Rainer in the sparkling comedy "Escapade."

"No," I said, "we just show our emotions more. We know how."

My friend said, "But aren't there more temptations in Hollywood than elsewhere?"

"Oh," I said, "that. Sure." I went on suavely, "If you walk among a swarm of bitches you are more apt to get stung than if you just meet up with one bee now and then."

My friend said, "But come now, don't you fall in love with all your leading women?"

I found them—and used them!

I came back. I shut his mouth with my right hand.

I said, "I have a deep affection for Luce Rainer and for all of the other lovely ladies who have been in pictures with me. But it is affection—and nothing to do with the emotion called 'sex.'"

He's developing into a fine swimmer.

mer. I think he's going to be a producer.

He asks me all kinds of questions about the cost of pictures and what exhibitors pay for this one and that, and about box office receipts and things.

Luncheon on blue linen and with white flowers for decoration. I didn't notice this, a guest did. I have a good cook—one of life's major blessings. The kind of cook that does asparagus vinaigrette or is it, even, asparagus . . . ?

We were talking. Dick and Jessica were here and Bonnie (Ronald Colman). I like to talk. I said that Hollywood has no traditions. It has no memories, except D. W. Griffith and Valentino. It's like a gold rush town, I said. Strangers from the four corners of the globe come here. No one knows anyone else's real name, nor where they come from. No-body cares.

I've been asked whether actors are like other people. I always answer yes, only more so. Everything depends on the man behind the actor. There are actors, who marry, build homes, have children, and lay up stocks and bonds, against their old age.

There are other actors who become so fevered that they explode like Fourth of July pin-wheels and nothing can be seen of them but whirling sparks.

My friend of yesterday has not come up.

I have answered the phone seventy-nine times by actual count. I have a phone with a long extension in every room in the house. But I mean every—My keys disappeared.

I went to look for them—the keys.

There may be something symbolic in my constant search for my missing keys. For keys open doors, answer riddles, throw light upon the darkness.



# JOAN CRAWFORD'S

## ★ Intriguing Romances

"No place  
for marriage in  
my philosophy"

*But she changed  
her mind*

FOR months before their wedding, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone were playing hide-and-seek with newspaper-men. So hot did the game become that when the ceremony came off it was carried out without orange-blossoms or wedding-march—just to ensure a little privacy for the principals.

LONG before the actual knot between them was tied, they had been married—by the Press. That is to say, they were married . . . they weren't married . . . they might be married.

And so it went on until—was it in desperation?—Joan and

### Joan, in 1932, After Her First Experiences

"Marriage gave me a tolerance and patience that up to then I had never known, but it has not killed that force which drives me on day and night.

"It would be impossible for me to enjoy having my husband place me on a pedestal and worship me. I never could sit at home day after day and wait patiently for my husband's return at night.

"Don't think because I have failed to find a certain elusive state of mind I necessarily want to try another marriage. No one else is to blame. It's all me.

"Perhaps there is a new experience which, when I find and conquer it, will satisfy this longing of mine. In the meantime, I must try to develop.

"Perhaps if I learn to believe in myself I shall lose my fear of the future."

Franchot slipped away to a small New Jersey township, and were quietly wed by a local Judge.

Those weeks before the ceremony (1) were not without their humorous side. Even to friends Joan consistently, even tearfully denied that she would marry Franchot. Mr. Tone, like a gentleman, refused to say, when questioned, whether or not he was sitting on the fence awaiting her answer.

On top of all this the question that inevitably arises is: Why did Joan Crawford change her mind?

Ever since the day she divorced young Doug Fairbanks she had stoutly held that she was through for ever with marriage. She said that it had no place in her philosophy.

The day after taking the step which gave the lie to this brave attitude Joan revealed why she had altered.

Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery. These two have been screen-lovers, but it was Franchot Tone who became Joan's real lover.

The lucky bridegroom — Franchot Tone.

A beautiful picture of Joan taken shortly after her second marriage.

"Franchot," she said, "Franchot and all that he is as a person made me change my mind. I had wanted to marry for months, but Franchot and I did not want it done until some of the excitement about our rumored marriage had quietened down.

"My desire was to do it as quietly as possible, and the actual ceremony was quiet, despite all the fuss that had gone before."

And now for the wedding itself. For months before it, the wildest rumors had

been making the rounds, and one could be convinced that they were not married already. And no one would believe that (supposing they weren't married) definite plans had not been made.

### Joan Was Furious

BOTH of these rumors were wrong. They had, for the past year, discussed marriage—as two people as much in love as Joan and Franchot inevitably would do. But no plans were made. Vague plans for a wedding in New York, when

both came to the city to broadcast over the radio, had been discussed.

Then the newspapers jumped in, making premature announcements. Joan was furious about this, since she had wanted to tell her own news, so much to Franchot's sorrow—Joan said there would be no marriage for . . . well, she didn't know how long.

And then the gossip quietened down. The reporters gave up their little game of chasing Crawford—Franchot saw his opportunity, and so they were married in Englewood, N.J.

Nick Schenck, the producer, and Leo Friedman arranged the details and went with them. Joan wore a black suit, a red blouse and a little red hat.

At noon it was over and the very small wedding party drove back to New York, where they dropped the bride off at the Columbia Broadcasting station and she rehearsed all afternoon for the radio broadcast she was to give the following Monday.

Continued on Page 40







Freddie Bartholomew, Maurice Chevalier, and Nancy O'Neill, whom Mr. G. W. Warnecke, Editor in Chief of The Australian Women's Weekly, met on his recent visit to Hollywood.

## MEET Our TEAM in the STUDIOS ABROAD

They'll Tell You EVERYTHING You Want to Know About Films and Stars

By G. W. WARNECKE, Editor-in-Chief of The Australian Women's Weekly.

MEET Barbara Bouchier, of Hollywood.

MEET John B. Davies, of N.Y. and Hollywood.

MEET Judy Bailey, of London.

These three are the special film correspondents who were directly appointed by me, during my recent visit abroad, to represent The Australian Women's Weekly in the world's film centres.

ONE of the most interesting phases of my journeyings was the visits to the studios.

I met famous film stars, and talked with them about their careers and ideals.

I met executives, directors, and film magnates, and heard their views on the future of the screen.

I met many members of that extraordinary new profession of film journalists which has sprung up—critics, gossip writers, cartoonists and artists.

In America, in England, in France, in Germany, and even in Russia I found

this new profession to be regarded with great importance. The screen is such an important feature in everybody's everyday life that news about it, and discussion about it, is considered just as valuable as any other kind of news.

Politics, sport, and commerce naturally concern everybody in every country. But entertainment is almost as important as any of these, and the greatest form of entertainment is the screen.

BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood, John Davies in New York, and Judy Bailey in London, are brilliant journalists. They are all young, capable, and enthusiastic.

They are all three Australian-born who have lived for some years abroad. They know, therefore, what interests



BARBARA BOURCHIER, a notable member of our overseas team of writers on screen topics.

Australians. They also know the ropes on the other side of the world and can get what they go after.

WITH Judy Bailey, I met Maurice Chevalier, Jack Buchanan, Nancy O'Neill, and other stars in England.

With Barbara Bouchier, I toured Hollywood, looking at film stars' homes as well as the studios. I saw several pictures in the making. One of the most interesting sets we visited was that on which Shirley Temple and Jack Holt were at work on a new picture.

With John Davies, I visited the palatial executive headquarters of some of the biggest film companies in New York. The vast organisation of concerns like Paramount, Warner Brothers, Fox, and M-G-M is astounding. Americans like to look at statistics showing that the film industry is the greatest in the country to-day, and that the automobile industry is the greatest to-morrow, but that the next day the film industry is still greater.

One of my most interesting experiences in New York was to visit, with some of the film executives, plays running on Broadway which have been selected for future screening.

### An Australian Abroad

JOHN B. DAVIES is a son of W. W. Davies, a prominent Australian journalist who went abroad to become editor of the Australian cable services in New York and London. John Davies, who is also a journalist, recently revisited his native country. He has travelled extensively and has visited practically every country in the world. His headquarters are in New York, but he frequently visits Hollywood.

Judy Bailey is also a great traveller. For the last few years, however, she has lived in London, and has been successful in Fleet Street.

Barbara Bouchier is the baby of our overseas team. "Bouchier" is really her mother's name—you all know that in Hollywood it is the correct thing to use the name of your most picturesque ancestor. She left Australia a couple of years ago and has been in Hollywood ever since. She is a keen journalist and popular in all the studios.

Well, that's the team, and I confidently leave it to them to do a great job.

They will fire their stories through by beam wireless, by cable, and by air mail. For the first time in Australian newspaper history, direct news of the stars and the studios will be brought to you right up to the minute, from special personal representatives on the spot. And it won't merely be the puff items that the stars and studios write about themselves.



JESSIE MATTHEWS, English screen star, fills an unusual role in "First a Girl," which is to be released shortly. She impersonates a male female impersonator. This sounds a trifle mixed, but all it means is that she wears male clothes for most of the picture—and very attractively, too.

## SHIRLEY TEMPLE Dolls to be Won

Women's Weekly Fascinating Prizes in Easy New Competition

Why does the world love little Shirley Temple, the wonder child of the film world?

The Australian Women's Weekly is spending £200 to get the best fifty-word answers to this question. Beautiful, de-luxe Shirley Temple dolls will be the prizes for the best letters, dolls which are replicas in miniature of the tiny star herself. Who would not love to own a "Shirley" doll?

EVERY film-goer has enjoyed the marvellous acting of this beautiful child. We want all our readers, young and old, to send in a short letter, of not more than 50 words, telling us just why they like this lovely little star.

The competition will be divided into two sections, one for adults and one for children under fourteen years of age.

In the adult section of the competition 46 prizes of de-luxe Shirley Temple dolls will be awarded, ranging in value from 33/- to 95/-, for the 46 letters adjudged as the most meritorious replies. Each doll is an exact replica of the little actress.

In addition to this, 54 prizes of Shirley Temple dolls, beautifully dressed, will be awarded for the 54 letters, in the juvenile section, which are adjudged as giving the best answer.

### Art Photos, Too!

These Shirley Temple dolls have been specially cabled for by The Australian Women's Weekly. They are completely clothed with lovely underthings, and with big brown bubble action eyes that flash and sparkle and sleep and flirt like those of the little star herself.

Every competitor in this competition, which is open to all readers of The Australian Women's Weekly, will receive

a beautiful photograph on art paper of little Shirley. Stamps to cover postage should be attached to entry.

THE competition will be open for one month only, and all entries, giving the name and address of the sender, should reach The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 137CC, G.P.O., on or before February 21. Entries

### Your Film Opinions

Send in your views on film topics to the Film-goers' Forum. Keep your letter short. Payment of 2/6 will be made for each letter published.

received after that date will not be considered in the competition.

There are no other rules to be complied with, except that readers are asked to mark the envelopes containing their entry, "Shirley Temple Competition."

But don't forget that letters must not exceed 50 words to have a chance of winning one of the Shirley Temple dolls. Long screeds covering several pages of notepaper will not be considered by the judges.

There is no fee whatever for this competition, in which it is to be clearly understood that the decision of the Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly is final.

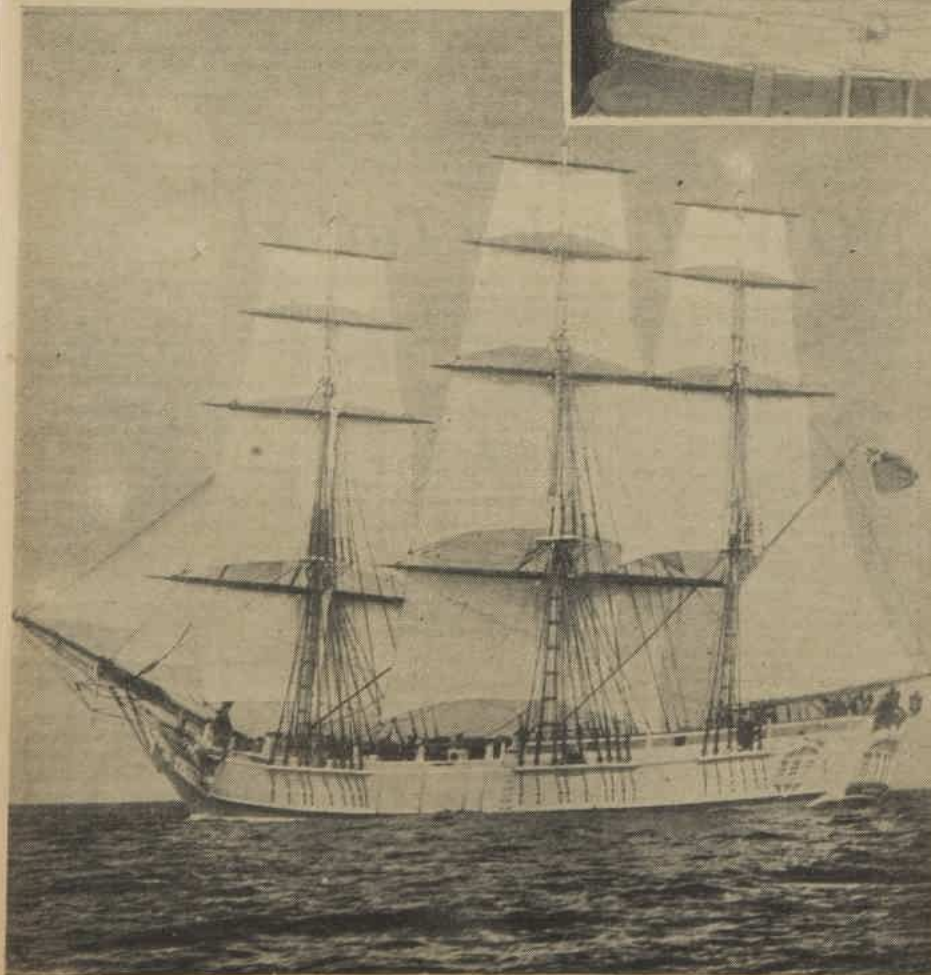
**Irene DUNNE**  
with **ROBERT TAYLOR**  
in **MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION**

The story of a beautiful woman loved by a millionaire, who, to do well, whom she refused to marry until he had risen worthily to the top of some equally worthy profession, and revealing how magnificently he triumphed in the romance of achievement and at the heart by practicing in the belief "Give . . . and Thou Shalt Receive."

WATCH FOR IT SOON!



# GABLE, LAUGHTON Share "BOUNTY" HONORS



**"M**UTINY ON THE BOUNTY," The sea drama so linked with our history has been moulded by M-G-M into what, it is claimed, will be one of the biggest films of 1936. Top left, a striking study of Clark Gable as Christian Fletcher. Top right, Gable and one of the two lovely Tahitians taken back to Hollywood for the picture. Left, the Bounty, and, above, Charles Laughton as Captain Bligh.



# The HOLLYWOOD TATLER Tells—

## Intimate Gossip of the Stars...

From . . .  
**BARBARA BOUCHIER.**  
Our Special Hollywood Correspondent.

Gossip, production news, what the stars are planning—every aspect of the complex film world within a world is covered by The Australian Women's Weekly correspondents, and their reports, by cable, beam wireless, or air mail, will be a regular feature to which our readers will be able to look forward.

**MONA BARRIE** and her sister, Joan, are practically inseparable. Joan has been given a job as Mona's stand-in, and they are together at the studio all day. Visitors might take Joan for some sort of cripple, but the situation is hastily explained to them.

You see, she is so tiny she has to wear cumbersome balsam-wood arrangements on her shoes to build her up five inches. Being very light, she doesn't mind them, but to a casual onlooker the effect is somewhat alarming.

**CLARK GABLE'S** opinion of the female sex in general must sink to a lower ebb daily. On his return from South America, Clark became friendly with the ship's captain who, on the last day of the voyage, introduced him to some of the feminine passengers, and asked if he would mind posing for some photos.

Obviously, but with little foresight, he did. The next day in the papers was a picture of one of the girls. Above it: "Gable's Newest Romance?" Below: "He's the divinest man I've ever met!" signs Miss . . . "Oh, no," blushing, "there was no real love-making. We just held hands in the lovely tropic moonlight!" Now Clark is waiting for one of the other girls to announce that he proposed marriage to her during the ten minutes before the camera.

**UNDOUBTEDLY** the death-knell of the wild Hollywood party has been

sounded. And the most vigorous chime was rung by none other than our charming Leslie Howard. Since studying his role for "Romeo and Juliet," Leslie has become an ardent Shakespeare fan, and thus has inaugurated Hollywood's most unusual parties. Shakespeare parties. When the guests arrive they are solemnly handed copies of Shakespeare. The reading for tonight," says Mr. Howard, "will be 'Hamlet.'" And for hours on end the party enacts Shakespeare's plays, reading their lines from Howard's books. Even the chauffeur, the butler, and the cook join in. Does it sound dull? Well, you should hear them rave over the marvelous fun they have. Try it some time—educational and amusing.

**I HEAR** Michael Balcon, of British films, has signed Connie Bennett and Sylvia Sydney for his company, and the two will depart for Merrie England shortly. Just why does a man like Balcon have to sign stars who are no longer stars in this country? I don't want to insult the little ladies, but Connie is definitely considered through in Hollywood, and judging from the pictures Miss Sydney has, or has not, been doing lately, it seems she is heading in the same direction. Why couldn't Balcon persuade some real stars to hop over the Atlantic for him?

**TEAD** with John Wood and Mary McGregor at the former's quaint little hilltop home yesterday. Both had been making tests at M.-G.-M. John, for a small part in "Romeo and Juliet," Mary had two tests taken, but had heard nothing definite. The cameraman had



AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION of Loretta Young who, our Hollywood Tatler reports, has been seen again in the night clubs. She recently suffered a breakdown. This beautiful actress is gracefulness itself, but—her height is her greatest disadvantage. "The Crusader" was one of the few pictures in which she could act comfortably. This was because Henry Wilcoxon is so tall as to make even queenly Loretta look, if not short, at least, no more than medium height.

Together—  
two great Stars  
**GARY COOPER**  
adding greater glory to  
his achievements in "The  
Lives of a Bengal Lancer"  
**ANN HARDING**  
charmingly beautiful as  
Mary, Duchess of Towers,  
lover of Peter Ibbetson.

Believing that this picture is one of the entertainment triumphs of to-day, Paramount has chosen two beloved stars for the leading roles in this glorious romance of a love that never dies. Du Maurier's famous story lives again in all its magnificence. Watch for announcements in the Press shortly.

## "PETER IBBETSON"

with **IDA LUPINO, JOHN HALLIDAY,**  
**DOUGLASS DUMBRILLE, VIRGINIA WEIDLER,**  
**DICKIE MOORE**

Directed by **HENRY HATHAWAY**  
A **PARAMOUNT PICTURE**

seen them, however, and according to him they are exceptionally good. After her months of patient waiting, Mary deserves to get something. She produced a fat cigar and told us an amusing story about it. It seems she and John were leaving a night club the other eve when a plump gentleman, rather the worse for liquor, ambled up and presented her with a cigar. "I can't help it if I love you," he told her sadly. "I love every-

body!" Too amazed to think, Mary accepted the gift, which was pronounced by Fred Schiller, of RKO, as being one of the best on the market!

**DOLORES DEL RIO**, boasting about her three-hundred-pound bull terrier which won first prize at our local dog show . . . Bill Powell instructing his ten-year-old son in the arts of swimming and motion-picture production

. . . Merle Oberon spoken of as a likely winner of the year's Academy Award for her work in "The Dark Angel" . . . Freddie Bartholomew rising at dawn to curry the handsome horse given him by Victor McLaglen . . . the John Hallidays taking their ten-month-old son with them on the New Zealand fishing jaunt . . . Loretta Young appearing at a local night club for the first time since her breakdown.

## NOW—London Tatler!

From **JUDY BAILEY,**  
Our Special London Correspondent.

**WITH** two pictures—London Film Productions' "The Ghost Goes West," and Gaumont-British's "King of the Damned"—drawing crowded houses in London's West End, British pictures kick off 1936 with high promise. Both of these films are well up to anything America can show us. "The King of the Damned," starring Conrad Veidt, Helen Vincent and Noah Beery, is acclaimed by critics to be even better than the American success "The Big House."

That there is little fake in the action scenes of this convict picture is proved by the number of casualties among the actors—minor injuries. It is true, but, nevertheless, real. The picture is notable, too, for the fact that Gaumont-British took 1500 of the unemployed from the East End of London and put them straight into the picture after one rehearsal. If you don't believe these men can act in crowd scenes, see the picture.

"THE GHOST GOES WEST" falls into a different category. It is a fantasy and is done throughout with that light touch of which the star, Robert Donat, proved himself such a master in "The 39 Steps." The only criticism I have heard was from a lady behind me at the first showing. "But this is impossible," she exclaimed to her escort. "There aren't any ghosts, and if there were you couldn't photograph them, and they certainly wouldn't make love." This was an unconscious tribute to Donat, who made love very convincingly, both as the hero and as the ghost of his own ancestor.

Rene Clair, who created such a furore with his pictures in France—notably "A Nous la Liberté"—co-operated with Alexander Korda in the production, and these two, with Donat, make a team that should be able to make a success of any production.

**MISS ELISABETH BERGNER** is at present in production, under the direction of her husband, Dr. Culmer, of "As You Like It," and Robert Donat is preparing to play Hamlet immediately he finishes his first venture as an actor-manager on the West End stage. Several other Shakespearean plays are to be filmed this year, it having been definitely established that the Bard of Avon has got box-office appeal. Miles Malseson, the well-known British actor and playwright, will have the direction of Hamlet jointly with W. Cameron Menzies, who produced H. G. Wells' "Things to Come."

Korda declares he intends to make Hamlet an intimate film rather than a vast spectacle which would only detract from the poetry of Shakespeare's dialogue.

**BRITISH INTERNATIONAL PICTURES** have now in production the London stage success "Living Dangerously," which was written by a British journalist, Reginald Simpson. Otto Kruger is starring in this picture, which revolves around a trial by the British Medical Council of a West End doctor who was struck off the register for unprofessional conduct. This will be the first time that the court-martial of the medical profession has been seen on the films. Leonora Corbett plays opposite Kruger.

**BRITISH AND DOMINIONS** are starting production with a new team of two French-faced comedians. The inti-

table wise-cracking, lugubrious American, Ned Sparks, will partner the equally inimitable and pessimistic Briton, Gordon Barker, in "Two's Company." They will be seen as Anglo-American rivals in a farce adapted from Sydney Howard's "Romeo and Julia"—the Shakespearean touch again, only this time with profound, if laughing, apologies to the Bard. Sparks and Barker vie to be the One, who with the delightful Mary Brian, makes the Two who are Company.

**HARKER** is being pushed well to the fore as a comedian. A new company, Watnwright Productions, is making "Wolf's Clothing," in which Gordon is teamed with Claude Hulbert. Most of the action takes place in the sewers of Paris, an original, if not over-beautiful, background. Funny as these two may, and probably will, turn out to be, they couldn't be funnier than the way the dialogue is being written. One author is writing the lines for Harker, and another for Hulbert. Each is a specialist in his own particular kind of stuff, so . . . Well, the picture will show the result.

**AGES** ago, it was announced from Twickenham that a film was to be produced dealing with Cromwell. It was to be a serious historical effort. It looks now as if this idea will languish for another long period, since Herbert Wilcox Productions are now at work on "Fame," starring Sydney Howard, a picture which deals with the adventures of a Yorkshireman who wins a competition entitling him to play the lead in a British picture featuring the famous Lord Protectors. There is so much luscious bonifidelity in "Fame" that Twickenham will have to wait for the laughter to die down before proceeding with the serious drama that was mooted.





THE YEARS do not appear to alter Chaplin. Left, you see him as he was in 1921, with Jackie Coogan, in "The Kid." Above is a typical example of Chaplin's humor in make-up as he showed it in "The Idle Class," also 1921. Note the touch of genius in the bag of golf-clubs, and the masterly comparison of Charlie's clothes with those of his neighbor.



A DIFFERENT mood again. The year is 1922; the picture "Pay Day." Even to the business of counting notes, he brings an expression of his own.

## THE MAN THE YEARS HAVE MISSED

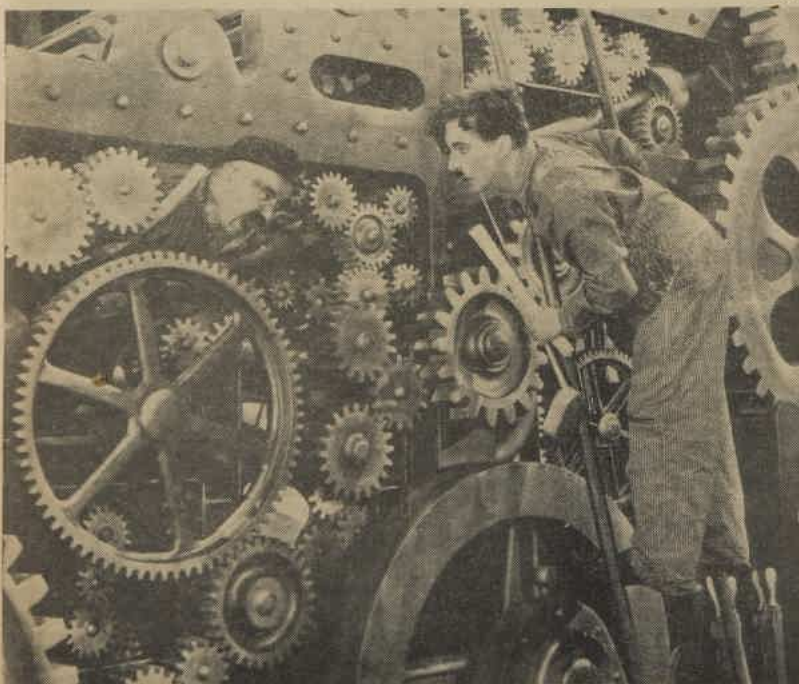
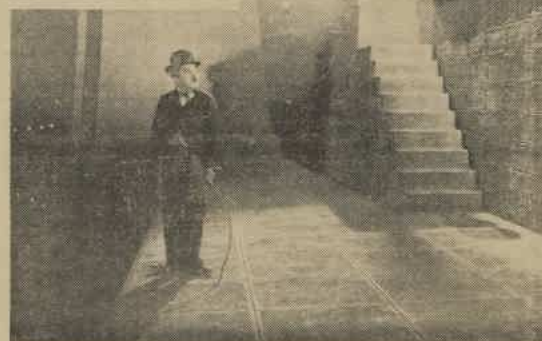


A SCENE from "The Gold Rush," which did not arrive until 1925. But Chaplin was still Chaplin. The genius for getting effect by comparison was still alive. Observe the furs in contrast to Charlie's meagre covering of sack.



ANOTHER three years pass, and 1928 arrives, bringing with it "The Circus." Above is Charlie as we saw him in that great work, and—

RIGHT, is a scene from "City Lights," his next opus, for which admirers had to wait until 1931. It was worth waiting for.



AND NOW "Modern Times," soon to be released. But Charlie is the same.



THE YEARS have left him still master of laughter—and tears.



# PEOPLE Who Go To FIRST NIGHTS

Include Kings, Society, and Just Me and You

The premiere of an important film has become an event of social importance and fashion interest in all the world's centres.

Just as a theatrical first-nighter never misses the first performance of a production, and as the balletman of Europe would consider his reputation shattered if the first appearance of a prima ballerina was missed, so the modern film fan makes sure of permanent first-night seats at all the leading film-houses.

**THE PRINCE OF WALES** seldom misses a London premiere, and he prefers to attend as a private citizen, frequently arriving after the lights are out so that there will be no fuss or demonstration caused by his appearance.

In his vicinity, and frequently in the same party, are to be seen visiting potentates from the East, European royalists, ambassadors and politicians glad to escape for a few hours' entertainment from the strain of their everyday responsibilities.

First nights in America have become the special social occasion on which the producers and film stars make their

Gowrie, after seeing first night of "One Night of Love," returned for several more showings.

Mrs. Jack Campbell is true to her love of the legitimate stage, but has long included all premieres of films on her busy social itinerary.

The legal profession is well represented at picture premieres. Mr. W. C. Wentworth takes a special interest in the Liberty Theatre, which is dedicated to his ancestor.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Halse Rogers, Judge and Mrs. Coyle, and Judge and Mrs. Curlewis are also regular attendants.

Politicians are enthusiastic first-nighters, and Captain Frank Chaffey with his wife and blonde daughter, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Stevens, William Morris Hughes and Dame Mary are invariably present to view a much-heralded film.

Mr. Theo Marks, tall and cologne, is never absent from a first release at Prince Edward. Dr. James Flynn, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Wrasley, Lady Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hyland are also invariably present.

At each premiere of the State Theatre Mr. and Mrs. Harold Saxton can be relied upon to bring a large party, and Mr. and Mrs. Kerr are invariably accompanied by their smartly-clad daughter, Mrs. Alan MacGregor. It is on these occasions that Lady McKelvey frequently introduces new film-going fashions. Mr. and Mrs. James Ashton, Lady Anderson Stewart, and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Anderson are among permanent first-night patrons.

Commissioner Mackay, of the Police Force, watches thrillers with a thought for the methods he would employ in catching the villain of the piece, and is a frequent of the Embassy Theatre. The Under-Secretary, Mr. Harkness, also attends first nights at this theatre, and Sir Kelso and Lady King are included in the fashionable audiences.

PREMIERES at St. James are irregular affairs, sometimes occurring within a fortnight, and at other times having long intervals in between. Dr. and Mrs. Frank Genge, of Macquarie Street, Dr. and Mrs. Davies, who motor from Manly for each first night, and Dr. Ryan are among the regular patrons.—V.M.



LADY GOWRIE, wife of the new Governor-General, is a regular first-night patron.

appearance in the flesh and accept the plaudits from audiences which they never otherwise see. Celebrities are introduced to the inevitable microphone and say their few words to those sands of radio listeners and to the would-be first-nighters who are crowded in the streets to watch the arrival of the stars.

Sydney film houses frequently have unofficial visits from Vice-Royalty. Lady



NO, YOU'RE SEEING DOUBLE! These girls are not what they seem to be. From left to right they are: Pluma Nations, as Claudette Colbert; Kaiba Le Sneur, sister-in-law of Joan Crawford, as Joan; Chris Marie Meeker, as Greta Garbo; and Virginia Randall, as Mae West. They appear to be more like the stars than they are themselves.

## MAY ROBSON .. Australia's Grand LADY

Not a Season Missed in Long Stage and Movie Career

Of all the Australians who have achieved world fame in the several arts, none can point to a prouder record of endeavor and accomplishment than seventy-year-old May Robson.

This grand old actress has spent fifty-two years on the stage and in screen studios. Until Hollywood claimed her, she did not miss, in all her time in the theatre, a single season and now, at an age when most people are content with peaceful retirement, she is a favorite with a bigger audience than ever: a world audience.

**EIGHTEEN SIXTY-FIVE** seems an incredible distance away, and yet this reigning screen star was born at Melbourne on April 19 of that year, the daughter of an English naval officer.

Her education was commenced in Australia, but, later, her parents being forced to travel extensively, the business of mastering the three R's, to say nothing of the graces and refinements usually forced on a young lady of that period, was continued in Paris, Brussels and London.

The urge to act must have been strong in the youthful May, for her stage debut was made at an unusually early age—early when the conventions governing, at that time, the social class to which she belonged, are taken into consideration. She was only eighteen when she made her first appearance, and scored, incidentally, her first success, in "Are You a Mason?" It is strange to think that this comedy has survived the years almost as well as the young girl who got her first chance in it.

Successes in England led to American engagements, and here again she captured her public. May Robson can boast that, for twenty-two years, she did not leave Broadway, and that, for thirty-

two, she was starred in plays produced by Daniel and Charles Frohman.

Every conceivable type of role has fallen to this versatile Australian. She has played parts ranging all the way from Shakespearean queens and heroines to stately servant girls and has met with success in tragedy, drama, farce, comedy, and, although she does not sing in musical comedy. She was even co-starred with the once-famous Weber and Fields team in burlesque. There are few indeed among the younger generation of Theatians who will be able to claim, in later years, one-quarter of her experience. The stage has changed since those days.

### Over 500 Roles

OUT of curiosity, several years ago Alan Dale, famous dramatic critic, went through the actress' scrap-books, and other records with her, in an endeavor to find out just how many parts she had played during her career. They counted five hundred before giving up; the end, even then, was not in sight.

May Robson to-day is a living proof of the fact that hard work in a worthwhile career keeps one young. She has no illusions about the past, her early years in the theatre are not "the good old days" to her. "The good old days," she said recently, "are right now. When I started, conditions were so hard that no actor or actress of these times would work under them. As a beginner, I put up with one-night stands, tenth-rate country hotels, train connections at outlandish hours, and at times almost constant travel."

But that May Robson has survived it is proved by the remarkable success she has achieved in films. In a new medium which she did not approach until she was sixty. Those who saw the pictures will remember her performance in "Strange Interlude," and her triumph in "Mother's Millions," and now, at three-score years and ten, an age when right-minded ladies and gentlemen are turning their thoughts heavenward, she is again coming before the public in "Old Battle One" and "Vivienne," an indomitable person.

## Studio Jobs for Women!

By M. HAWORTH-BOOTH, British Woman Producer.

Continually I am being asked by women and girls, "How can I get into the film studios—not as an actress, but on the production side?" And no doubt a great many Australian Women's Weekly readers may be interested in the answer.

IF I were to advise an intelligent, well-educated, ambitious young girl on the best way to get in on the production side of films with a view to becoming a director, I should be inclined to say, "Learn shorthand-typing and fight for a job as a script girl. If you haven't the personality to get that, you'll never be a director anyway."

"Once into the studios lie low, but learn, learn, learn. Don't spend your spare moments skylarking with the camera boys; absorb the details of film production, make yourself indispensable to the director, and within two years you'll be an assistant."

Similarly with the cutters, pretend to be satisfied with scissors and glue, but never miss a chance to learn, so that you'll be ready to slip into a vacancy if it should occur.

You may be inclined to ask, "Why

don't the men have to poke in and scheme around like that to get a footing?"

The answer is that many jobs are open to men, from which they can get a jump-off into the director's chair—but these jobs are not open to women on account of Tradition.

A woman I know once applied to a producer for a job arranging the furniture on his set, the flowers, the hangings—all of which cried out for a woman's touch.

He pointed to a grand piano that several men were carrying and said, "Could you lift that?"

"Of course not!" admitted the applicant—about six stone nothing.

"Well, all set-dressers have to start as property men," said the producer, and that was the end of that.

### THE PICTURE PERFECT!

Next long run attraction at the Sydney Regent and scheduled for next future presentation in leading theatres throughout the Commonwealth:

TWO LOVED HER... BEYOND THE HOPE OF EVER LOVING ANOTHER

To see, she was a dream he could never realize, on the whole, a woman he could never forget!

Until an encounter with this most bewitching of stars who kindled his dream!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN

PRESENTS

MARCH

HERSCHEL

OBERON

MARSHALL

STARRING

JANET REICHER

JOHN HALLIDAY

HELENITA GOSMAN

PERLA INESCORT

Directed by

SIDNEY FRANKLIN

UNITED

ENTERTAINMENT

THE DARK ANGEL

THE DARK ANGEL

THE DARK ANGEL

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THE DARK ANGEL



# PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

## ★★★ TOP HAT

Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers. (R.K.O.)

IF congratulations are worth anything, R.K.O. can have mine on this picture. They come from an honest heart, after it has been gladdened by one of the best pieces of gay, laughter-making, clever entertainment that has come my way in months.

Take this show any way you like, and it's good. The story is well-constructed, the humor ranges from farce to subtlety, and the dancing . . . well, you won't believe me about the dancing until you see it yourself. But, just as something to whet your appetite, I haven't seen anything to better it, either in originality of steps or their execution.

Astaire is a combination of everything an actor should be before accepting the leading role in a picture of this type. He has a pleasing personality, and a sense of fun (the latter well-developed). Add to these qualities a voice that is well up to musical comedy standards and dancing genius—yes, genius!—and you have a figure that should be as good to the box-office of any theatre as a blood transfusion to an unconscious man who has been left unattended with a severed artery.

Moreover—What, more? Yes!—Fred Astaire is not the only pebble on the beach. Ginger Rogers shakes a shapely leg in no uncertain fashion, while Edward Everett Horton, Helen Broderick, and Eric Blore supply enough comedy to outfit half a dozen average pictures.

I could write a lot more, but I think you get it. This is a picture that only the bed-ridden will miss. Entertainment plus—State; com. Jan. 24

## ★★★ THE DARK ANGEL

Fredric March, Merle Oberon, Herbert Marshall. (U.A.)

YES, it's a good job. Several small chumpinesses in detail rob it of what could have been a full quota of stars, but even so, it remains a good story—well-presented and well-acted. It should prove very acceptable to the average picture-goer.

All three principals have ample opportunity to show what they can do in the way of straight, honest-to-goodness acting, and, without touching great heights, they at least give a performance that has some backbone in it, and is not just a compound of careful posturings.



HERBERT MARSHALL, co-star with Fredric March and Australian Merle Oberon in "The Dark Angel," opening this week at Sydney Regent.

The story is a variation of the ancient triangle formula: two men, cousins, in love with the same girl with whom they have grown up. The war brings complications in its train; the girl declares for Alan (March), but he is reported missing, although, actually, he is captured, and subsequently returns to England, blind. From now on the film develops into a competition between Alan and Gerry (Marshall) to see which can act in the most high-minded fashion. Alan will not go home to a girl who may only marry him out of pity; Gerry, on the other hand, hearing that his cousin is alive, deliberately wrecks his own prospects of happiness by bringing the two lovers together once more. The cynic may smile, but there must still be some people alive who are capable of acting unselfishly.

At all events, there you are. I feel fairly safe in predicting good business for it.—Regent; com. Jan. 24

## OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

- ★★★ Three stars—excellent.
- ★★ Two stars—good films.
- ★ One star—average films.
- No stars . . . no good.

## ★ HI GAUCHO!

John Carroll, Steffi Duna. (R.K.O.)

STARTING off on a note that leads the onlooker to anticipate a lusty piece of Argentine adventure flavored by occasional songs from Mr. Carroll, this picture degenerates with disappointing rapidity into the film equivalent of a romantic musical comedy of the stage. Carroll indulges in a number of Doug Fairbanks antics, the inevitable slapstick general is introduced with his slapstick soldiery, and the general result is something that is neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring.

John Carroll is a newcomer to the screen, and one who should make good in light romantic roles. An attractive-looking lad, his assets include a fair-to-middling voice that is capable of anything the average musical is likely to demand of it.

As for Steffi Duna . . . I understand she is Hungarian by birth. The prestige that attaches to any actress of European upbringing—not only in Hollywood, but in England—may explain her presence in the cast. Certainly her looks have nothing to do with it, and her acting is not of the calibre to send audiences wild with delight.

While, as you'll gather, this is not a show you'd break an appointment to see, there are aspects of it that will enable you take it in your stride as a support. —Capitol and King's Cross; showing

## ★ CHARLIE CHAN'S SECRET

Warner Oland, Rosina Lawrence. (Fox)

CHARLIE CHAN'S admirers need have no fear that the many crooks against whom he runs in his adventurous career will ever to use their own phrase, bump him off. His box-office value is too good; and producers always bear that kind of thing in mind. So one can conclude that this endless belt of Chan adventures will go on until senility overtakes Warner Oland.

This picture is well up to the standard of its predecessors. Opening unconventionally with Charlie Chan on a sea-going tug, interestedly watching divers working on a sunken vessel, it goes on to follow the wily Chinese as he combats the efforts that are being made to murder Allen Colby, heir to no mean fortune.

There is no lack of mystery, suspense and sudden death. Lovers of this kind of film will get their money's worth. —Capitol and King's Cross; showing

## A WICKED WOMAN

Mady Christians, Charles Bickford. (M-G-M)

TEARS, tragedy and tenderness, with Mady Christians saying "no" in a dramatic manner of her own, that remains more than anything else of the staccato popping of a small calibre trench-mortar.

The story revolves around a mother, Mady Christians, who murders her husband to save their joint offspring from a life of petty crime. A truly noble gesture, except for the fact that a few thousand feet of film, many harrowing scenes, and some very pawky humor are necessary, just because of this, before this devoted parent is able to join herself in holy wedlock with Charles Bickford, who, a few years after the shooting, elevates himself to the position of foster father to her young.

Personally, as you'll note by the lack of even one star, this kind of tear-soaked drama impresses me as being bad entertainment, more particularly as Miss Christians looks a darn sight older early in the piece than she does some twelve to fifteen years later. But, undoubtedly, there are people who like to see their heroines going through the hoops, and even some who will overlook the remarkable rejuvenation of the star. Here's hoping, anyhow—Cameo; showing

## Precious Little Shirley

IT has been revealed that Twentieth Century-Fox has insured Shirley Temple with various companies for two million dollars. The popularity of this favorite child actress gets more amazing every day. In Japan a movie magazine issued a special Shirley Temple edition and a million copies were sold as fast as they could be distributed.



A STRIKING and unusual study of Katharine Hepburn, who, when she is not browsing in Olvera Street, takes her art very seriously. This photo shows her as she appears in the screen version of Compton Mackenzie's "Sylvia Scarlett." She even had her hair severely cut in order to be in character.

# Mexico Hides in Los Angeles!

## Film Stars Eat and Shop in Colorful Olvera Street

By BARBARA BOURCHIER, Our Special Hollywood Correspondent

Los Angeles is the city of contrasts. Bustling, modern, radiating American go-gettiveness, there are yet hidden among its towering skyscrapers fragments of living that are quite out of accord with the general spirit of modernity that prevails.

One of the most intriguing of these hidden spots, and the best for seeing screen stars, not dressed-up for publicity purposes, but as nature, is a tiny Mexican street in the heart of the city.

IT still bears the name, Olvera Street, given it many years ago when it was the main thoroughfare of a little walled village which has grown into a city of over a million people.

Extending but one short block, it is like another world after the grime and hustle of the city. Over its red cobbles have walked some of the most famous feet in the world.

Along each side of the street and down the centre are tiny stalls where the Mexicans ply their various trades—weaving sandals, carving and painting quaint little wooden horses and gay caballeros, making and selling the odd Mexican candies—little shops where, as likely as not, you'll find Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall admiring the beautiful blue glass. Food shops with strings of red chillies, boxes of pomegranates, and bundles of sugar-cane, of which some fun-loving actor can buy a stick for his wife at the small cost of fivepence.

## Strident Heppie

DOLORES DEL RIO and Ramon Novarro are two of the street's most frequent visitors. The movie people do not buy merely trinkets. They patronise the tiny but exclusive shops upstairs in the old buildings. Here they sometimes spend hundreds of dollars in an evening on rare Mexican and Spanish embroidery and linens, beautiful beaten silver, valuable antiques and rare perfumes. In one of these buildings Ramon Novarro's lovely Mexican sister has just opened a little sweet-shop with glass cases of

fat cheese! Her best disguise is her slight stature. No one expects the usually strident Heppie to be tiny and quiet. Perhaps my little antique shop's best claim to fame is the fact that the great GARBO—who goes nowhere, sets nobody and does nothing—delights in spending her spare time there! The shop is over La Colondrina, facing Olvera St., and has an ancient and rather raggy balcony outside its window.

When Garbo comes, the doors are bolted, shades drawn and the proprietress stands protectively before the window while the star gazes over her shoulder, watching the vivid life and color of the street below—the tiny Mexican youngsters, clad in bright blues, reds, and greens—the men in their sombreros and tight jackets, the old women by their stalls, and all looking—and I'm sure feeling, as though they are back in their beloved Mexico, and not in the heart of California's busiest city.

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Associated Entertainment Presents "THE MARCH OF TIME" PRODUCED BY THE QUALIFERS OF "THE DIONNE QUINTEPLETS" AND MARGARET SULLIVAN



# AN ASTROLOGER Writes to a STAR!



A NEW and exclusive portrait of beautiful Helen Twelvetrees, now making Australian film history.

## June Marsden Reads Helen's Horoscope

**L**IKE many Hollywood stars, male and female, Helen Twelvetrees, the gifted actress who will star in the Australian production, "Thoroughbred," is interested in horoscopes.

June Marsden, vice-president of the International College of Astrology, and our special writer on this subject, has cast Miss Twelvetrees' horoscope, writing the star a letter which Miss Twelvetrees declares astonishes her.

Not only does it reveal an intimate knowledge of traits of character which the Hollywood visitor felt that nobody except herself could know, but also predicts a stay in Australia at a time when tempting confidential offers for future engagements are being made. Miss Marsden's letter follows. It is published with the consent of Helen Twelvetrees.

**DEAR HELEN.**—Astrologically, you are not what you seem. You are a "starred-enigma." Your birth on Christmas Day, December 25, 1908, near New York City, shows that you were born under the Zodiacal sign, Capricorn, one of the most powerful signs of all.

Beneath your gentle and expulsive exterior, there is another Helen—one in whom ambition, self-reliance and determination are the keynote of character; a character based on common sense, practicality and general capability.

Such "strong" attributes must cause surprise to those who know you only by your essentially feminine and entirely charming personality. That they do exist, however, is testified by your undoubted success in film and stage work. Only a great artist could have hidden these "strong" characteristics so successfully as to gain the universal love which you enjoy for gentleness, kindness and charm of manner.

It all boils down to my oft-repeated assertion that Capricorn people are "natural" actors, though they may indignantly disclaim the fact.

You love position of responsibility, and are well-fitted to advise and lead others. You are methodical, honest,

in your work, namely, that you will profit best when you can be original, progressive, and unusual—or when your affairs take an unexpected, surprising and "different" turn. This planet also endows you with the unusual fairness which contributes so much to your general attractiveness.

### A Happy Choice

**V**ENUS in Sagittarius is a happy augury for pleasant dealings with people in other lands, and of travel for business and pleasure combined. Thus eventuated your journey to Australia. This influence often brings too marriage of a romantic nature, usually with a foreigner or whilst on a journey, or followed by a honeymoon to far lands.

Saturn in Aries bespeaks ailments affecting the head. Headaches and "kleg-eyes" are sure to beset you, and can be cured only by rest. Quite possibly you have a permanent little scar somewhere on the head or face.

Neptune in Cancer shows a desire to express yourself artistically for public enjoyment, so that your vocation was a happy choice. It also indicates that at times you will experience immense and urgent opposition, but that, because Mars befriends Neptune in your horoscope, you can fight a good and hard battle, and even turn your adversities into stepping-stones which lead to your ambitions.

Thus is the "You" bespoken by the stars at your birth briefly interpreted. Throughout the years these influences have worked, and will work themselves out as your "life story."

### The Future

**A**S for the present and near future, Helen, there is excellent news for you. The years ahead, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939 and 1940 are likely to prove the most fortunate in your whole life. Opportunities will come your way, and honors and favors be granted you. Ambitions will be realized.

You are likely to travel much in foreign lands, and to benefit much thereby. Investments and business acumen should produce splendid gains during 1938 and 1939, particularly if concerned with insurance, houses, land, buildings or mines.

What is more, Helen, during 1936 itself, still further planetary influences favor you. You can look forward to additional publicity and advantages. There should be gains through women, and older people, and happiness over children, and other loved ones. Also much talk of new home conditions, and travel to, from, or in, foreign lands.

It would seem that you stay with us in Australia for some time, to your ultimate pleasure and profit. Opportunities which now seem slight will branch out—so try to be ready to make the most of them.

All told, it is my happy privilege to tell you that the Stars indicate happy times ahead for you; that 1936 should be good, but that 1937, 1938 and 1939 promise to be even better. So look ahead now. Plan well into the future, so that the opportunities which the next few years should bring may be turned into definite successes. That is your job.

Wish yourself the best possible, and then work toward making your wishes come true.

Yours very sincerely,  
JUNE MARSDEN.

The Sun and Saturn, by conflict at the time of your birth, indicate that you will be tested much in life, and will have to overcome many big obstacles and setbacks.

Your Love Nature is intensely strong and idealistic for a few chosen people. Otherwise, it is detached but kindly.

I believe the hour of your birth was in the vicinity of noon. This would place many of your planets high overhead at birth, thus giving promise of the life of publicity and general success which you enjoy.

Uranus so placed gives you an additional and valuable hint in regard

## WE'LL Tell YOU

A section for readers who seek information.

### Film Morals and Manners

Do you think that it is right to hold film stars up as models for our morals and manners? They may know all about clothes and cosmetics, but, in view of the lives they lead, how can we accept their views on such sacred things as love and marriage? (Mrs. L.T.D., Rockhampton, Qld.)

IT seems that you have hit a few film scandals in your judgment. Film stars are just the same as anyone else. The world does not hear about people who are not in the limelight, and consequently the scandals which occur amongst ordinary people are passed over in silence, while the least thing which happens in the film world is blazoned all over the place. Don't let a couple of isolated cases warp your judgment.

### Their Right Names

Would you kindly tell me the right names of the film stars I have listed? (L.C., Artarmon, N.S.W.)

**RICHARD ARLEN'S** right name is Richard Van Mattemore; Richard Dix is Ernest Brimmer; Nancy Carroll is Nancy Lahiff; Joan Crawford is Lucille Le Sueur; June Collyer is Dorothea Hermann; Carole Lombard is Jane Peters; Dorothy Lee is Marjory Millap; Freddie March is Frederick McInyre; David Manners is Rauff Anblum; Barbara Stanwyck is Ruby Stevens; Anita Page is Ana Pomarac; and Janet Gaynor is Laura Gainer.

### America's Sweetheart

I have read as many contradictory reports as to Mary Pickford's correct age, that I wonder if anyone really does know it. I myself remember her many years ago, and I think the truth be at least 40, while one of my dearest friends is sure she is nearer 30 than 40. Could you tell me definitely, and also, if it is not too much trouble, a little about her early history? (Mr. Tom, Waverley, N.S.W.)

**YOU** are nearer the mark than your friend—Mary Pickford is forty-three. She was born in Toronto, Canada, on April 18, 1893. When she was eight she travelled with a road show, and a year later was starred in "The Fatal Wedding." At thirteen she played with Chauncy Olsen in "Edmond Burke," and a short time later appeared in a David Belasco play on Broadway.

Determined to try motion pictures, she went to the Biograph studio and was engaged by D. W. Griffith for a 500-ft. film, "Her First Bisuits." Remaining with Biograph for a year and a half, her salary went from 40 dollars a week to 5000 dollars a year. She returned to the stage in "A Good Little Devil" for David Belasco, and in 1913 made a film of this play for Famous Players, of which company she became the vice-president in 1915. Her salary rose to fabulous heights, and fame grew in the many pictures that followed, and in 1919 she became one of the members of United Artists.



### THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the fiest motion pictures.)

Hearty Welcome to "The Movie World!"

Leo hands out a special bouquet to the Australian Women's Weekly for giving the folks an up-to-the-minute news service about the who's-who and the what's-what of filmdom.

We can readily imagine its reception at the hands of its thousands of readers.

Gracie gets her copy one bright morning and dashes off to a quiet nook.

In comfort she reads all about Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Bob Montgomery, Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, the Barrymores and all the rest of her pet favorites.

She reads how Eleanor Powell skyrocketed to stardom as the dancing—singing—singing—"Broadway Melody of 1936." Secretly Gracie says, "Eleanor, but woman-like the adores her just the same. She makes a mental note that next time she calls her on the phone, she'll make him buy tickets for the MGM show. (P.S. It's at Melb. Metro, now, and due soon at Sydney St. James.)

She is thrilled also to find that Brian Aherne is Joan Crawford's new leading man. The pair are together in Joan's "I Love My Life," which Gracie hopes is to follow "Broadway Melody of 1936" at Melb. Metro. Brian was in Australia a few years ago.

Gracie learns also about the splendid team William Powell and Ronald Russell make in "Remercement." After Ronald's performance in "China Seas" big things were expected of the English girl. The way she plays the "dumb" Does to Bill Powell's spring in "Remercement" makes one think that this picture is going to double the famous "Thin Man."

Leo joins with Gracie in her enthusiasm over "The Movie World." In fact the pair of them join with all Australia in offering congratulations to the folks who sponsored the whole idea. Yours for Happy Entertainment, LEO, of MGM.

P.S. Did I tell you the greatest motion picture ever made is "Mummy on the Loose"??

### Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



## Joan Crawford's Romances

Continued from Page 33

**I** DON'T know how I ever got through that rehearsal," Joan said later. "Certainly my mind wasn't on the script from which I read. And somehow the words I said, for the character I played (Mary Turner in "Within the Law") were absolutely meaningless. I had been terribly calm at the wedding, but at the rehearsal a sort of reaction set in. My knees shook and my voice trembled. And it kept up all the afternoon. And when it was over I was so tired that I hardly could keep my eyes open through dinner."

Not even Franchot's family knew of the wedding!

### Strange Contrast

**S**TRANGE—don't it?—when you think of all the elaborate weddings that Joan has acted in pictures, with the bride all done up in hundreds of yards of Adrian wedding veils, with staid orchestras playing the "Wedding March" and with extra-girl bridesmaids thick as

whipped cream—strange that her own wedding should have been so quiet, so simple, and that, instead of going honeymooning in a yacht (as the usually does in pictures) she spent the afternoon at work.

Judging by appearances, the step they have taken has brought happiness to both these stars. Joy is reflected on Joan's face, while Franchot goes about beaming on the world like the apostle of all happy bridegrooms.

So far as their future plans are concerned, there is a delightful feeling of permanence about them. The Crawford house in Brentwood is being remodelled once more, and the newly-weds will live there together—there is to be none of the modern craze for separate establishments.

Both have the feeling that this partnership of theirs is for life, because it is founded on a solid foundation. Not only have they been in love for a long time, but for three years they have been friends, working and playing together, and in three years a woman can test a man's loyalty, and, in return, reveal her own heart and mind.



# DESIGNED for OUR MERLE

Omar Kiam Frocks... worn by  
Australian  
Star!

(Sketches Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly)



THESE are creator's designs for some of the frocks worn by Merle Oberon in "The Dark Angel." Above is an oatmeal-colored tweed coat, with loose back and new front fullness. The boa is of natural lynx, tied with garnet-red ribbon. Garnet-red hat and shoes complete the outfit.



HERE is a new fashion idea—a breakfast coat. Made of soft blue crepe silk, the print is of a ribbon design in white, with touches of red.



ABOVE: Another morning dress, delightfully simple, and yet with that air of smartness. It is of sweet-pea silk print, with the new fullness. Colors are robin's-egg blue and dusty-pink.

★

LEFT: A most attractive morning dress. The material is plaid wool, in tan and emerald-green. A nice freshness is given by the lingerie collar.

## FASHION FLASHES from OVERSEAS STUDIOS

THIS page of fashions is the first of what will be, from now on, a regular feature of The Australian Women's Weekly Movie World. Its purpose is to bring to the women of Australia up-to-the-minute information on the latest fashion trends in the screen world.

THE interesting frocks designed by Omar Kiam for Merle Oberon to wear in "The Dark Angel" reflect the modern feeling for simplicity in design. They are creations that any woman could wear, and in which any woman would look extremely smart.

The screen is fast providing a mannequin parade—with all the world for a stage. Fashions worn by beautiful film personalities now set the style for women in Australia, America, England, the Continent, and even, with the westernisation of modern times, China and Japan.

World-famous designers are now engaged by producers, for, with pictures that have to go before critical audiences of women, the frocking must not only be smart and up to date, but well ahead of current fashions.

Screen stars, nowadays, are sought out by newspaper people

for any information they may be able to give regarding styles to be favored by them in coming pictures, styles which, as soon as they are released, will give inspiration to modistes and home dressmakers the world over.

### Model for World

News that Ida Lupino is favoring chiffon for evening wear causes immediate interest in this material; a description of a new two-piece morning frock in brown crepe with gold buttons, yellow-and-brown buttons and brown accessories for Arline Judge turns the thoughts of thousands towards similar smart creations.

Fashion parades are no longer small, exclusive gatherings. Transferred to the screen, they bring the latest in lovely clothes to every woman who is interested—and what woman is not?



BLACK SATIN is nominated for this afternoon dress. It is severely tailored with pieced diagonal effect for the corsage, and similar treatment of the hip-line. A silver-fox fur, ivory beads, and chic, small hat complete the ensemble.

When he sang  
women forgave him  
everything

Commencing  
NEXT FRIDAY

Laurence TIBBETT in  
METROPOLITAN

Place at Embassy,  
Castlemain St., opp. David Jones,  
MCG, and State Booking Bureau.

Gen. Exhib.  
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Fox.

EMBASSY



# FREE TRIP to Romantic Lands of the EAST

**A TOUR of Great Barrier Reef, Philippine Islands, and Hongkong is Prize for Smart Letter about Fascinating Topic.**

Only a few days remain for readers to enter for the glorious tour competition. Entries will not be accepted after Monday, January 27.



GLAMOROUS MARLENE DIETRICH, to appear under new direction in "Desire."

**A** DE-LUXE tour of the Great Barrier Reef, Philippine Islands, and Hongkong is the prize offered to the reader submitting the best letter, not exceeding 50 words, on "Why I want to visit the Romantic China Seas." The cruise, which will extend over practically eight weeks, provides a rich educational opportunity for the fortunate winner.

"The tour will be a splendid one for someone observant and understanding," says Mrs. A. Lodewyck, who recently chaperoned a party of Australian girls on a tour of China and Japan, arranged by the Y.A.I. "With the aid of ex-

tacts in the countries visited the winner should see something of the life lived by these people, as we did during our tour."

A great part of the winner's holiday wardrobe has been donated by a number of firms who have co-operated with The Australian Women's Weekly in arranging the contest on behalf of M.-G.-M.

The prize can be availed of any time within twelve months, which allows the winner an opportunity of arranging for absence and so forth.

Tour frock, hat, finger set, pair of shoes, luxury beauty basket, six pairs silk stockings, Kodak camera, handbag, parasol, bathing-costume, chocolates,

and set of novels are some of the extra prizes donated for the winner.

## RULES

Write or print clearly on a slip of white paper in not more than fifty words your thoughts on "WHY I WANT TO VISIT THE ROMANTIC CHINA SEAS," together with your name and address. A prize of a return ticket to Hongkong will be awarded the reader sending in what is adjudged the best entry.

Address your entry to The Australian Women's Weekly, and enclose it "China Seas Contest."

No person may submit more than one entry. In judging, the following qualities will be considered: (a) Originality; (b) Appreciation shown of the romance of the CHINA SEAS and the Far East; (c) Literary style; (d) Neatness. No entry will be accepted after January 27. The decision of the Editor on all matters concerning this competition shall be final.



I KNOW it will be a success.. I'm using **AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER**

**You should get Aunt Mary's Cookery Book**

**A USEFUL HINT**  
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"I ought to know! My Grandmother and my Mother never used any other Baking Powder but Aunt Mary's."

Does it make crispy, crackling, crunchy scones? Does it make fairy-like, flaky pastry? Well, you just try it. You simply cannot get the same results unless you use Aunt Mary's Baking Powder. Aunt Mary's Baking Powder insures against baking failures. Insist on it—it is the pure Cream of Tartar leavener.

# CURRENT FILMS

Condensed Reviews for Country and Suburban Theatre-goers.

The Stars Indicate Our Grading.

- ♦ **AFTER THE DANCE**, Nancy Carroll, George Murphy (Columbia). Musical comedy. Audiences who like a picture to end in happiness for the lovers and open discomfiture of the forces of evil will be disappointed.
- ♦ **AGE OF INDISCRETION**, Paul Lukas, Madge Evans (M.-G.-M.). Drama. It is unfortunate, but this picture is not good enough for two stars, although it is above the average.
- ♦ **BLACK ROOM, THE**, Boris Karloff, Marian Marsh (Columbia). Mystery murder. Unconvincing in many places.
- ♦ **BROADWAY GONDOLIER**, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Adolphe Menjou (Warner Bros.). Musical comedy. Will certainly amuse.
- ♦ **CHARLIE CHAN'S SECRET**, Warner Oland, Rosina Lawrence (Fox). Mystery drama. Oland's fans will not be disappointed.
- ♦ **CHINA SEAS**, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery (M.-G.-M.). Drama. You won't be disappointed in this picture. It is first-class entertainment and includes a perfect screen drunk.
- ♦ **DAVID COPPERFIELD**, Freddie Bartholomew, Frank Lawton, Edna May Oliver, Roland Young (M.-G.-M.). Drama. Splendid entertainment.
- ♦ **DRESSED TO THRILL**, Tutta Rolf, Clive Brook (Fox). Drama. Not so good.
- ♦ **FRECKLES**, Tom Brown, Carol Stone (R.K.O.). Mystery drama. Fair!
- ♦ **FLIRTATION WALK**, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Pat O'Brien (Warner Bros.). Musical comedy. Fair enough for those who like this kind of thing.
- ♦ **GOOD FAIRY, THE**, Herbert Marshall, Margaret Sullivan (Universal). Comedy. A good show for any mood.
- ♦ **GUYNOR, THE**, George Arliss (Gaiety-British). Drama. Has supery quality that, nauseating as it may be to 25 per cent. of picturegoers, is quite likely to go over big with the other 75 per cent.
- ♦ **HEALER, THE**, Ralph Bellamy, Karen Morley (Monogram). Poor drama, and very poor at that.
- ♦ **HERE'S TO ROMANCE**, Nino Martini, Anita Louise (Fox). Musical comedy cum opera. Number of good singing numbers.
- ♦ **HARD-ROCK HARRIGAN**, George O'Brien, Irene Hervey (Fox). Mining drama. Has a woefully weak ending for a picture that has, at least, an unusual background. Summing the whole thing up; just fair.
- ♦ **HERE COMES COOKIE**, Gracie Allen, George Burns (Paramount). Farce. Good entertainment.
- ♦ **JOY RIDE**, Gene Gerrard, Zelma O'Neal (B.E.F.). Comedy. If votes are taken for the poorest comedy of 1935, this effort should win hands down.
- ♦ **LAST DAYS OF POMPEII, THE**, Preston Foster, Basil Rathbone (R.K.O.). A historical drama of the Roman Empire. The production on the whole good.
- ♦ **LAST OUTPOST, THE**, Claude Rains, Cary Grant, Gertrude Michael (Paramount). War drama. Good entertainment.
- ♦ **LOVE ME FOREVER**, Grace Moore, Leo Carrillo (Columbia). Musical. A very good show, with singing that outclasses any other female screen star.
- ♦ **MURDER OF DR. HARRIGAN, THE**, Ricardo Cortez, Kay Linaker (Warner Bros.). Mystery drama. Despite the stereotyped material the actors make a good job of the film.
- ♦ **MARCH OF TIME, THE** (News Feature). (R.K.O.). This is something quite out of the box in international news features.
- ♦ **15 MINUTES**, Gregory Ratoff, Katherine Segawa (B.E.F.). Melodrama. It moves a trifle too slowly in parts; more artistic direction could have brightened up these sections in all manner of ways.
- ♦ **MURDER IN THE FLEET**, Robert Taylor, Jean Parker (M.-G.-M.). Murder mystery. Only fair entertainment.
- ♦ **MARRY THE GIRL**, Sonnie Hale, Winifred Shutter (B.E.F.). Farce. All should like it.
- ♦ **MARK OF THE VAMPIRE**, Lionel Barrymore, Elisabeth Allen, Bela Lugosi (M.-G.-M.). Fantastic mystery drama. Vampires play a large part in the picture.
- ♦ **NAVY WIFE**, Ralph Bellamy, Claire Trevor (Fox). Drama. As entertainment this picture would not win an international award.
- ♦ **OASIS**, Travelogue by Capt. Hurley (Cineound). Photography good and selection of material interesting.
- ♦ **RAIN MAKERS, THE**, Wheeler and Woolsey (R.K.O.). Farce. A few good laughs to be had out of this picture.
- ♦ **REDHEADS ON PARADE**, John Boles, Dixie Lee (Fox). Musical Comedy. Fair entertainment.
- ♦ **PAGE MISS GLOVE**, Marion Davies, Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell (Warner Bros.). Light drama. Production too long.
- ♦ **PADDY O'DAY**, Jane Withers, Pinky Tomlin (Fox). Musical comedy. Some good popular song hits in this production.
- ♦ **SANDERS OF THE RIVER**, Paul Robeson, Leslie Banks, Nina Mae McKinney (United Artists). Drama. Very out of the ordinary.
- ♦ **SCROOGE**, Sir Seymour Hicks, Donald Crisp, Athene Seyler, Oscar Asche (B.E.F.). A few laughs, but still good entertainment.
- ♦ **THUNDER MOUNTAIN**, George O'Brien, Barbara Fritchie (Fox). Western drama. Will go over with some adult audiences, but boys anywhere between the ages of eight and twelve will go mad over it.
- ♦ **VINTAGE WINE**, Seymour Hicks, Clair Luce (B.E.F.). English drawing-room comedy. Never-present humor and smart dialogue.

## A BEAUTY HINT

For All Women

If your complexion is poor, your hair thin, and your eyes lack the sparkle of youth—if you are not eating and sleeping well, you should try this **HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT** without delay. Bathes your way to health and loveliness with—

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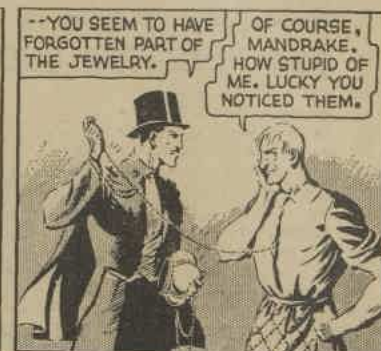


# Mandrake the Magician

THE CHARACTERS IN THIS GREAT SERIAL ARE

**MANDRAKE:** The Master Magician, is in Arabia, hot on the trail of  
**SAKI:** The world's most successful thief. Mandrake's task is not easy, as Saki is a master of disguise, and no one knows what he actually looks like. A very beautiful friend of Mandrake's.  
**PRINCESS NARDA:** Has been robbed by Saki of her Crown Jewels, and, seeking them, Mandrake goes to the notorious Thieves' Market with

**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant. They encounter  
**OLD KATE:** Who overcomes Lothar by running and leaves him to suffocate in a cellar. She returns to the auction-room and there offers Narda's jewels for sale. Mandrake accuses her of being Saki in disguise; but the arch-criminal escapes with the jewels. Mandrake follows Saki and eventually corners and disarms him, and finds out to his surprise that Saki is no other than Thro, a supposed police stool pigeon.





# EXCUSE ME

for — Oh!  
It's that  
awful GAS  
again!



Embarrassment or Painful  
Distress Needless Now

If you suffer shame and annoyance from frequent belching up of gas—flatulence—if you suffer sharp pains in the stomach—sometimes feel suffocated by pressure of gas around the heart—don't delay. Go straight to your chemist for a few ounces of pure Salix Magnesia. Take a teaspoonful in half a glass of water after meals. Within three short minutes it will relieve the pressure of gas that's been bloating and stretching out the stomach walls. Pain disappears and you breathe easier. Salix Magnesia soothes, cleans and sweetens the stomach—neutralizes the dangerous acids from sour, fermented food—the real cause of gassy stomach.

Salix Magnesia—recommended by doctors and chemists throughout the civilized world for more than 10 years—is to-day the most scientifically balanced form of magnesia, bismuth available to stomach sufferers—possessing fully twice the pain-relieving speed—three times the acid neutralizing power of other magnesia-bismuth preparations; tenfold the lasting, curative properties; and by far the most palatable taste.



Take a Teaspoonful  
and Watch your Watch

NOTE—Don't confuse Salix Magnesia with dose acting, uncertain or unsatisfactory forms of magnesia—granular, sodates, citrates, etc.—it is always wise to pronounce clearly the name "S-A-L-I-X" Magnesia to your chemist.

Many Australian Women Now Say:  
Drinking One Glass of

## ORANGE JUICE

Mixed with 2 Teaspoonful of

# BonKora

3 Times Daily and Eating the Big, Tasty Meals as  
Shown in the BonKora Package, made them.

## LOSE 7 to 70 lbs. OF FAT

• They lost avoidable excess weight safely and pleasantly, regularized  
elimination, regained ability to sleep restfully, and were freed from the  
pains of rheumatism.

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IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY BONKORA, enclose  
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be sent to you post free, in a plain wrapper. VW 25.1.36

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SYDNEY

When you visit Sydney, stay at Petty's Hotel. Enjoy this atmosphere of quiet comfort. Take advantage, too, of its convenient central position, its easy access to all centres of business and social activity.

# Continuing SPANISH MAINE

(from Page 24)

THE very next day, taking some friends of my Student-Corps with me, I went in search of the hero—Oh, yes, Count Fritz von Rotten-dorf, that was his silly name. I knew it was something rotten—and found him, as I expected, drinking at the tavern.

"Here, Count," said I, "you challenged me to fight according to your method of fighting, and I accepted. I now challenge you to fight according to mine; and, if you refuse, I say, before these gentlemen, my friends here and yours there, that you are a coward and a cur, a loud-mouthed, swash-buckling bully, always willing to fight when he knows he'll win, never willing to fight when he thinks he might lose. I challenge you to fight me to-morrow, as gentlemen fight in my country."

"And how do they do it?" he growled. "With sticks? Broken bottles? Brick-bats?"

"No, I see you are as ignorant as you are cowardly and ugly—almost. In my country they fight with swords. I challenge you to fight with swords—German swords, too. What about it?"

"We have fought once," he growled. I laughed aloud.

"Had enough, eh? And do you call that fighting. I am challenging you to fight. Take it or leave it. If you won't fight, get off the pavement in future whenever you see me coming. And an account of this conversation and challenge goes to the newspapers. I'll see that it is known all over Germany."

And, of course, he had to fight. Half-way through the affair, suddenly, with a disengage, an under-hand feint, and a fairly quick return,

### The Housewife

A little house with spreading eaves,  
And sunshine on the floor—  
A garden small, an apple tree,  
A creeper at the door.

Bright pots and pans, a colored rug,  
A clock upon the wall;  
A shaded lamp, a rocking chair,  
A mirror for the hall.

A snatch of song, a whistled tune,  
Laughter and work and rest,  
Courage and faith and golden dreams,  
And someone to love best.

—Myrtle Blessing.

the fellow lunged. Of course, his own form of sword-play had given him a wrist of steel and wholeness, and, for his great size, he was undeniably quick. I parried, and, as he recovered, riposted. With a heavy clang, clashing guard, he saved himself.

Drawing back, I gave him "Invitation Number One" in the Italian style, my body completely exposed, my sword-hand out to the right, my point well away from his body. Blindly falling into the trap, he lunged with all his strength at my undefended breast. Instantly my blade flashed over, caught his, deflected it sufficiently—and my point came up, under his guard—and through his heart.

The bully was dead almost as soon as his body slumped to the floor.

Well, I had done it this time! And straight from the ancient Royal Stables I ran to the modern railway-station and took train for Belfort, where, in France, I should be at my rate for the time, safe enough.

Unfortunately, owing to a certain speciousness of habit, generosity, extravagance, what you will, I was almost penniless.

Also I was—I admit it—very frightened. For there was a tremendous hue-and-cry in the newspapers. Apparently this Count von Rottendorf was a somebody, his father being a distinguished General, and a particular personal friend of the King of Bavaria. According to the account in the "Temps" and "Petit Parisien," as well as the "Belfort Echo," the Count had been murdered—found stabbed to the heart, in the Salle d'Armes, in which it was his habit to practise fencing, and the police were looking for a foreigner, said to be a Spaniard, who

was known to have quarrelled with the Count, and who was missing from his lodgings. Evidently the heroes who had been spectators of the duel had simply scattered and fled; gone to their lodgings, laid low, and not said a word when the "murder" was discovered.

HUNGRY, homeless, penniless, frightened, expecting the hand of a gendarme to fall heavily upon my shoulder at any moment, I sought refuge in the French Foreign Legion, enlisting at the Bureau de Recrutement in Belfort under the name of William Jackson, an Englishman who, of course, knew not a word of Spanish. I travelled at the expense of Madame la Republique to Marseilles the next day; to Oran, three days later; and found myself in Sidi-bel-Abbes in Algeria, within a week of my Heidelberg misfortune.

And bad luck dogged my footsteps there in Africa, too. Well, as you may have gathered, I was not a tender chicken when I entered the French Foreign Legion, and I can assure you I was a fairly tough bird by the time I had been there for a year or two. Very tough, indeed, and if I had anything still to learn when I joined, I hadn't very much to learn by the time I left.

Fellows write books saying that Legion sergeants go about with heavy whips in their hands, and use them as readily and freely as an Arab donkey-boy uses his muckrack on the rumps of the burros he drives. You'd think, to read some of the lies, that a sergeant spent the whole of his working hours in striking legionnaires with all his might, and that he went to bed at night absolutely exhausted with the manual labor of flogging them.

Liars! Bosh! Rubbish! Such a man wouldn't last a day. If the men didn't kill him, his officers would. Anyhow, he'd send him for court-martial.

In the penal battalions, away in the desert, where the N.C.O.'s have got it all to themselves—that's different. Things happen there, I grant you. But in the Legion? Buh! I never saw a sergeant strike a man the whole time I was there—except once. Only once. And I was the man who was struck.

I T WAS a case of only once for the sergeant, too, as well as for me.

They're all tough, of course. They have to be. But on the whole they're all right, especially when you take into account the fact that they are generally foreigners—always, in my case, for I never happened to be under a Spaniard—and somehow, you take things from a man of your own blood that you don't from a foreigner. You resent it more when a foreigner bullies you, treats you unjustly, or insults you.

Well, this sergeant, unfortunately for us, was not only a Prussian, but the living image of the Count von Rottendorf. But for whom I should still have been enjoying life in Heidelberg, if not at home in Cadix among the senoritas. Amazingly like him, he was in face and figure, voice and bearing, not to mention manners.

Please turn to Page 45

"This is no time to look plain," says clever Mrs. M—

This is the time when husbands and sweethearts need cheering up. The psychological effect of a plain, dowdy woman is depressing in the extreme! How right she is in what she says—and does! Night and morning Mrs. M. applies pure mercerized wax to face, neck and arms. This simple cure rids pores of dust and powder, entirely removes particles of dead skin, keeps the complexion free from freckles, roughness and blemishes of any kind.

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"I never realised that  
FLYWIRE

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MUCH difference!"

"Up to a year ago I hadn't thought of imagining what life would be like without flies and mosquitos in summer. But last spring my husband covered the windows, doors, chimneys, front verandah and back sleep-out with 'Cyclone' Flywire. What a difference it made . . . to have no flies in the kitchen, no blowflies hunting the meat, no mosquitos or moths. It was the best-tempered summer we've ever lived! Fitting the Flywire did it—such an obvious, simple thing to do, and the cost is negligible."

## Cyclone

"Cyclone" Flywire is made in three grades: GOLDEN BRONZE—most suitable for inside and the outside. HEAVY GALVANISED—much heavier—much stronger.

Obtainable at all Hardware Stores.

## To Overcome Nervous Dyspepsia

A Bit of Sound Advice.

Nervous people, as a rule, suffer greatly from dyspepsia. The minute things go wrong or something upsets the nerves, or they are tired and overworked, they feel it in their stomach. Appetite vanishes and gives way to dull, dread uneasiness, and what they do eat doesn't digest properly. Then comes belching, heartburn, sour rising, and a whole train of distressing symptoms.

Nervous dyspepsia should never be treated with poppet pills or artificial digestants. The stomach is a sensitive organ, and the nerves that control it should at such a time be calmed and strengthened, when all stomach distress will quickly cease, appetite will return, and the stomach will digest its food properly, and as Nature intended.

Thanks to a remarkable new chemical discovery, it is now possible to feed the nerve cells with the exact stimulus they require when overworked and unstrung, and this preparation, called Phosphorated Iron, is producing remarkable results in the treatment of nervous dyspepsia and other nerve disorders. It makes an amazingly quick change in any person, strengthening the stomach and charging the nerve cells with a strength, poise, power and tremendous reserve energy, and giving nervous of steel, a clear head and brain, courage, power, quick wit and real vital vim. Phosphorated Iron cannot harm anyone, and contains no dangerous habit-forming drugs. Sixty tablets to a flask, and this is enough to bring relief to even the most obstinate cases.

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OF INDESCRIBABLE BEAUTY.  
Enclosed leaves of beautifully-tinged extra-large flowers in varied and vivid colors, borne on dwarf compact plants, are features that place our NEW Sweet Williams in the forefront of garden flowers. Blooming in every way all older kinds, the "NEW SUPERB" strain is positively indispensable for making a brilliant and indescribably beautiful color display in the garden. A simple, marvelous Florists' Flower that lasts well and flowers profusely.

NOTE: Seeds sown now produce quantities of flowers during Spring and Summer—there's no waiting as with older kinds. Plant them as clumps, edgings or massed beds, and amaze your gardening friends and rivals!

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Your kidneys have one million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Beware! If kidneys trouble or bladder weakness makes you suffer from Gritting, Up-Nights, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Gravel, Stiffness, Backaches, Aches, Girdle Under Back, Swelling, Smarting, Aching, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Tris the Doctor's new discovery called Cyclone Berries, which work in 15 to 20 minutes. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 45 hours. Cyclone Berries are guaranteed to end your troubles in 8 days, or money back. At all chemists.



# Here is the way to make fruit flavoured Junkets in 2 minutes



**H** EAT some milk lukewarm—not hot!—stir in sugar (one tablespoon to a pint)—remove from stove, add required amount of Hansen's Essence for making Fruit Junkets, and pour into glasses. That's all you do! It's set in five minutes, and after it's chilled you have a tempting delicious sweet simple enough for the children—gay enough for a party! Hansen's Fruit Junket Essence can be obtained in four real fresh fruit flavours and it never fails to "set." Order some to-day from your grocer—give the family something new for dessert to-night!

● If you prefer plain junket you can get Hansen's famous Junket Tablets at all grocers.

**HANSEN'S**  
Essence for making  
**FRUIT JUNKETS**  
ORANGE—LEMON  
RASPBERRY—VANILLA

## How to get Relief from Catarrh

If you have catarrh, catarrhal deafness, or head noises, go to your chemist and get 1 oz. of Parmit (Double Strength); take this home, add to it 1 pint of hot water and 1 lb. crystal sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day. This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to make, tastes pleasant, and cost little. Everyone who has catarrh should give this treatment a trial. You will probably find it just what you need.\*\*\*

**CORNWELL'S**  
PURE MALT  
**VINEGAR**  
bought everywhere by everybody

**W**ELL, this beer-swilling, sauerkraut-smatching pickelhaub had taken a dislike to me, right from the time I was a recruit when he was with the Depot Company in Sidi-bel-Abbes, and it was my bad luck to come under him again when I was drafted to a border station.

The more he saw of me, the more he disliked me, and I entirely reciprocated the sentiment. One red-hot thundery day of sandstorm and misery he lost control—been drinking, perhaps, or got a touch of catarrh (desert madness) and struck me across the face with a little cane he was carrying.

I was for guard, and he was inspecting us. His face was purple, and there was a white flick of saliva at the corner of his mouth when he stood in front of me and looked me over as though I were a dead and decaying mule.

**S** UDDENLY he tapped me smartly, on the chest. "That button's dirty," he snarled. "And so's your ugly face."

I stared straight past the dog's right ear, and took no notice of him. "D'ye hear what I say?" he bawled. And as I kept perfectly silent, knowing better than to speak, he boiled over.

"Answer me, you stinking camel!" he bawled and, as I never batted an eyelid, he blew up, went mad, saw red, and hit me across the face with his cane, and with all his might.

Well! I am a gentleman and I don't take blows, whatever German cannals may do, in their own army. I saw red, too—and he was for it. Almost before he, or I, knew what had happened, I had knocked him down and was kicking him in the ribs stomach, face, anywhere I could land one with my heavy boots. By the time I was jumped on, grabbed, seized and held—and it took some doing—Sergeant Zampkin knew all about it.

And when I came to myself in the cells, I knew, too. Knew what was in store for me. Or, rather, I didn't know. For assaulting a superior officer—and they'd probably bring it in "on active service, and in the face of the enemy," as there were a few Bedouin sniping around—I might very well get the death penalty.

Much worse than death for a man like me, a person of a quality, a scholar, a gentleman. So something had to be done about it.

I reflected—and I had plenty of time for reflection—that as death or worse would be the result of remaining, I had better depart, since I could incur nothing worse by making the effort to do so.

**I** MADE up my mind to depart and to stand not upon the order of my going.

I was sorry for my comrade, poor Fritz Adler, but needs must when the devil drives. Particularly when the devil's a Frenchman. Desperate illa need desperate remedies. Yes, it was a case of neck or nothing for me then.

So, when Fritz Adler brought me my gamelle of tepid dirty water, and my piece of hard dry bread that night, I stood flat against the wall behind the cell door, and, as he entered, gave him of my best, just behind the ear.

I am afraid I overdid it.

However, to make assurance doubly sure, I gagged him, fastened his arms

# SPANISH MAINE

Continued from Page 44

to his sides, and tied his boots together by their laces.

I'm afraid it was all unnecessary, though. Then, in the role and guise of the late Fritz Adler, I sauntered out and away, unchallenged. Unfortunately—and here's luck again for you—I was not only out of the prison building, but past the quarter-guard and well away, when whom should I meet but the excellent Sergeant Zampkin, looking none the better for what I had given him the day before.

**S**ALUTING smartly, as is de rigueur between soldiers and sergeants of the French army, I stared straight ahead and made to pass him by.

But, although it was night, and we were in a narrow lane, there had to be a full moon, of course, and I had to meet him just under a lamp that stuck out from the caserne wall.



BOTH BECOMING and attractive is this shady hat of green baki. It is trimmed with a figured floral motif and is a charming addition to a summer floral frock.

Instantly he knew me, just as I knew him.

"The devil. It's you, is it?" he snarled, and his bayonet came out of its sheath as he sprang at me.

I hadn't time to draw mine, or rather Fritz Adler's. I had to parry the thrust. There was nothing he'd have enjoyed better than killing me himself with his own hands. That would have given him much more satisfaction than seeing me get a court-martial sentence. And he knew he'd run no risk—self-defence, prisoner in the act of escaping, attempted murder, and so forth.

**W**ELL, there my superb fencing ability stood me in good stead, for I swivelled sideways so swiftly that his blade, instead of running through me, ran through my clothing, from right to left. And while the tilt was touching the right side of my tunic and the point was sticking out under my left arm—the blade lying flat across my breast—I swung round, wrenching the bayonet from his hand.

As I completed the volte face, the spin, the twist, the twist, I grabbed the handle of the bayonet, snatched it out, ducked low and lunged like a striking snake—or like the magnificent fencer I am.

Straight as an arrow, swift as a bullet, the point took him below the breast-bone, and, slanting upward, pierced his body, coming inches out between his shoulder-blades.

And that was the end of Sergeant Haus Zampkin, who struck Manuel Maine.

Well, now I had done it. There was no doubt now as to my fate if I were caught.

However, I had no intention of being caught, and certainly none of being taken alive.

After many adventures I took ship for Gibraltar; and, thence, train for Cadix.

The return of the Prodigal Son.

What joy my father felt, he contrived to conceal fairly well; and though he received me quite kindly, he both advised and requested me to depart again just as quickly as was convenient, or even quicker, for the old matter of the girl and the duel with her brother still rankled in the bosoms of their family, and the father was a powerful as well as vindictive and violent man.

Nothing loath, I assured my father that I would depart as soon as I had collected every souro that was due to me. And having done so, I went up to Vigo and there picked up the Rey del Pacifico of the South America Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company, for Rio de Janeiro, with every intention of seeing life.

Caramba! I saw life all right in Rio, Monte Video, Buenos Aires, Valparaiso, Santiago de Chile, Lima, Panama, Colon, and Caracas; down to Buenos Aires again—oh, the flashpots



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You don't know how lovely your lips can be, until you use Michel! It gives beauty, lure, fresh enchantment... it softens, it makes lips luscious and tempting! Michel is truly indelible... one application lasts for hours. Use it once, and you'll never use any other.

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OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES



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**WARNER'S SAFE CURE**

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**E**SCAPING from the French Foreign Legion would be child's play compared with escaping from that place, which and only one gate, that gate never opened, and the iron wicket in it guarded, night and day, by a sentry who'd sooner shoot you than not.

However, I managed it all right. I gradually accumulated a Paracabo Savile Row suit of clothes, piece by piece, by paying different guards twice the value of each article. And when the annual parody of a goal-visitation was made, I simply walked out with the visitors. Had I been a dirty, ragged, bearded convict I should have got a hang on the head from a rifle-butt, or worse; but being clean-shaven and arrayed in the local variant of purple and fine linen, I simply walked out behind the gang of visitors—Judges of the High Court; the Bench and Bar; Sheriff; Marshals; Mace-bearers; the Recorder of Paracabo, and all the rest of the rascals. Just walked out, went to the railway-station, and took the first train to the most distant place.

Please turn to Page 46





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"I am writing to let you know the benefit I have obtained since taking Clements Tonic. I have been in the hospital a month after a very bad operation. Before being discharged I asked my nurse if she could recommend a tonic for me to take. She advised me to take Clements. I have just finished my third bottle and the results are amazing. My husband says I've lost my appetite and found a horse's. I was terribly weak when leaving hospital and thought life to me would never be worth living again. I sleep like a top and my colour is back again and I'm able to go about my household duties again and I'm only out of hospital a fortnight."

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## SPANISH MAINE

Continued from Page 45

**I**NCIDENTALLY, I may mention that in my trousers' pocket was a damn great glass bottle-stopper which a half-witted old Abbe had sold me—as a colossal diamond of the first water! The poor old dear was much too glib for one to call it a gold-trick con-artist-trick. It was too farcically and patently absurd a swindle to be called that. I bought it from him as one buys things from a child playing at "keeping shop." To me, it was a joke. You couldn't call it a trick, much less a swindle.

However, on my way from South America—and I'd had quite enough of South America by then—I used it to play a trick myself. And on no less a person than the famous, or again, infamous, La Bella Lola, the dancer and demi-mondaine of international reputation.

Yes, I used the old half-witted glass bottle-stopper to buy her "love," spinning her a marvelous yarn about it. She fell for it, swallowed it whole, almost swallowed the diamond, and me, too.

Naturally I knew that at the earliest moment, she'd get it valued, with the view either to selling it or having it mounted, according to its worth; and that that would be the time for me to stand from under. La Bella Lola, for all that she was Queen of the Demi-Monde, had had ousted real Queens of real countries, was gutter-born and bred, as fierce as a wild-cat, violent as a fish-wife, and dangerous as a snake.

Yes, when Lola found that the "Maximilian Diamond" was glass, I should have to take care that she found me—missing.

We disembarked together at Coruna and went straight on to Madrid. Laughing considerably, I spent my last night with La Bella Lola, knowing that first thing in the morning she'd be off to da Guzman's in the Plaza Mayor, with the jewel; and that I'd be off to the railway station.

Yes. In the morning I kissed her fondly, and went out and got my train; and La Bella Lola went out and got—twenty-five thousand pounds!

The old, mad Abbe's yarn had been absolutely true; and the bottle-stopper was the biggest and most perfect diamond that ever came out of Brazil!

How's that for luck? There was I, fleeing from La Bella Lola as fast as I could; while, as I afterwards learned, La Bella Lola was fleeing as fast as she could from me with a cheque for twenty-five thousand pounds in her pocket—a fortune that belonged to me—over half a million pesetas of my good money! Why, I could have lived happy ever after on the proceeds of that half a million.

**T**O Monte Carlo I went. Into La Bella Lola's hotel I made my way, at four in the morning. And learned something of the treachery, the perfidy, the wickedness, of women. Yes, even I, Manoel Maine, had something to learn of that!

Do you know what she did when she woke up and found me in her room? Pretended not to recognise me!

Pretended not to know me at all. Trampled up a case against me, swore she'd never set eyes on me, and that I was a jewel-thief whom she'd caught red-handed!

Covering me with the pistol she always kept under her pillow, she shrieked and screamed and rang the bell that dangled above her bed; handed me over to the hotel people, charging me with burglarious entry, assault, and theft. And backed by the liar, her lover, Prince Vladimir Nicholas Marapeff, who had come in from the communicating bedroom, handed me over to the police, to the police on the wrong side of the road, unthinkingly the French police, not the funny little Monte Carlo gendarmes.

Yes, the good Lola meant to get me safely put away, all right.

The same night I received a domiciliary visit in my cell, and was offered the choice of standing my trial as an hotel thief—and I had to admit that I had been caught in extremely compromising circumstances when I was definitely trying to decorate myself with as much of Lola's property (or rather, my own property) as I could lay hands on—or of making a voluntary enlistment in the French Foreign Legion!

How's that for luck? I had the choice between the certainty of a heavy prison sentence and the probability of a death sentence.

For, if I joined the French Foreign Legion and were recognised as ex-legionnaire William Jackson, the deserter who had killed Sergeant Zampier, I should be shot as sure as fate.

But that was hardly likely. I had grown a beard. I should not be recognised. It was years since William Jackson had disappeared. And I could prove, if necessary, that I was a genuine Spaniard, Senor Manoel Maine of Cadix, and not an Englishman at all. Better five years in the Legion than ten in a French prison. I would choose the lesser of two evils.

Back to the Legion again, Sergeant! So, as though no charge whatsoever hung over me, and as though I were just a penniless drunk who, after a night in the cells, had nowhere to go, I asked to be allowed to enlist in the French Foreign Legion—exactly as I had been advised to do; and, within a few hours, I found myself in Marseilles, taken to the Bureau de Recrutement, and handed over to the Depot Sergeant at Port St. Jean.

It was rather amusing. When I joined before I was an Englishman, and the one thing I did not know was a word of Spanish. Now I was a Spaniard, and had never so much as heard a word of English! How could anyone ever dream that I could be William Jackson?

And when, at Sidi-bel-Abbes, it became evident that I was "back to the Army again," a trained soldier, I let it be understood, with obvious reluctance and a little shame, that this was so, and that I had been a Spanish officer.

Yes, a sad case. A promising young subaltern who had lost his commission entirely through a fault of his own. Nothing criminal, of course; just wine, women, and song, and the usual high-piled, top-heavy edifice of debt that eventually topples over and crushes its builder.

Well, in some ways I fared better in the Legion the second time; for I knew the ropes and was a much tougher customer, a much harder and more seasoned character, than I had been when, as a boy, I fled from Heidelberg.

In other ways I did not fare so well, for this time, I had no money and no promise or hope of any.

However, I managed to get along after a fashion, for the experienced legionnaire generally knows how to get hold of a sufficiency of wine—if there be such a thing.

I cannot boast that I was particularly beloved of my officers, but I fancy I was fairly popular with my comrades, and was voted a good companion.

Yes, I'm afraid that, by the time I had done three or four years of the second job, I was pretty much bon legionnaire, which is apt to mean pretty much of a bad man.

**T**HEN came my second big fortune, gained and lost, and through a woman again, the shy little devil.

Estrella Margarita. It was at a place called Maraknez, where she was a cabaret dancer. She was quite young and looked it, as she had worn remarkably well; for, probably, her perpetual pose of ingenuite helped to keep her young-looking.

She almost took me in, for a time; but I soon discovered that the sweet young thing had got a shadowy husband, or a souteneur, who looked her up, from time to time, and collected whatever he thought was due to him.

I also found that she was carrying on with a comrade of mine, and fooling him to the top of his bent—another Anglo-Saxon. Or no, he'd be a Celt, of course. He was a Scot, a great, burly, powerful, red-headed, red-bearded Highlander, MacSomething-or-other.

Estrella Margarita and I laughed about him a good deal. I was not jealous, of course; for the girl had got to live, and it was damned little she got out of me, on a ha'penny a day.

However, I did give her a little neck-lace that cost me nothing—as I pinched it from another girl who had annoyed me—and that necklace played its little part in what came to pass.

One day I got a note from her telling me to come to her on Sunday evening at five sharp, and not to fail her on any account.

I went. She was lying on the bed. But what was unusual, was that she'd been struggling with one of her own silk stockings. Her hands were bound together behind her back with the other one. Between her lips was a piece of paper on which was written: "Welcome, beloved."

I turned about, closed the door behind me, and departed.

Now, as I learned long afterwards, the dirty dog who'd bumped her off had sent a similar note to poor old MacWhat's-his-name, telling him to come at six. I suppose the man had tricked or frightened or tortured her into writing the notes, because undoubtedly it was she who had written them.

MacWhat's-his-name fell into the trap, too, and found her exactly as I had done. He took it rather hard though. Went all to pieces. A regular, old-fashioned sentimentalist.

How I came to know about it was through his getting drunk one night months later, and hundreds of miles from Maraknez, when we were out with a "groupe mobile" on very active service.

Maudlin and maudering, he started telling us the terrible tale of the love of his life, a dancing-girl strangled by a jealous husband in Maraknez.

Please turn to Page 47

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# SPANISH MAINE

Continued from Page 46

WITHOUT thinking, I took him up and said, "You mean Estella Margarita? What? Were you her lover, too?"

"What? Were you her husband—who murdered her?" cried he, and came for me with his bayonet, like a raving lunatic, a homicidal maniac. He was mad.

We had a hell of a fight, and nearly killed each other.

Then, months later, again back in Marakez, poor old MacWhate's name and I were walking out together strolling along, and thinking up plans for getting hold of a bottle of wine.

One of our ideas was to relieve a wicked money-lender, pawnbroker, jeweller fellow, of some of his superfluous stuff, and when we came to his shop we stopped and looked to the window.

And what do you think was one of the first things that caught my eye? The identical necklace that I had given to Estella Margarita. And just as I saw it, Mac gave one of his particular growls, like a wild beast. He was staring at the necklace, too. He'd seen it about Estella Margarita's neck; and moreover, a little tangle, lying beside it, was one which he had given her.

Well, that settled, Señor Mendoza's fate, and raised us from the plane of bad men who proposed to lighten his load of valuables to that of righteous avengers: two Just Men with an ambition to punish him for the murder of Estella Margarita.

WE decided, then and there, that he must be the murderer; and we entertained no such foolish theories as the possibility of the bangle and necklace having been pawned with him by somebody else, who was the murderer.

As we rightly argued, no common thief would have had letters written to me and Mac, and then have stuck an impudent message in the dead girl's mouth. Of course not. This must be the man.

We laid our plans, and did the thing systematically, thoroughly, and properly. The rascal had all sorts of bolts and bars and burglar-alarms, so we got in through a skylight in the roof. We ransacked the shop and took the cream of the stuff—all that we could carry—and then attended to Señor Mendoza, who lived alone over the shop. He was in bed and asleep, and snoring like a hippopotamus.

He woke up to find us, one each side of him; and obviously he recognised us. He must have seen us about with Estella Margarita.

Moreover, I had the necklace in my left hand and Mac had the bangle.

Anyway, he squealed, gave himself away, and proved how right we were.

"I didn't do it. I didn't do it!" he shrieked.

"Didn't do what?" we asked.

And then we got down to it.

If Estella Margarita were watching from her place in Heaven she must have been quite satisfied with the mess we made of Mendoza. If not, she was hard to please.

And when we'd finished, we went taking with us, at a very conservative estimate, some thirty thousand pounds' worth of really magnificent jewels, gold coin, and high-denomination paper money.

It was a haul. A regular killing. And so portable, so salable; once we'd got it to the right market.

Mendoza had been a very rich man, like so many of those money-lenders who are also pawnbrokers and jewel-merchants. There was the biggest and finest emerald I have ever seen, absolutely flawless; a necklace of perfectly matched, colossal pearls; diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires; wonderful stuff that old devil had taken in pledge for loans. It was said that he dealt with the Sultan of Morocco himself. Anyhow, there we were with the stuff in our haversacks and money in our pockets; and for the second time in my life, I had got hold of a big fortune.

FOR I meant to have the lot. Naturally. So did Mac, of course; and it was a case of let the best man win and the devil take the hindmost.

So I deserved for the second time—but how differently. After the first few days, when the going was a bit rough, we travelled in comparative comfort; buying donkeys, horses, camels, as we wanted them; food, water, disguise, anything we fancied.

The only drawback was that we had to go precisely where we should not be expected to go—for, naturally, there was a hue-and-cry about us, as the suspicious-minded police connected our disappearance with the robbery and murder of Mendoza.

It was up to us not to get caught this time.

And the worst of it was that, by taking devices and roundabout desert tracks or no track at all we were dependent, for very life, upon oases and water-holes. With all the money in the world, we couldn't buy water where there was none; and sometimes a week's journey between oases was only

possible if one discovered intervening water-holes at the right time and place and in the right condition.

Well, we discovered one in the wrong condition. Dry. And we had reached it on very thirsty camels, and in an almost dying condition ourselves.

I lost that fortune in a remarkable way. Almost dead from thirst, Mac made his way to a Legion outpost and gave himself up. He told them that I was dying at the dry well, and they came for me, but not before I had buried the fortune, hoping to come back for it some day.

PROMPTLY the commandant at Fort Bugeaud clapped Mac in cells and sent off a sergeant and a patrol to the dry well, of the existence and location of which he was, of course, well aware.

On the long journey back to Marakez I got several opportunities of a quiet word with Mac, and, speaking in English, reassured him on the subject of the loot. I told him it was "behind a loose stone five feet from the ground on the opposite side of the well from that on which the rope came down over the grooved palm-trunk edge."

The information reassured him a good deal. There was nothing now to connect us with the affairs of Mendoza, and the loot was where we'd be able to find it if he survived to go and look.

I smiled to myself at the picture of Mac going down that well and digging out stones until the floor of the well was buried under them. The

## Fingerprints for Brides & Grooms?

TO prevent bigamy, I suggest compulsory registration of the fingerprints of bride and bridegroom.

These should be kept by Government authorities for comparison if necessary.

It takes very little time to ascertain whether identical fingerprints have or have not been registered.

Mrs. R.O., Concord, N.S.W.

more he worked, the more deeply he'd bury the treasure—under the stones and rock he tore out from the wall of the well.

More likely he'd find the well half-full of water again, by the time he was free to visit it.

Anyway, whatever he found, he would not find the money. If anyone found that thirty thousand pounds of buried treasure, it would be I.

Yes, I or nobody. Nobody in the world but I knew where it was hidden. Nobody but I; and if the court-martial decided that I was a murderer, and

gave me the death sentence, it would be—nobody.

However, as is quite evident, they did not shoot me. They gave me what some people consider worse—eight years' penal servitude—undoubtedly with one exception, the hardest and most brutal penal servitude on the face of the earth.

But I was in a rather different position from the average prisoner. I had something to live for—three-quarters of a million pesetas safely cached. And no other living soul on this earth knew where it was, except Mac; and although he knew it was in the well, he did not know where, and if he got there first and dug out stones five feet from the bottom on the opposite side from the well-top, he'd find nothing at all. And would probably conclude that I or somebody else had been there before him.

But in any case it didn't matter, for I'd beat him to it. I'd be there first, because I had brains. And it would not take me long to get hold of enough money to fit out a properly-equipped caravan, and do everything in style. I'd have camel food, water, tents, a proper outfit; and tell the camel-men I was an officer of the Survey Department, mapping routes and reporting on wells and waterholes. I'd have myself lowered down and I'd come up with the stuff—concealed in a sack of course. And once I'd got it, there'd be no more Bella Lola business. I'd settle down and enjoy life on my thirty thousand pounds.

But "man proposes . . . My bad luck still held. And I hadn't really quite grasped what Bribi meant. I had heard it was tough, but—you know what people are.

AND it was not long before I found myself in one of these lone, fast, isolated, out-of-the-way prison camps, commanded by Sergeant-Major Sartana.

It was his boast that as a good and faithful servant of Madame la République, a scrupulously obedient subordinate to those set in authority over him, he prided himself on breaking none of the famous Code of Rules and Regulations of the French army.

For example, he was forbidden to strike, to beat, and to whip any of the convicts committed to his charge, and so he never did it. If he considered that a man was shirking and had not done, I won't say a good day's work, but the very utmost he possibly could do he merely had him stripped and laid on the eribars; and when he was stripped and laid upon the eribars, he merely walked about upon him. If he were so incredibly foolish, misguided, and wicked as to show a resentful, insolent, or insubordinate spirit, he would also lay eribars on top of the naked one who lay upon eribars, and himself tramp about on the top layer.

Please turn to Page 48

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# £25 Cash Must Be Won

## "Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 19

£25 CASH WILL BE AWARDED TO THE COMPETITOR WHO OBTAINS THE GREATEST NUMBER OF NAMES FROM THE LIST GIVEN BELOW. IN THE EVENT OF TIES PRIZE MONEY WILL BE DIVIDED EQUALLY.

This list below is made up of names of featured film players, the first letter only of the Christian name being given. The surname is jumbled with the addition of one unnecessary letter. See example, EDDIE CANTOR, the extra unnecessary letter being "B." Include this name in your solution as Number 1. NOTE: (1) Additional entries must be written out separately. (2) Alterations cannot be accepted. (3) MISPELT NAMES COUNT AS ERRORS.

IMPORTANT: Use the diagram for working out your solution, and when you have solved the names, write your list in order on a sheet of plain paper (one side only). Enclose a Postal Note for 1/- as entry fee—additional entries will be charged 6d. each—(stamps will not be accepted), and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY, JANUARY 31st 1936. "FILM STARS" COMPETITION, G.P.O., Box 28447, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

EDDIE	ROBCANT	CANTOR	G	FIELADS
C	VEISDT		B	REDWHEEL
J	BERTHULO		R	OYESWOOL
C	EDGECCOURTING		H	OLLYD
P	ANGMOR		F	RSHCMA
C	SMUGGLER		C	TELLFARR
P	SHEHOLM		J	HOTLY
M	EVENAS		D	WELLPOP

Prize Money is deposited with "Australian Women's Weekly."

Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final.

RESULTS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THIS PAPER ON ISSUE DATED FEBRUARY 15th.

## "Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 16

### RESULT

Two competitors submitted fully correct solutions, and therefore share the prize, £25 cash, each receiving £12/10/-.

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### SOLUTION

1. Ginger Rogers; 2. Fred Astaire; 3. Carolee Moore; 4. Irene Dunne; 5. Lupe Velez; 6. Wynne Gibson; 7. Bebe Daniels; 8. Margaret Sullivan; 9. Charles ("Charlie") Chaplin; 10. Lloyd Noel; 11. Noah Berry; 12. Douglas Montgomery; 13. Ann Daring; 14. Miriam Hopkins; 15. Ramon Novarro; 16. Myrna Loy.



Insist on  
**HORLICK'S "COLD"**  
For Summer  
VITALITY *it's more than a  
drink, it's a food!*

WHAT are eribas? They are the branches of the jujubar, a desert tree provided with great sharp thorns. The jujubar is so prickly that the interlaced branches are used to make enclosures, walls of them, that will keep wild beasts out, and wild men in.

Yes, they make hedges of them to enclose the prison-camps of the road-gangs. They are a real defence; and a force ensconced behind a wall of eribas is behind fortifications, so to speak. They won't stop bullets, of course, but they will stop a rush. In fact, they are a kind of natural barbed-wire, and quite as effective.

Search the regulations as you may, you will find it nowhere laid down that an obstreperous convict may not be laid down on a bed of eribas

## SPANISH MAINE

Continued from Page 47

ing the hot room of a Turkish bath. It was like breathing pure steam while the lungs gasped for air.

When we were brought up from our cages on to the deck, I gazed around and realised that between me and my treasure was an ocean, a continent, an impassable swamp, an impenetrable jungle, a wide, swift-running river.

What need had they to build a prison here? The whole place was a prison.

In my haste I had said that stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage; but what of jungle, swamp, river and sea? And if I had no respect for human guards—prison warders, Senegalese askaris and soldiers of the Infanterie Marine—what of those other guardians of the place, the man-eating sharks with which the water swarmed; the snakes, the wild beasts, and the savages infesting the surrounding jungle?

As I learned later the Indians obtained a rich reward for every escaping convict they captured and brought back, alive or dead.

With our ugly straw hats upon our heads, clad in cotton vests and shapeless trousers we, five hundred strong, filed down the gangway. And, once again, I trod the soil of South America.

How curious, thought I, that twice I should visit this vast sub-continent, only to enter a goal.

NEED I weary and

distress you with the tragedy and misery of life on Maroni. We were drafted to our various units and there I discovered the one bright spot of my sojourn: I had as a companion a Spaniard, Miguel Braganza, a bull-fighter. I thanked God for Miguel, the loyal fellow, courageous and indomitable. It made just the difference between despair and hope. After grueling days drawn together by a national kinship, we thought and planned escape. After much discussion we decided on a dash inland away from the camp and then a passage down the river if we could find a boat. However, fortune favors the brave, and after terrific hardships we made a getaway—floated down the river to freedom. The fever-stricken wreck, Braganza and Spanish Maine. That was an adventure which deserves a right to itself for the telling. Indians, flies, thirst, hunger. We had all these at our elbow, but came through. At this stage of our adventure Miguel seemed to be ill. Some poisonous thorn had infected his blood.

His arms were swollen to double their size, and a rash of boils had broken out upon his body. He could do nothing, not even feed himself, much less catch fish, cook, or paddle the canoe.

When I decided that I had better push on, I found he was in a heavy slumber, a sleep so deep that it was more like a sort of coma. When I called to him he did not wake, and though I shook him by the shoulder, he made no response, not so much as opening his eyes. He had been very short of sleep ever since leaving Maroni, and was now making up for it.

This would not do. I must get to civilization and Paramaribo as quickly as possible.

I am a person of logical mind and sound common sense—and I am no sentimentalist. I am glad to remember that I left Miguel what I could spare; fish, fruit, a hook and line, and a few matches.

Money being quite useless to him in the jungle of Surinam, I took the packet of hundred-franc notes. In their wrapping of thin India rubber they were intact, dry, clean and beautiful. That was, over half an inch in thickness, contained one hundred and twenty-six notes each of a hundred francs—five hundred pounds—twelve thousand five hundred pesetas.

It would take me to An Mendi in comfort, however roundabout the journey.

Pushing off, I bided all day; drifted all night; rested on a sand-pit next morning; paddled on again all day; drifted all night; and, to my surprise, at sunrise the following morning, found that I was passing a village, a settlement that showed that I had reached civilization.

The next day I arrived at Paramaribo.

FROM there in the

course of time I arrived at Buenos Aires. Here good luck stuck to me. I met a former member of the legion and became attached to his refractory organisation. Yes, I admit it—dealing in women—the white slave traffic, and with money in my pocket and traveling as Elmer Jackson, an American, I reached Spain, but, tired of my noisome calling, I dropped it. After a visit to Cadiz I went to Algiers. And there I met, the fourth woman in my life, this Consuelo, this half-sister of yours, the Hour of Bousen.

To be continued.

## THE Secret THAT KEEPS MY SKIN YOUTHFUL!



"A woman's greatest allure is a youthful skin. 20,000 beauty experts tell me the way to keep my skin soft, clear, young-looking, is to use Palmolive Soap. Naturally, I'm taking their advice."

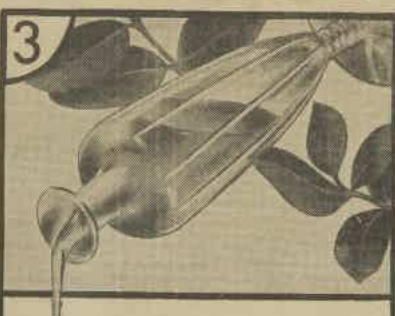


Morning and night I massage Palmolive's rich lather into the pores of my face, neck and shoulders. I rinse well . . . dry softly. It keeps my skin smooth, clear—charming!



For a beauty bath too: I massage my body with a washcloth full of Palmolive lather until it thoroughly cleanses the pores. I rinse—then dry well. How my body glows with freshness and loveliness!

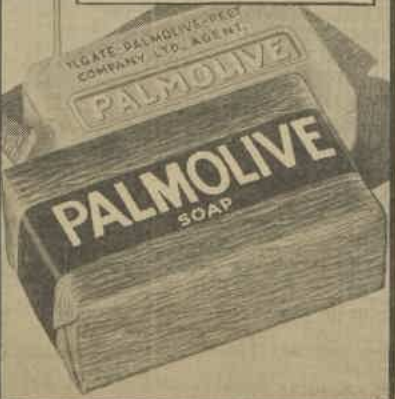
1236.



It's the abundance of olive oil in Palmolive that makes it so kind and gentle to the skin.



Olive and palm oils give Palmolive its green colour.



man, Sergeant Bonifacio, taking his cue from his superior, as invariably happens, also respected every one of the rules and regulations. He, too, noted that he was forbidden to strike, to beat, and to whip any convict; and never on any account did he do such a thing.

Never on any provocation whatsoever.

If he felt he had occasion to punish a man, he would bid him lie on his side, on the ground; and he could lie on either side he liked. It didn't matter to Sergeant Bonifacio in the least, on which side he lay.

And then, with all his strength, he kicked him in the pit of the stomach. It was his favorite cure for sickness of every kind; for he was of the advanced school of medical thought that does not believe in drugs and has little faith in surgery, but believes rather in manipulation, massage, osteopathy, the laying-on of hands—and feet.

He also believed that prevention is better than cure. Especially prevention of malingering.

So if a sick man voluntarily lay down because he could stand up no longer—or thought so—that was how Sergeant Bonifacio showed him he was wrong. He'd soon have him up.

But he never struck a man, because that is forbidden. He merely ordered him to lie quiet until he had finished kicking him in the stomach.

Or, if he found him lying down, too ill to work, he got him up at once, by the same method.

Even so there were rascals who defied him; men who chopped off their left hands by repeated blows with their sharp shovels.

There was even one determined shirker who, working all night, hacked off the thumb and two first fingers of his right hand with no other weapon than a spoon.

What can you do with people like that? People who deliberately render themselves unfit for soldiering and the use of pick and shovel. You can only send them before the court-martial on a charge of destroying Government property.

And that would be just what they wanted. A change. A trip to town. A rest from the eternal hard labor of the road-gang. And, moreover, a chance to say their piece. An opportunity to tell the court-martial all about it. A chance, if they felt that way, to tell the officers what they thought of them.

And if it meant a death-sentence—well, a good job, too. So much the better. Death is the end. Death is peace. And those of them who were religious (and many of them were, like myself, extremely religious) took the view that, whatever happened after death, God must be better than a Biribi Sergeant-Major, and the devil could be no worse—and, anyhow, they'd had their Hell already.

I will not weary you with the conditions any further. You probably have heard something about them. The climax came when a passive strike was arranged on a contract job of road-building. We were all court-martialed, and I with the others was condemned to 20 years' penal servitude and transportation for life.

Yes, the dry guillotine—Maroni . . .

NEXT day we were marched to the cells pending arrangements for our being taken to Oran, Maracilles, and the island prison of Saint Martin de Re, four kilometres from the harbor of La Rochelle.

It is from this roadside of La Rochelle that the convict-ships sail annually for Maroni. And it was for this ship that we and the rest of the inhabitants of the prison of Saint Martin de Re waited.

Shall I ever forget that voyage—though really it is a wonder that what I suffered in Maroni has not wiped even that from my mind.

Shall I ever forgive the woman who brought me to it?

Maroni! An incredible place. An indescribable life. It is unbelievable that a civilised people should allow their Government to maintain it.

As the Loire entered the broad, deep River Maroni, and drew into the landing-stage of St. Laurent de Maroni, the steaming, reeking jungle seemed to seize hold upon us, to grasp us, to growl beneath its foetid breath.

"I have you! I have you now! I have you—forever!"

For the heat was terrific, the humidity appalling. It was like enter-



# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

January 25, 1936.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

49

## Happy Days Ahead for Our Rooms

The new wallpapers just opened up for 1936 wall decoration are a joy to look at, and will be, undoubtedly, a pleasure to live with!

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

**D**URING late 1934 and 1935, because of the vogue for all-white and off-white rooms, wallpapers slipped a little into the background, but it is predicted that in 1936 they will take precedence over any other form of wall-covering. And it is not to be wondered at, for the new papers are fascinatingly lovely.

**D**URING the past day or two I have been looking over the latest arrivals in the wallpaper world.

What astonishing progress has been made in textures and treatment in the past few years! The colorings for 1936 decoration are exquisite, some with soft, honey-beige backgrounds, geometrically-patterned in delicate browns or copperish tones, and with a hint here and there of gold or blue; some with warm sunset tints; some as delicately treated as the softest of multi-colored, printed fabrics; some with a mixture of sand and beige-toned ground and a tracery of pastel blue and rose; some with a misty blue-grey ground, and a tracery of gold and dusty-pink—the pink deepening to dull duobonnet.

I could go on and on trying to picture for you their delicate, subtle colorings. There is nothing bold or garish—all those restless color-combinations have vanished.

On this page, Artist Petrov has designed a room from five of the patterns I brought back with me. I would like you to note that the floral motifs showing on the

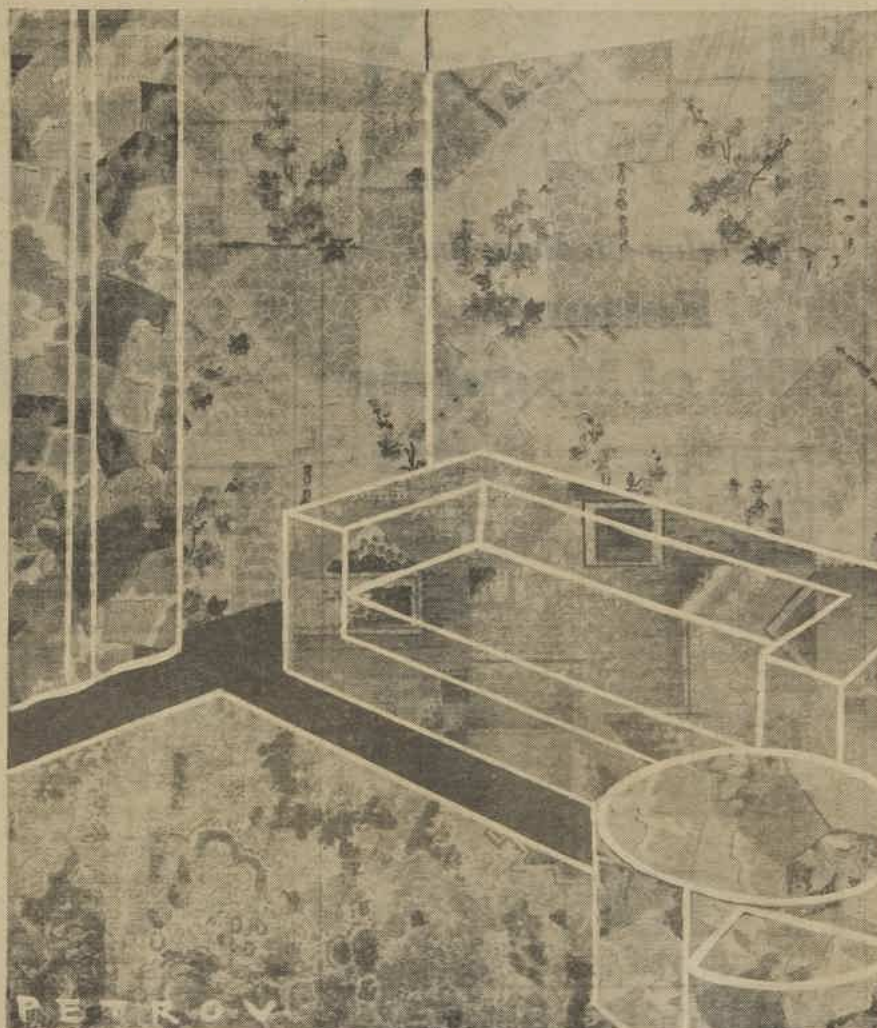
wall measure exactly three inches in depth. Please don't run away with the idea that they occupy feet of space. Unfortunately, black and white cannot convey to you their subtle combinations of harmonious color, their patterned beauty, or their texture.

But remember this when faced with a bewildering array of wallpaper samples: If the curtains and loose covers of your lounge are patterned, keep your choice of wallpaper down to the plain, self-toned variety. You can get some very smart and modern wallpaper in rough-cast (or imitation stucco), also in imitation weave effects. They go beautifully with patterned furnishings.

### Imprisoned Sunshine

**A** BREAKFAST-ROOM would take on new delight if the walls carried one of the many designs I saw—in fact, become the sunniest room in the house. I couldn't imagine anyone feeling grumpy or "edgy" at breakfast on the dreariest winter morning with imprisoned sunshine, as it were, decorating the four walls.

When looking at the first



paper described on this page, I at once visualised a breakfast-table set with mimosa-colored pottery; a bowl of marigolds nestling in their green foliage in the centre and the walls covered with honey-beige paper. I thought how lovely it would be—cheery, stimulating.

### Hints on Papering

**YOU** cannot, of course, cover old paper with new and expect first-class results. Strip off the old paper (use a stripping knife; they cost about a shilling) and fill all cracks and holes with plaster.

Then the walls must be "sized." Sixpence worth of glue-size, mixed according to directions, will be found sufficient to brush over the walls of the average room.

Always work from the lightest to the darkest corner, and work left to right. Keep the paper perfectly straight (the salesman at your store should be able to show you how to fold the strips of paper after being pasted, and demonstrate how the fold at the top must be released first, and placed against the wall).

Use a brush in preference to a cloth for pressing the paper to

the wall. A cloth is more likely to smudge or rub the color. And do not release the bottom fold until the paper has firmly adhered to the upper part of the wall.

ARTIST PETROV picturesquely presents five of the new wallpapers. Photography does not catch the glory of the colorings—subtle, delicate, fascinating. The floral motifs, by the way, are just two inches deeper on the actual sample of wallpaper.

—Wallpapers by courtesy of Grace Bros.

Use clean tools and brushes. And don't use a brush that will leave bristles all over your work. That would be disastrous. —E.E.G.

## CLEVER IDEAS

**TARNISHED SILVER:** Here's an ever-ready way of cleaning tarnished silver. In some old dish that is not used very much dissolve three to four spoonfuls each of salt and bi-carbonate of soda in hot water, filling the dish up. This will keep for months. Then when you want to clean silver articles place a piece of zinc at the bottom of the dish, put them in, and in a few minutes they will be bright and new-looking. Now dry with a clean cloth. Do not keep the zinc in with the water.

**WASHING SOAP:** When buying washing soap you will find it much more economical to buy large quantities. As soon as you buy it, cut the bars into small cubes, and stack it, as children stack blocks at play, so that the air will circulate right round and keep them dry. Keep in a warm and dry cupboard. You may keep a stack for months, and when used it will not dissolve so quickly in the water.

**REVIVIFYING SILK UMBRELLAS:** If you have a shabby silk umbrella try this little hint: Dissolve a tablespoonful of sugar with half a pint of boiling water, dip a sponge into the liquid, and rub the umbrella down with it from top to bottom. Let the umbrella dry, hanging up open. The result will repay your efforts.

**IDEA FOR FATHER:** When the bright parts of a cycle go rusty buy a pad of fine steel wool. This will rub all the rust off without damaging the metal beneath, and a final polish with an oily rag will bring up the shine again as good as new.

**NON-SLIP POLISH:** If you have kiddies in your home, high polish on oil-cloth is very dangerous. If, after the polish has dried, you go over the floor with a cloth dipped in stale milk, you will have a beautiful gloss on it which is not in the least slippery.



A GLIMPSE of an attractive room with walls covered in a beige imitation rough-cast wallpaper. The owner, comfortably settled on the lounge, is Ian Hunter, of Warner Bros.





## No other Medicine but Felton's Milk of Magnesia



OTHER knows: and besides, did not the Doctor and Clinic Nurse say how dependable Felton's Milk of Magnesia

is for digestive disorders in young children, particularly acidity or sour stomach.

Felton's is real Milk of Magnesia, and, what is important, possesses functioning power that is scientifically correct. In appearance it resembles rich milk fresh from the dairy and tastes like it, too. Children are intensely fond of it.

The perfection of mixture, the absence of drugs or harmful elements, the soothing healthy

way it relieves constipation, its stimulating action on the digestive organs, and the comfort it gives, assure an all round influence for health to those to whom this highly commended laxative is given.

In the manufacture of Felton's Milk of Magnesia nothing is left to chance. Strict hygiene is observed, and the most exacting tests are made so that mothers may give this enticing healthful corrective to the youngest toddler of the family with every confidence in its safety and efficacy.

To save disappointment ask for Felton's Milk of Magnesia. The sunny smiles of your happy contented infant will convince you of its worth.

# FELTON'S

Trident Brand

# MILK OF MAGNESIA

From the Laboratories of  
FELTON, GRIMWADE & GUERDINS LTD.  
MELBOURNE



# WARNING

Headaches, colds, flu, rheumatic and other pains have been relieved by genuine Vincent's A.P.C. so successfully, that many imitations have appeared. It should, therefore, be remembered that Vincent's A.P.C., by avoiding dangerous drugs and by strictly adhering to pure ingredients, has given results without side-effects. Vincent's A.P.C. is prepared on the scientific formula now in use in Australia's largest hospitals. See that you get Genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Powders or Tablets: 12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6.

All Chemists and Stores or direct from Vincent Chemical Company Limited, 78-78 Liverpool Street, Sydney.

STOP YOUR NERVE AND MUSCULAR PAINS WITHOUT DELAY! STOP YOUR COLDS AND FLU!

Headache  
Neuralgia  
Nervitis  
Migraine  
Rheumatism  
Lumbago  
Sciatica  
Backache  
Sea Sickness  
Sleeplessness  
Nervous feelings  
Nervous strain  
In Asthma  
Head and  
Ear Noises  
Influenza  
The pains of  
Sore Throat  
Laryngitis  
Tonsillitis

# VINCENT

A.P.C.

FOR SAFETY'S  
SAKE, SAY—  
"VINCENT'S"

## GOOD RECIPES are worth GOOD MONEY

That is Why Cash Prizes are Awarded  
Weekly for Best Recipes Received. . .

Suppose you had sent in a recipe and were seeing it now among these prize-winners—instead of reading someone else's recipe listed as a winner—wouldn't you be pleased and proud? Remember, we are searching for good recipes to earn prizes, and welcome yours!

SO this week, enter our weekly Recipe Competition. Sit down now and write out the very best recipe you know, and have tried (it does not have to be original), and send it in marked clearly "Best Recipes."

WE HAVE received scores of letters from grateful housewives who say that they get substantial help from our Best Recipes page. So that by sending in good, tested recipes—prize winning recipes—you are not only helping yourself, but helping others.



This week's prize-winners:

### CHOCOLATE CONA CAKE

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, 3oz. coconut, 6oz. plain flour.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs. Sift flour, soda, cream tartar, cinnamon and nutmeg together, add a little at a time with milk. Mix cocoa with a little hot water, then add coconut lastly. Bake in paper-lined tin in moderate oven for 40 minutes. When cold, ice with the following mixture: 2 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 dessertspoon cocoa. If too stiff, add a little milk, spread on cake and sprinkle with coconut.

First prize of £1 to Mrs. W. Gard, Pawleena, via Sorell, Tas.

### ICED INDIAN CREAMS.

Peel and mince 1 onion, fry in 1 dessertspoonful butter, then drain; add the pulp of a small tomato, 1 teaspoonful chutney, 1 teaspoonful meat paste, 1 gill of white stock, pinch cayenne, little grated lemon rind and nutmeg. Cook until pulpy and pass through a sieve. Stir in the sieved whites and yolks of 2 hard-boiled eggs, 6oz. of finely minced poultry or veal, and a little yellow coloring; add 1 gill of whipped cream. Fill large paper party cases, making the mixture stand higher than the edge of the cases; sprinkle top with chopped gherkins and set on ice for half an hour.

Second prize of 10/- to H. Bell, C/o Bell's Shop, White Horse Rd., Balwyn, Vic.

### PINEAPPLE BUTTERSCOTCH PARFAIT

Boil 1/2 cup white sugar, 1/2 cup brown sugar, and 1 tablespoon butter with 1/2 cup water till it forms a soft ball in cold water. Beat 2 egg whites and pour syrup over them. Chill. Fold into 1/2 pint whipped cream with 1/2 cup drained, crushed pineapple and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Soak 1/2 teaspoon gelatine in 1/2 cup cold water, then melt over hot water and add to mixture. Beat thoroughly and put in ice chest for 3 hours. Serve in parfait glasses topped with maraschino cherries.

Consolation prize of 5/- to Mrs. J. C. Doss, 11 Hilda Terrace, Hawthorn, S.A.

### PUMPKIN SCONES

Half cup of sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg, 1 cup pumpkin (boiled and mashed), 3 cups of self-raising flour.

Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the boiled pumpkin and egg. Sift in the flour, turn on the board, roll out and cut. Bake in a good oven. If too stiff, add a little milk. If plain flour is used, add 2 teaspoons of baking powder.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Abernethy, Rushleigh, Blenheim Rd., Tweed Heads, N.S.W.

### WEST INDIAN TART

Butter a dish well and dust it thickly with breadcumbs, putting a good layer on the bottom, and then cover with slices of banana. Beat together 2oz. butter and 2oz. sugar, then beat in the yolks of 3 eggs. Add grated rind of half a lemon and sift in 2oz. flour. Beat mixture well, and spread over bananas. Bake in moderate oven until cooked. Next beat the whites of 3 eggs with a little sugar, spread over top of mixture and return to oven for 5 minutes to set.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Miss Alma Maher, 183 Marine Street, Tamworth, N.S.W.

## THEY DON'T CALL HIM "TUBBY" NOW

Lost His Fat by Taking  
Kruschen

"I have been rather adverse to any advertised medicine," writes a correspondent, "but a friend of mine whom I had not seen for two years, visited me seven weeks ago, and I must tell you I was fairly amazed to see him. When I last saw him he was 15 st. 8 lbs. I thought he had been ill, but he tells me that he never felt better in his life. I asked him how he lost his fat, because we used to call him 'Tubby.' He said, 'By taking Kruschen Salts regularly every morning.' I could hardly credit it, but knowing him well, I can believe him."—P. E.

Overweight arises frequently because the system is loaded with unexpended waste, like a furnace choked with ashes and soot. Allowed to accumulate, this waste matter is turned into layer after layer of unhealthy and uncomfortable fat.

The six salts in Kruschen assist the internal organs to throw off each day the wastage and poisons that encumber the system. Then, little by little, that ugly fat goes—slowly, yes—but surely.

## ECZEMA

SKIN & SCALP DISEASES

Succeeding even when specialists have been baffled, Mr. J. J. McHugh, the brilliant young Sydney consulting chemist, has become famous for the complete relief of many cases of skin diseases considered hopeless. His remarkable success is due to his secret formula and unique methods of personal diagnosis. One of the most amazing cases of Eczema successfully treated by Mr. McHugh is that of an Australian woman who had suffered for over five years and had spent over £300 in unsatisfactory treatment of all kinds, without relief.



Mr. J. J. McHugh

Mr. McHugh's formula has won him fame throughout Australia and New Zealand, and even in U.S.A. For successful treatment of Eczema, Psoriasis, Germ Under Nail, Varicose Veins, Ulcers, Tropical Ringworm, Ringworm, Dermatitis, Scabies, Ringworm, Acne, Pimples, and similar distressing complaints. His treatment ranks among the remarkable advances made in medical science. Hundreds of sufferers have been effectively treated by post as well as personally. The Australian Women's Weekly readers are invited to write enclosing stamped envelope for full details of treatment to Mr. J. J. McHugh, P.O. Consulting Chemist, 1247 Liverpool Street (First Floor), opposite Snows, Sydney.

HOUSES: Monday to Thursday, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Friday, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturday, 9 a.m. to 12 noon. Phone, MAMEE. Listen-in to my personal broadcast on Skin Diseases from Station 2SM at 1.15 each Wednesday evening 8.45.

## 2GB

### GREGORY STROUD

Fine actor and singer—famous in Australia for his appearances in Gilbert and Sullivan roles, and in London as lead in many musical comedies, including "Sally" and "Lilac Time." Gregory Stroud will make a series of personal appearances from 2GB in songs and sketches from his repertoire. Mr. Stroud has been a favorite with Australian audiences ever since he first appeared here in "Chu Chin Chow" as "Nu-Al-Din."

### FAMOUS GILBERT AND SULLIVAN ARTIST

IN SIX PERSONAL APPEARANCES

GREGORY STROUD FROM 2GB

Saturday, January 25, at 8.0 p.m.

Monday to Friday, January 27-31, at 9.45 p.m.

(By Courtesy, J. C. Williamson, Ltd.)

### THE VAGABONDS OF THE PRAIRIES

From lonely camp-fires and the far-flung cattle ranches comes the haunting music of America's old Wild West—the simple songs with which the pioneers beguiled their leisure hours. Now, my, now grim, now melancholy, these songs touch a responsive chord in the hearts of Australians, who know, too, the loneliness and stillness of the great cattle lands. "Vagabonds of the Prairies" are heard from 2GB each Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday at 7.15 p.m.

## THE NATION'S STATION



# THRILLS for a PARTY!

Pretty to look at, good to taste... but by no means too rich

**I**F IT were left to the children to invent an excuse for a party just now, all—barring those blessed with birthdays in the immediate future—would, and unanimously, vote for a big, bright one before school reopens. And a rather good idea, don't you think? Consider how the magic word "party" would uplift lagging spirits, and hearten all little ones who dread the long, long vista of lessons and laborious homework.

By RUTH FURST

Cookery Expert to  
The Australian Women's  
Weekly



"THE DUNCE." Just an ice-cream cone with raisins for eyes, and a cherry for lips.

WHEN giving a children's tea-party let it be a "sit-down" one, unless the children are well in their teens, when they will enjoy the party all the more if the food is served buffet-style. When catering for children, be kind to the mothers also, and only provide dishes that are wholesome. Rich foods are most unsuitable, and usually cause disaster.

Remember, too, that fancy paper plates and cups lessen work, and eliminate possibility of breakages.

Children of to-day enjoy savories as well as sweets, so it is as well to provide savory sandwiches. If meat sandwiches are to be made put the meat through a mincer. Remember to cut the sandwiches small, making them easy for little fingers to hold.

Here are some suggestions:  
**Dominoes:** Bake a plain cake mixture in a Swiss roll tin. When cold, ice with white warm icing. When set, cut into slices 3 inches x 1 1/2 inches, and then decorate with chocolate royal icing—drawing a line through the centre of each and dotting each side to represent dominoes.

**Parcel Post Cakes:** Have an oblong piece of plain or fruit cake. Place shortbread finger biscuits on top and at sides of cake (close together) to look like wooden strips. On top put a square of white icing to represent label, and with chocolate royal icing write address on label and put dot on each corner of label and 4 on each biscuit to represent nails. Also the words "This side up," "Fragile," "With Care" may be written.  
**Candlesticks:** Peel pineapple, and cut into slices. Remove core carefully, peel, and cut banana in two; place the cut end in centre of slice of pineapple, then make a small slit in top of banana and insert small piece of cherry to represent flame.

**Toffee Apples:** Wash and dry apples; insert a skewer firmly and dip in toffee, colored red. Stand upright on greased plates till set.

**Chocolate Junket:** Blend chocolate in the milk before heating, then make junket in usual way. Pour into small

sandwich glasses when set and cold, top with cream and decorate with nuts.

**Petit Fours:** Small cakes cut into fancy shapes. Cover with icing colored to suit color scheme, decorated with nuts, cherries, angelica, etc. served in paper cases.

**Peaches:** Plain cake mixture cooked in gem form. When cold, scoop a little out, put in a little jam and join two together. Paint with cochineal and roll in coconut.

**Birthday cake for boy** can be iced, then decorated with cricket bat and stumps, model of Boy Scout, football aeroplane, etc.

**Birthday cake for girl** iced in pale colored icing to suit color scheme, decorated with candles, dolls, crinolines, lace, hundreds and thousands, etc.

**Meringue Cakes & layer cake**, cover with icing, then cover with tiny colored meringues.

**Lansingtons:** Small squares of cake completely covered with chocolate vienna icing, then rolled in browned coconut.

**Rose Cakelets:** Cake mixture, baked in deep party tins. When cold scoop



CANDLESTICKS and jellied orange caps are two exciting delicacies which may be prepared with ease. See recipes.

out centre, fill with jam or stewed fruit and decorate with rose of sweetened whipped cream.

**Bird's Nest:** Rounds of sponge cake, with plain forcing tube press the icing round and round the circle of cake till it looks like rough twigs of wood. Place tiny round sweets in the centre to represent eggs. Or one large cake can be made in the same way.

**Novel Place Cards** are easily made by icing the flat side of Aspart's milk arrowroot biscuits, with colored warm icing and piping the name of each guest in chocolate icing or white icing.

Small cakes can be iced with colored icing, and the initial of the child piped on or outlined in silver candour.

## MUSHROOM CAKE.

Three ounces butter, 3oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, vanilla, 6oz. self-raising flour, white warm icing, chocolate vienna icing, almond paste.

Make cake mixture, turn into well-greased basin-shaped mould. Bake 30 to 40 minutes, turn out to cake cooler. Next day cut the top of cake level and scoop out a little in imitation of a mushroom. Completely cover round side with thick warm icing. Leave till quite set. Turn over and cover the scooped-out side with chocolate vienna icing, roughing it in lines with a fork to imitate a mushroom. Make a small quantity of almond paste. Make into a roll, forming a stalk and place in the centre of icing. Leave till all is set and dry. Serve on plate with d'oyley.

## MUSHROOMS

Line greased gem moulds with rounds of thin pastry. Put a little jam in the bottom, then a spoonful of cake mixture. Bake in a moderate oven, 12 to 15



WHERE IS THE CHILD who does not feel delightfully important at seeing his or her name on a little place card? These novel place cards can be eaten after the feast begins.

minutes. When cold ice the top with chocolate vienna icing, score across with a fork and place the stalk (made from a small piece of cooked pastry) in the centre. Serve on a plate with paper d'oyley.

## FROGGY CAKES

Make a genoise or sponge mixture, and bake in a 9 x 9 Swiss roll tin. When cooled and cold, cut into small rounds with plain cutter. Squeeze together and completely cover with pale green icing and leave till quite dry. Then form a little round ring of icing where eyes should be, and put a silver candour in each. Cut a slit for the mouth.

## ORANGEADE

Three oranges, 1 quart boiling water, 2oz. loaf sugar (10 lumps). Peel oranges very thinly. Rub the sugar on the outside of the oranges till all the oil is extracted. Put half the rind, the squeezed juice, and sugar into a jug. Pour on the boiling water. Cover the jug and leave till quite cold. Strain immediately through muslin or it will be bitter.

## JELLY ORANGES

Oranges, 1 packet red jelly. Cut oranges in halves and scoop out the centre, leaving only the skins, and be careful not to break. Make the jelly in the usual way, adding some orange juice instead of water. Stir till well-dissolved, and when cold pour into the orange skins and leave till set. Serve on a bed of green leaves or decorate with whipped cream, and garnish with cherries and nuts.



MUSHROOM CAKE looks most realistic. See recipe on this page.

## JELLY SNOW

One tablespoon powdered gelatine, 1 tablespoon plain flour, 2 cups water, 1 cup sugar, essence, to taste.

Blend flour in a little water, then add the remainder with sugar, dissolved gelatine and essence. Stir over the gas till clear; when cool beat with whisk till light and fluffy. Serve in glass dishes.

## RAINBOW CAKE

Six ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 1 gill milk, 12oz. s.s. flour, 1 demerolspoon, grated chocolate or cocoa, carmine, vanilla. Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs, then milk and vanilla, lastly well-sifted flour. Divide into three,



PARTY THRILLS... the feast is, of course, the great event of any party, but it must be remembered that simple fare dressed up attractively is just as exciting to children as those over-sweet creamy things which so often have disastrous results.

## TRIFLE

Half-grown sponge cakes, 1 pint custard, whipped cream, strawberry jam, milk, blanched almonds. Split the sponge cake and spread with jam. Join and cut in half. Place the cake in a glass dish and sprinkle with a few chopped almonds. Pour the milk over and allow to stand one hour, then pour the custard over. Whip the cream and add the sugar and vanilla. Place in a forcing bag and pipe and decorate the top of the custard. Garnish with blanched almonds.

## PEACHES IN JELLY

One tin peaches, 1 packet red jelly, whipped cream. Arrange the peaches in a glass dish. Make one jelly, using the syrup from the peaches as the liquid towards the jelly. Mix well, and when almost cold pour over the peaches. Leave on the ice till quite firm and set. Decorate with roses of whipped cream, or peaches can be set in jelly in small individual dishes or paper cases.

**FREE** Send your name and address to: White's Jelly Crystals, Box 2104-S, G.P.O., Melbourne for White's Free Recipe Book in which you can paste the recipes published regularly in this Journal.

## TODAY'S RECIPE

**SUGAR PLUM SURPRISE**—1 Packet White's Damson Jelly dissolved in 1 Pint (3 cups) Boiling Water. Set aside until firm. Slice half rings of Canned Pineapple and Soaked Dried Apricots and Seeded Prunes in thick Sugar Syrup for 20 minutes or until glazed. Cool and serve with Jelly.

## All the Flavour of the Actual Fruit

The pure flavour of delicious fruit, ripened in sunny fields—that's what you get in White's Jelly Crystals. Every flavour is made from the real juice of the fruit... retaining all its tangy flavour... and all its healthful nourishment. White's Jelly Crystals make an excellent start for a hot summer's day—serve it for breakfast. See how it is appreciated!

Your choice of 20 flavours.

Apricot, Black Currant, Calves' Foot, Champagne, Cherry, Damson, Greengage, Lemon, Lime-fruit, Madras, Nectarine, Orange, Peach, Pineapple, Port Wine, Raspberry, Red Currant, Strawberry, Tangeline, Vanilla.



**WHITE'S** Pure Fruit JELLY CRYSTALS

**CHAMPION'S** PURE MALT VINEGAR

BREWED FROM A 200 YEARS OLD RECIPE!



This true Tomato Sauce contains all the goodness of sun-ripe tomatoes; delicately spiced. It is delightful with all meat dishes.

Try also

WORCESTER SAUCE  
FRUIT CHUTNEY  
APRICOT CHUTNEY



## Sickly Kids Get Fat and Strong

Keeps them at School

Poor, pale, skinny little folks that wring mother's heart. It's so easy to build them up and make them strong if you will only give them Cod Liver Oil—but in the same way as sweetest! Doctors say Cod Liver Oil is the best thing ever known in cases of rickets, bony legs, bony chests. And it fills out "match-stick" bodies amazingly. But mother just can't bear to see her little ones with the horrible, fatty liquid that upsets delicate stomachs—and that is why they generally stay thin and sickly!

Then ask any good chemist for a box of McCoy's Cod Liver Compound Tablets and give your child all the wonderfully rich, health-building benefits of good liver oil—triple concentrated—in sugar-coated tablets that are as nice to take as lollies. McCoy's Tablets are guaranteed to put on 5 pounds in 30 days, and you feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—or their price is refunded.

A box of these (triple active) Cod Liver tablets has made thousands of Australian mothers happy after they'd almost given up hope. Read this cheerful letter:

"After trying so many remedies, which have cost so much, McCoy's Tablets have worked wonders for my little girl, who was so frail and thin up to 4 years of age we had to wheel her about in her pram. After 3 boxes her appetite improved, and after the third box she looked a different child. She picked up so quickly. The day she is a picture of health and happiness. She is 5 years 1 month and walks 3 miles to and from school and has not missed a day."—Mrs. E. M. Shinn, Tregeagle St., Inland, on original and genuine McCoy's Tablets—(to-day).\*\*\* Copyright

## To keep always The Thrill of Youthful Feminine CHARM

The daily battle of Aging changes from a losing to a winning one directly you start to use Kathleen Court's "Facial Youth". It is an amazing discovery. No matter your age, or how rough, red, veined, wrinkled, freckled or blemished your skin, as soon as you apply "Facial Youth" you double your beauty!

**Nothing Else Like It!** "Facial Youth" makes you look and feel years younger. It whitens, softens, smooths, and opens pores; holds powder fastidiously, for hours. Pleasantly perfumed, but in nothing apart, no clinging, no restrictive, no greasy. Use "Facial Youth" yourself this very day. See how it refreshes and refreshes your skin, restores your charm and attractiveness. Ask your chemist or store today for a package of "Facial Youth". Tubes at 1/- and 3/6. Also a Special Liquid (Astringent) Form, in bottles at 1/6. Liquefying Face-dressing Cream, 2/6. If any difficulty in procuring, send order to nearest address below.

KATHLEEN COURT, 111 Regent Street, London, W.1, Australia. Home: Victoria 4340. Branches: Melbourne, N.Z. or Chinese Chambers, 402 and Market Street, Johannesburg, S.A.

You risk Bloodpoisoning  
if you neglect those



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Soothes and  
Heals them

If you are living in the country, far from medical attention, never be without Rexona Ointment. It's the ideal "first aid." Remember the air around is just teeming with infectious germs and even the slightest scratch gives them a chance to penetrate the broken skin. Rexona's antiseptic and healing properties guard against the danger of infection.

Mr. Thomas Jones, a woodcutter in Matlock, writes:

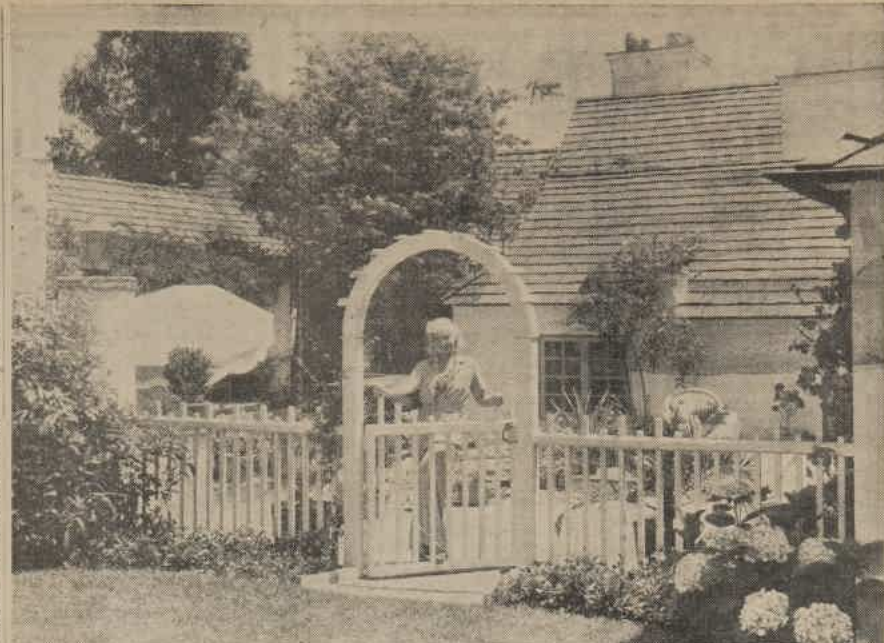
"For some time I suffered with sap poisoning from a small cut on one of my fingers. Nothing seemed to do it any good, until I tried Rexona. It soon healed up, then Rexona for the stuff for poisoned hands."

**Rexona**

OINTMENT

The rapid healer

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED



GARDEN-LOVERS will find much in this attractive picture to interest them. Note the way in which the garden is fenced off; the sunny courtyard, tiny, maybe, but a picture with its array of potted plants and garden furniture. The girl at the picturesque garden gate is Joan Blondell, of First National and Vitaphone pictures.

## Sweet Peas Will Brighten Winter Gardens

—and fill your homes with color  
and fragrance on dull, dreary days.  
Now is the time to plant them!

—Says the OLD GARDENER.

**P**ERHAPS the most interesting flowers to grow are sweet peas, because they can be so easily trained in such fascinating ways. You can set them in the background of your garden—train them on fence or wall—or you may push them to the foreground as the pivot of your garden scheme, and train them in pillars or pyramids of flowers. And with their astonishing variety of colors, their fragrance, they are very beautiful.

**SWEET-PEA** planting-time is with us again, and to secure early flowers let us plant out now. By making early plantings, a prolific supply of flowers may be had before the severe winter weather sets in, and again during the spring the same plants will continue the good work with a splendid display of blooms.

Sweet peas will grow in almost any soil. All that is needed is special care and attention and application of the necessary plant-food to help them along. They require free, open soil, well-drained, and thoroughly trenched. The trenched is one of the most important operations. Always remember the deeper the roots can go down in search of plant-food, the more healthy the plant, the larger the flowers, the longer the stems, and the longer the flowering period.

Select a position facing the north-east where they will receive all of the morning sun. Have the rows running north and south. This allows the sun, as it travels westward, to appear on both sides of the row. A good idea (people growing flowers to sell do it) is to have the rows running north and south, five feet apart. This gives room to work in comfort during the growing period, and allows the sun to penetrate well between the rows on each side of the plants.

Another good position is along a wall of a building. The sun during the cold winter strikes the wall and so the warmth is held and penetrates the soil to the roots of the plants. Growing along a paling fence has the same effect.

### Pillars of Glory

**HAVE** pillars of sweet peas here and there through the garden. They are most attractive. This scheme may be carried out by driving stakes in, say three or four, and placing wire netting around them in the shape of a half-moon.

This is much better than the circle idea, as one can weed and attend to the plants quite easily.

Another good way for pillar growing

is to drive stakes in a slanting position and bring plants to a point at the top. One seed should be planted at the base of each stake and the plants trained up them.

### How to Trench

**THE** trench for sweet peas should be dug at least two feet deep. Of course, the deeper the better. If the soil is heavy or clay, place in the bottom plenty of lime, but first of all loosen the bottom of the trench and leave the soil thin. Then place on a good layer of lime, on top of the lime about four inches of loamy soil, then a layer of well-rotted manure—horse manure for heavy soil, cow manure for light soil.

Keep on with these alternate layers of soil and manure until the trench is filled in. When complete, dust along the row with a light dressing of blood, and bone and superphosphate mixed in equal quantities. Rake in lightly. Now open it, drill about three inches deep and plant the seeds in this drill, about three inches apart. Cover up and water well.

In a short time the young plants will begin to show through, and with plenty of water they should commence to flower within eight to ten weeks.

### They Revel in Lime

**A** DRESSING of lime along the rows from time to time, forked in lightly, will be of great value in the growing of the plants. Sweet peas revel in lime, which also prevents various insects from attacking the plants, and is beneficial in keeping down slugs and snails.

When the plants have attained a height of about three inches the top should be nipped. Side shoots will then appear. These should be trained up the trellis or wire in a fan-like shape. These should also be nipped to encourage other laterals and so trained as to give an even distribution of foliage and flowers. Cut away all surplus shoots.

When sweet peas are trained systematically it is much easier to care for them when spraying for insect pests, etc. When the blooms begin to appear, they should be constantly gathered, as this cutting prolongs the life of the plant,

and the more you cut the flowers, the more flowers the plants will give.

Some varieties well worth a trial are: Albany Beauty (orange salmon), Albany Lavender (delicate lavender), Biplane (chocolate and white), Blue Bird (clear blue), Charnoise (glossy cerise), Concord Charm (white, tinted heliotrope), Concord Countess (pink), Laura (purple maroon), Yarrowa (deep rosy pink), Thalia Motte (crimson), Winsome (lavender, tinted pink), Glitters (reddish orange), Madama (white), Fascination (cream flushed heliotrope).



## SLEEP WELL TONIGHT!

**BEFORE** you go to bed to-night, take two Nyal ESTERIN tablets with a glass of warm milk. You'll sleep like a top! Sleeplessness is usually the outcome of nervous unrest, pain or mental disturbance—troubles which can be traced back to a disturbed condition of the nerve centres. Esterin brings restful sleep quickly because it contains a new sedative—Esterin Compound—which acts directly on these nerve centres, calming the nerves and soothing away pain, bringing rest to mind and body. Esterin contains ingredients that are regularly prescribed by doctors for the prompt relief of pain. It is absolutely safe and does not form a habit. Esterin is sold in a handy tin, by all chemists. 1/3.

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**ESTERIN**

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**PASTETH-VASCLYN**, a new, pleasant powder keeps teeth firmly in place. No gummy, sticky, pasty taste or feeling. To eat and laugh in comfort, just sprinkle a little PASTETH-VASCLYN on your plates. Get it to-day from any good chemist.

## MARVELLOUS RECOVERIES FROM

# LUNG TROUBLE

We receive many letters containing similar, heartfelt stories of thanks from those with Lung Trouble, for the wonderful relief from suffering obtained by the Inhalation of Membroseus Dry Inhalation Treatment.

Letter after letter tells of progressive recovery. The cough becomes less distressing, they are able to sleep at night, their appetite improves, they gain weight and strength, the spasm gradually lessens, haemorrhages and night sweats cease, their friends commence to visit them again, and there is a new feeling of buoyancy and hope of complete recovery being made. Later on, so many are able to report that this goal has been reached.

Here is a typical letter:

"Until a few weeks back my daughter never had a good night's sleep. She is now bright and has lost her hitherto dependent outlook. She used to sit at home gazing into space, but she is quite different. Thank God she sleeps the night through and is able to lie on her back or side and rest beautifully. She dreaded the thought of bed, but now goes to bed early. Her cough is not as all distressing now, and she gets rid of an awful lot of snot without troubling. She also now enjoys her food."

Membroseus Dry Inhalation rules sufferers of

## ASTHMA BRONCHITIS

Membroseus, because of its logical internal action through the blood stream, does bring results. Complete recovery without the slightest recurrence of the complaint is the experience of many previous sufferers from Asthma and Bronchitis. Here are two reports recently received.

**BRONCHITIS:** "Membroseus has done my daughter the world of good. She has almost lost the use of her voice, but now she has a wonderful change in her."

**ASTHMA:** "It is nearly 3 years since I first used Membroseus for Bronchial Asthma. After a month's treatment I had practically lost the wretched complaint that I had had for many years. Since using Membroseus I have improved in health each year and went through last winter without a sign of Asthma."

Membroseus is different—it gives more than just relief.

## CATARRH HAY FEVER ANTRUM TROUBLE

WITHOUT OPERATION

Membroseus has given marvelous relief and dispelled for ALL TIME those dreadful symptoms which it has hitherto been believed impossible to get rid of—that is the consensus of reports from sufferers.

Membroseus is successful because—

The fumes enter the blood stream, clearing away the toxins and germs which cause the trouble. Head noises disappear, hearing and sense of smell are frequently restored, the constant sneezing fits and running nose, and the distressing hawking and spitting are some things of the past. You wake in the morning with the nostrils and throat quite clear, and you are able to mix with others without embarrassment. Membroseus—the wonderful inhalation treatment—will do this for you.

**MEMBROSUS (Regd.)**  
DRY INHALATION TREATMENT

For particulars, call or send a stamped addressed envelope, mentioning your complaint, to MEMBROSUS CO. (City Office) IRVING'S PHARMACY (established 20 years), Gowing's Building, Room 22, 43 Market Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Tel. MA2224.



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Instead of coating your lips with paste, TATTOO them with transparent, even, luscious colour that really stays all day. Here's how you do it! Apply TATTOO like ordinary lipstick . . . let it set a moment . . . then wipe it off. And there are your lips, evenly, gorgeously, invitingly and lastingly red. There are four thrilling shades from which to choose. Obtainable everywhere.



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## TATTOO

## On Sunny Days



### —DON'T FORGET TO USE HINDS CREAM!

Besides protecting your skin from sun and wind-burn, Hinds will give it youthful freshness and charming softness.

For the face, neck, arms and hands. Protects, Softens, Beautifies.

1/- and 2/6 everywhere.

Buy the 2/6 size and obtain 4 times the quantity.

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Accept only HINDS—Refuse Imitations



## GRAVOX

The Ideal GRAVY MAKER for SOUPS, STEWS, PIES, PUDDINGS, and ALL SAVOURIES. SALTS, SEASONS, THICKENS and BROWNS

Send 1d. Stamp for FREE SAMPLE

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## FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS A Plea for Mothercraft Courses in Our Schools

By MARY TRUBY KING

In England, statistics have elicited the fact that only about 40 per cent. of expectant mothers make use of the ante-natal clinics.

Australian figures are not available, but we do know that, apart from those who stay away from a false sense of modesty, there are many mothers-to-be who do not seem to know of the facilities provided by the ante-natal clinics throughout each State.

It is not sufficient to provide adequate ante-natal advice: there must also be the will on the part of Australians to make use of such services to the best possible advantage.

I feel a greater proportion of mothers would attend such centres were they better educated to the tremendous benefits to be derived (both for themselves and their children) by attending regularly from the first month of pregnancy.

The schoolroom is the ideal place for the introduction of instruction on the necessity for making use of such services.

If every girl left school with the knowledge that these services existed and that it was her duty to the State to make use of them after marriage, I feel convinced we would greatly lessen our maternal deaths.

Every school should have mothercraft classes for girls of 12-13 years and over, as an integral part of its ordinary curriculum.

### Teach Them Young

LETTERS come to me continually from young married women wanting instruction on matters which should have been taught them by skilled mothercraft nurses in their latter school days. Such letters are pathetic in the extreme, showing up as they do the utter futility of the idea that any subject may be crammed into the growing mind save a working basis of the laws of nature in regard to the human body.

The schools present a valuable opportunity for an introduction to the necessity of utilising both ante-natal and post-natal clinics.

Perhaps it would be wiser if the prefix "ante" were forgotten and the word "pre-natal" solely used in its place, for undoubtedly some have a confused understanding of the term. In my own experience I have known this to happen.

### Avoid Mental Anxiety

HOLLAND, Denmark, and Sweden are infinitely ahead of us in the matter of maternal mortality. In these countries there is a very plentiful supply of fully-trained midwives—women of good education who are adequately paid for their services.

Child-bearing is a natural and normal function. It is just as necessary for the expectant mother to be free from mental anxiety as it is for her to be free from bodily ailments.

Consulting a nurse at a pre-natal clinic does much to banish foolish "old wives' tales" which are still even in these days of enlightenment, passed on over back fences.

If only these nervous scared women would confide their fears early in pregnancy, to a sympathetic and understanding nurse, they would, in the majority of cases, have them instantly dispelled by the light of reason, and be able to go through their nine months' waiting in confident happiness.

The real dangers of motherhood are few, and warning signs of them are quickly recognised by trained eyes and trained minds at the pre-natal centres. Mothers who receive the necessary instruction about reporting possible departures from the normal may set their minds at ease about the rest. But it is essential that they know what is normal—in other words what to expect.

### Valuable Instruction

It is at the pre-natal centres that valuable instruction is given regarding preparation of the breasts for natural feeding. Breast feeding is now, mercifully, the fashion. Women are no longer self-conscious or ashamed of this natural function, nor do they believe, as they did some time ago, that three out of every four mothers cannot breast-feed their babies, however much they may wish to!

The naturally-fed baby is invariably the healthiest. Mankind is for ever striving after so-called "wealth"—but



## "JUST WATCH HER NOW, MOTHER!"

Who would think that a few months ago she was backward! Yet now she is gloriously healthy, her brain and fingers fascinated by this wonderful world all day long. Laxettes made her happy. Laxettes made her well. Laxettes made her happy. For Laxettes DO MOST GOOD, and do it in the HAPPIEST WAY. Children love them. Laxettes cleanse the system completely, yet gently, with no strain, no nervous upset, no exhaustion. Make YOUR baby happy and healthy by using Laxettes always. Definitely refuse imitations. Insist on the genuine, 1/6 a big tin, at all chemists.

Guaranteed not to be Habit-Forming

## LAXETTES

No matter how moderately priced

EVERY BERLEI IS GUARANTEED  
against reasonable wear and tear  
WHEN CORRECTLY FITTED TO TYPE

YOUR FAVOURITE STORE KNOWS  
HOW TO FIT YOUR BERLEI

Now's the time when all thrifty women are end-of-summer buying. And in the corset department they're buying Berleis. Because every Berlei is true to type. Because every Berlei is guaranteed. Five Berlei best-sellers are:—

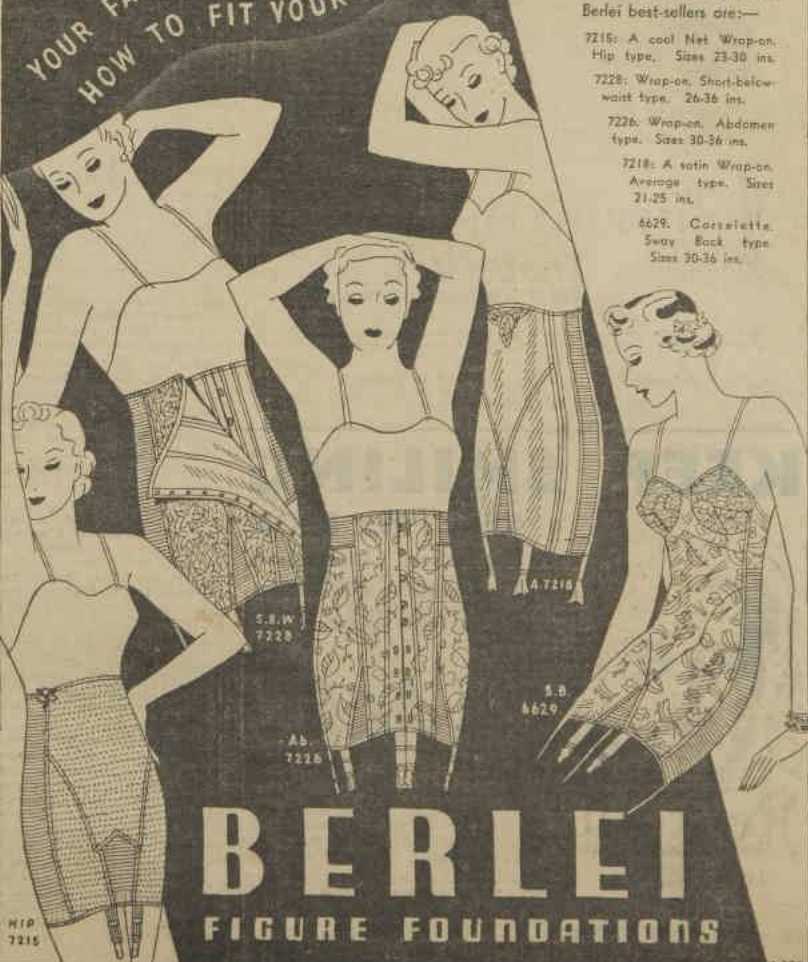
7215: A cool Net Wrap-on. Hip type. Sizes 23-30 ins.

7228: Wrap-on. Short-belted-waist type. 26-36 ins.

7226: Wrap-on. Abdomen type. Sizes 30-36 ins.

7218: A satin Wrap-on. Average type. Sizes 21-25 ins.

6629: Corsetette. Sway Back type. Sizes 30-36 ins.



## BERLEI

FIGURE FOUNDATIONS



And do I know what's good for me?...



Johnson's Baby Powder is the kind that makes babies happy. It's made of the finest talc—soft as satin. That's why it is best for your own skin, too. Also use Johnson's Baby Soap, and Baby Cream on your own skin, and for baby.

**Johnson's BABY powder**  
BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Talc, the Modern Toothbrush, Mace, etc.

Johnson's Baby Soap reduced in price  
Now 6d. per tablet

**KEEP SMILING**

KEEP FREE FROM  
Headaches, Indigestion,  
Constipation, Biliousness,  
KEEP REGULAR WITH



**Beecham's PILLS**

Whether you are a victim of Liveriness, Indigestion, Headache, Beecham's Pills remove the cause—CONSTIPATION. 99% of daily ills are due to this one cause. It poisons your whole system. But Beecham's purify, tone and regulate. They keep you always fit, fresh and smiling.

The World's Medicine

## The BARBARIAN

Continued from Page 6

IN desperation, Arthur put the matter before Calthorpe Burdett, but the catastrophe left the elder man unmoved. Burdett showed no sympathy. On the contrary, he declared that he had foreseen something of this sort, and his firm could not keep in its employ a man who speculated beyond his means. It was peculiar, but the East played havoc with most Europeans. It rotted their fibre. Not one in ten could survive. Tickets to England would be provided and Arthur and his wife could sail on the next steamer.

Crenshaw was staggered. He argued, he pleaded, but Burdett was adamant. Finally, in heat the younger man confessed: "I made a fool of myself, granted. But I'm damned if I'll be run out of this place like a criminal. I'll get another job and pay off my debts before I budge."

Joan was aghast at the calamity, but she took it bravely. The blame, she asserted, was more hers than Arthur's; she should have realised their extravagance. But she would cut expenses to the bone and they would make good the debt.

The code of the East is liberal, but ironbound. Once a European is discharged from a job it is hard to get another. In Arthur's case he found it next to impossible. He was received with chilly politeness where he had been more than welcome; his friends dropped away from him; he and Joan were no longer invited out. At first he was angry, then he grew resentful. He smarted under his wrongs and the cruel injustice to Joan. As if she were to blame! Damned cads!

By the time they had been obliged to move out of their bungalow and into a shabby hotel he had grown gloomy, vindictive; he cursed the tropics and said they had betrayed him. He began to drink.

Joan watched the change in her husband with the same terror she would have watched the creeping advance of some slow disease, and her every effort to check it failed. More than once she urged that they return home, and offered to sell her few valuables—there were still enough left to cover passage on a cheap boat—but the man refused. The country had robbed him; he proposed to make it pay.

He returned home one evening with his breath smelling strongly of liquor; there was a smouldering rage in his eyes as he announced:

"Well, I've landed a job at last. I'm a warehouse clerk in Rooter's godown." When Joan stared at him uncomprehendingly he explained. "Any half-caste could hold it, but I couldn't refuse. We'd have been thrown out of this filthy hotel before long."

"It's better than nothing, old boy," Joan managed to say. "And it will lead to something more substantial." She maintained an air of cheerfulness during the evening, but in the black hours of the night she wept.

LIFE soon became a nightmare to the young wife, for, instead of bucking up, Arthur brooded and drank the more. Joan realised that he was indeed mentally ill.

Of necessity, he had resigned from his club; hence they had no social contacts whatever. In fact, it was only by the exercise of the strictest economy that they managed to live at all, and Joan grew shabbier constantly. Nevertheless she made no complaint.

One day, after several months had dragged by, Arthur announced suddenly that he had lost his position, and in answer to his wife's words of sympathy he broke out: "Oh, it was coming to me! I took chances and—got caught!"

"Took chances?"

"I sold a bit of stuff now and then

"Arthur!"

"Why not? I had to make ends meet. The swine didn't pay me enough to live on. . . . Everybody's on the make out here. Look what that broker did to me! I've learned the whole thing was crooked; they made a false market and unloaded their own shares on their friends."

"But—we can't go on this way—"

"I tell you I'll get even, one way or another."

"Not by stealing, surely."

"For God's sake, don't lecture!"

Arthur seized his topi and strode out of the room, leaving his wife crushed.

Joan was thoroughly terrified now.

Arthur a thief! . . . And yet there was a certain courage about that confession, for he could have hidden on the trust from her easily enough. Or was it courage? Perhaps it was defiance. Perhaps he had grown wholly indifferent to her. Whatever the truth, the future now was dark indeed.

That affair at Rooter's turned out to be only the first of several similar "misfortunes" as Arthur termed them. He and Joan left Singapore finally and drifted to Malacca, then on to Kuala Lumpur, Ipoh and Penang. Crenshaw

worked at one thing and another: he tallied cargo, he was a clerk at a tin mine, he recruited labor in kampungs, but sooner or later he was always fired, and Joan suspected why.

Husband and wife had fallen steadily in the social scale, of course. The time came when they were considered a nuisance to the white man's prestige. This was death to Joan, but when she mentioned leaving the East, Arthur flew into a rage and refused to budge.

"Naturally it makes them sore to have me kicking about," he would say. "That's why I hang on. Run me out? Never!"

Not many women would have stuck to a man under these circumstances, but Joan was not the quitting kind. What is more, she still loved her husband and believed in him. He was a sick man, she told herself, a woman had eaten into his brain; if ever he had need of her, it was now. Yes, and she was altogether to blame for his breakdown.

Three years of anguished watching and waiting wore round, at the end of which time Arthur could pick up nothing more than an occasional odd job; he and Joan found themselves living in the half-caste quarter of Penang.

IT was there that their fortunes turned; there that Said Abdul Buriala came into their lives again.

Joan recognised him as he stepped out of a gharry and swung open their tumble-down gate.

"Mrs. Crenshaw," he began, "I am delighted that you remember me. I have had a long search for you."

Color mounted to Joan's forehead. She was acutely conscious of her appearance and the story it told.

"You are embarrassed," he said gravely, "but so am I. I understand everything." After a pause he continued speaking. "It may seem an impertinence for me to intrude, but you were once kind to me. A friend is one soul with two bodies. May I not be of assistance to you and your husband?"

"Why—thanks. You're very kind, but—Arthur went out after tiffin and I don't expect him—"

"So much the better. We can speak with less constraint. I was in Singapore recently and I tried to look you up. I made inquiries and I heard a story that made my heart swim in tears. Was it true? . . . You may tell me, for the bosoms of the wise are the tombs of secrets."

Joan answered in a low voice. "Every word was true, Mr. Buriala. But—when they treated Arthur abominably. We've gone down steadily; we're at the bottom of the pit. Arthur has changed dreadfully. He's sick—sick, but he'd never accept charity."

"Nor would I offer charity," the Said declared. "At this moment I need a manager for one of my pearling fleets. He would have to live on the water much of the time, but you would have a bungalow in Dobo. It is not a nice place, but I guarantee your safety. The salary would be liberal. In a few years it would lead to independence."

Joan stared at the speaker, silent, dazed, breathless.

"I—I can't believe you mean it," she gasped faintly. "Why should you be so generous?"

"I never ignore an injury, neither do I forget a favor. You gave me bread when I was starving. Don't decide for your husband. I will return this evening and talk to him."

Not until he had gone did Joan realise that she had failed miserably in expressing her gratitude.

When he met Arthur that evening Buriala must have been struck by the sad deterioration in the white man, but he gave no sign. Cordially and courteously he renewed his offer, and when it was accepted, not without a suggestion of sullenness, he voiced his pleasure and outlined Arthur's duties. They were not arduous. In addition to handling the boats and crews in his charge, Crenshaw would be expected personally to open the shells and extract the pearls—a task which could not be left to natives or to underlings. The responsibility was considerable, but the pay was proportionate. Buriala was leaving at once for Dobo and would meet Arthur and Joan there when they arrived. Meanwhile his agents would arrange their passage and advance whatever money was needed.

"Do yourselves well," he urged them. "Have a good time for the next few days. Chelaka! One does not remain young for ever, and beauty passes."

With an admiring glance at Joan he bowed and went out into the sultry night.

It was a moment before Arthur spoke; then he said gratingly. "Well, I've hit bottom at last. Hired by a colored man!" In answer to Joan's protest he cried angrily. "He isn't doing this for me. It's for you."

Please turn to Page 56

## WOMAN'S GREATEST SIN

It is now a sin for women to look ugly. Prof. Dr. Stejskal, famous physician and scientist in the University of Vienna, has extracted a new product from young animals called Biocel. The moment this vital substance is applied the skin becomes firm, fresh and young. Famous society beauties, actresses and women are now flocking to this man who has done so much to bring back youth. Large quantities of Biocel are now shipped from Vienna throughout the world. The supply, however, is limited and it may at any time become almost impossible to obtain it. Genuine Biocel obtained direct from Vienna is now combined with Crème Tokalon (Greasy). Although the greatly increases the cost of manufacture, the price for the present at least will not be increased.

Crème Tokalon (Greasy) feeds and nourishes your skin all night with genuine Biocel. Crème Tokalon Vanishing (non-greasy) nourishes your skin all day and makes face powder invisible and adherent. It will make your skin three shades whiter in a few days' time. Success guaranteed in every case or your money refunded.

**Crème Tokalon**

Hair is Spoiled by "alkali" Soap

No girl or woman who prides herself on lovely hair would dream of using harsh laundry or scrubbing soap for shampoo. But they really run just as great a risk with many soaps or resins and mixed shampoos, which also contain excessive free "alkali"—hidden perhaps by some heavy perfume. And "alkali," you know, dries the scalp, burns the hair, and makes it brittle.

Undoubtedly the most elegant and safe thing for a proper hair wash is Colimated Coconut Oil (a pure, positively neutral, saponified, but quite greasy liquid). It is not the least expensive and is far better than anything else. Every chemist keeps it on hand, and a few ounces is ample to wash all the family, for a long time.

Merely wet the hair with water and rub it through—thoroughly. A teaspoonful or two is sufficient. It creates the copious amount of rich, creamy, lustrous, cleanest from roots to tips and rinses out without the slightest difficulty. The hair dries rapidly and smoothly, and comes out brilliantly, lustrous, soft, silky and fluffy. You can't find a speck of dust, dirt or dandruff scurf anywhere. Best of all the hair is never left slippery, but is as easy to dress as if you hadn't washed it at all.

**TODAY'S FINEST SALMON VALUE**

To suit all tastes, Ally—the always reliable brand—is now obtainable in two grades.

**RED LABEL**

The well-established favourite. A good quality salmon at a low price.

**GOLD LABEL**

A high quality red salmon—slightly higher in price and the best value obtainable.



**ALLY SALMON**



# THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

## BY EVELYN

# YOU ARE As Young AS YOUR NECK

EARLY all women are ready and willing to take care of their necks, but they will neglect their necks; allow their chins to go astray. A smoothly rounded throat, a clear-cut chin, should be every woman's, provided, of course, she gives neck and chin the attention.

A youthful neck is not alone a woman's prerogative; quite young girls display bulging, fleshy necks, a tendency to double chins; hundreds of women in the thirties and the forties possess most attractive neck-lines; not the slightest semblance of a double chin.

STAND this very night before your mirror. Study your neck. Is your chin doubling up? Is the skin underneath becoming lumpy or withered-looking? Are your jaws and neck decidedly fleshy—creases making themselves noticeable? If this is the case, then you must do something about it.

Remember, the muscles running from the angle of the jaw and the corners of the mouth up to the temples are the ones that keep the lines of the chin tight and firm. Rotary massage with the tips of the fingers (after generously applying cold cream) for several minutes each day is decidedly beneficial.

A pinching movement, using the thumb and first finger, starting at the chin and working up the jawbone to the temple is good; but don't stretch the skin in this process.

PATting or slapping the underside of the chin is good for dispelling a double chin. You may use the back of your right hand for this purpose, or, better still, a rubber patty.

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



THE OLD-ESTABLISHED and never-forgotten "touch the toes" exercise is still one of the best waistline trimmers. Keep feet together, knees straight, then touch your toes about 20 times a day. A rider to remember in addition is: Do this exercise slowly and rhythmically, so that you feel the

So please don't allow a double chin, a sagging jawline, a crepey skin, or an unbecoming bulge at the back of the neck to add five years to your appearance.



PROFESSIONAL MASSAGE, if you can run in this luxury, will keep your muscles young and firm, banish lines, crepey skin, creases, and keep skin soft, smooth, and finely-textured.

In using the patty hold your chin up and back, and begin patting at the base of the chin and work up along the jawbone to the temples. This patting massage will stimulate the circula ion, firm up the muscles.

But massage, patting, and slapping, whichever you choose, should be combined with exercise. There are many kinds of exercise, but at least two or three should be selected and regularly carried out. The great thing to remember about any beauty treatment is that the regular and persistent effort is the one that gets the results.

And, after all, it is the surest way of combating that age-giving droop of the

cheeks which does so much damage, to the dispersing of double chins, and that age-giving bump at the back of the neck. Here is one of the several good exercises:

### Exercise Works Wonders

THROW your head back as far as possible, push the chin out, and slowly open and shut your mouth ten times.

Another: Throw the head back and then gradually turn the chin first to the left and then to the right, looking as far as possible over the shoulder at each turn.

You might also combine this exercise

## WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME



PATIENT: The brain, I am told, is the most marvellous piece of mechanism in the world. Would you tell me something about its construction without too many technical details?

THE surface of the brain, the cerebrum, is composed of two halves, known as the "hemispheres of the brain." As one looks down upon the surface of the brain, the two hemispheres are separated by a deep fissure, the longitudinal fissure. At the bottom of this fissure, seen when the hemispheres are carefully separated, is a strip of tissue which holds the halves together. This is the corpus callosum.

The brain surface is not even and smooth, but arranged in folds which dip down into the brain, some being a quarter of an inch deep. The folds, known as convolutions, look something like the markings on a walnut.

The outer layer of the cerebrum, composed of nerve cells, appears grey—the "grey matter" of the brain. This convolution and dipping-down arrangement allows for more grey matter within the narrow confines of the bony skull than if the surface of the brain were absolutely smooth.

EACH hemisphere of the cerebrum is divided into two lobes by means of three deep fissures. Although much ex-

periment is still necessary to map out the brain in its entirety, there can be no question that the various lobes of the brain and sections therein have to do with definite functions.

The reasoning faculties, and those of a higher order, such as judgment, logic, and powers of inference and comparison, are believed to be situated in the front of the cerebrum. The faculties which have to do with sight are situated in the back of the head in the occipital lobes.

Hearing centres are on both sides; the speech centre is believed to be located on the left side. This division of the surface of the brain—the grey matter—is technically called the "localisation of function" of the brain.

The fissure of Rolando, which runs up and down the side of the brain, undoubtedly is concerned with motion. That is, the grey brain cells which line the fissure have to do with movement of the limbs, and, curiously enough, of the limbs on the opposite side of the body.

Furthermore, "up the fissure means down the body." That is, the cells at the lowest part of the fissure control the movement of the arm on the opposite side of the body, while those toward the top of the fissure control the movement of the leg, also on the opposite side of the body.

Location of the seat of memory is not altogether clear. It is believed to be in the occipital lobe, or back part of the brain. It is probable that man has not yet attained maximum brain growth and hence mental capacity. It is doubtful whether all the brain cells are active, even in a highly-gifted and intelligent individual.



HER NECK is not too thin, and not too fat, but smoothly rounded, lovely. —Aurora Allardyce, of Fox Films. If your own neck is not as lovely as it might be, try the exercises given in this article.

with the two previously given: Holding your shoulders well back, roll your head in a circle; let the head fall on to the chest well down on each shoulder and the back in each roll; repeat ten times, slowly, grindingly.

This exercise is one of the best for preventing or dispersing the collection of superfluous fat at the back of the neck, which forms the age hump.

Here is still another helpful exercise for double chins, and that unbecoming bulge at the back of the neck:

Lean the head over to the right side and place the left hand against the left side of the head, then lift the head

against the pressure of the hand. Reverse, bending the head over to the left side and lift it against the pressure of the right hand. Do this ten times each side. Next bend the head forward, clasp the hands behind the head, and raise the head against the pressure of the hands. Then bend the head backwards, place the hands under the chin, and bend the head forward against the pressure of the hands.

And, finally, for the sake of one's neck and chin, do sleep on a low pillow—or dispense with one altogether. High pillows crease necks into lines and chin into duplicate.

## Enjola Takes Inches off Hips, Bust, Waist



Oh! Come on, Marge! I think you look simply Great!

Great's right! I can't stand people making fun of my fatness. I'll stop at home to-day, but wait till I get that ENJOLA. Nurse Graham was talking about it.

ENJOLA takes off ugly FAT faster than other safe treatments, building stamina, giving LIFE, as it removes hateful rolls of unwanted flesh. One woman says, "After following instructions for 18 days, I noticed a reduction of 1 1/2 st. lbs." Another declares: "I have, through ENJOLA, reduced a protruding stomach which had defied other treatments, taking off 8 lbs. in a week."

Rely on ENJOLA—IT'S SAFE! Don't hesitate to start ENJOLA treatment. It can't hurt you. No thyroid. Nothing to create habit. You stop taking when down to the weight you desire, then reduction stops. But you keep the slim figure you've won! Get a 4/6d package of ENJOLA from the chemist. If any difficulty order from Dr. Pharmacy, Martin Place, Sydney, adding 1/3d towards postage and packing. Remember: ENJOLA, by reducing faster, costs you less than other treatments. Not the least risk; and it cannot fail to act! Start ENJOLA now and watch the scale-hand move backwards daily.

Quick, Sure, Reliable

ENJOLA

Takes off UGLY FAT so it stays off!

Wear Smart Clothes. Instead of having your clothes hang on you like a sack, ENJOLA enables you to wear attractive, slim-fitting clothes, and you can't wear the "right" style if you have a bulky, outsize figure.



"REALLY, dear, what's the diff—?"  
 "You're a white woman. A beautiful white woman."

"Arthur!"  
 "I know the breed. Friendship! Gratitude! My eye!"  
 "Oh-h, but you're rotten!" Joan cried. She went to the window and stared blindly out into the darkness. "If you feel that way, we won't go."

"Indeed we will. We can't help ourselves."  
 More calmly the wife said, "Mr. Buraala is the first person, white or colored, who has offered us a helping hand. And he knows your record, Arthur, every chapter of it. You've got to start over again and start clean." When he mumbled something she went on: "We'd be mad to turn this down, but—I won't stir until you promise to pull yourself together. For God's sake, promise! We're drowning, don't you understand? And the Said has hung us a plank!"

The husband took his head in his hands. "I am rotten," he admitted hoarsely. "But you're so lovely, Joan! I'd rob, steal, murder, to keep you. And when I think what I've done to you—" He choked, his shoulders heaved. "I'm a filthy specimen, no mistake. But I promise..."

## The BARBARIAN

On a blazing hot afternoon, the Dutch steamer dropped anchor off an uninviting huddle of wooden stores and dwellings, apart from which stood some half-dozen bleached bungalows fronted by a strip of sandy beach. It was Dobo. The village had been hewn out of the jungle—a wet and steaming place of perpetual shade.

A motor launch came weaving through the maze of prahus and up to the steamer's side. Buraala climbed the companionway to welcome the Crenshaw. Soon they were ashore and he was showing them through their home. It was tastefully furnished and immaculately clean. Joan was entranced.

The Said, as the young people knew, lived in great style at Amboyna, but during the pearl-fishing season he occupied a bungalow here, and thither they went that night for dinner. As a mere temporary quarters it surprised them, for it was large and it was filled with Oriental treasures—strange pieces of delicately wrought furniture, old silver, jade and tapestries.

Buraala himself welcomed his guests

in the dress of his country, and Joan's eyes widened at sight of him. He wore a magnificent silk sarong of red and green, black patent leather spats, and a white baju of finest linen.

Dinner, preceded by the inevitable gin pahits of the Dutch East Indies, consisted of an amazing turtle soup, dugong steaks, roasted New Guinea pigeons, strange tropical fruits and vegetables and tiny multi-colored cakes. The courses were accompanied by appropriate vintage wines. Coffee and Napoleon brandy topped off the feast.

Buraala proved himself to be a gracious and an impeccable host. There was no mention of business. The Said addressed himself more to Joan than to her husband, and an occasional smile, a flash in his eyes, betrayed his interest and his appreciation of her wit, her intelligence or her common sense. He seemed to be exploring her, drawing her out, weighing her, and the task pleased him. As for her, she appeared to better advantage than for a long while, inasmuch as the final week in Penang had been devoted to shopping, and she once more had the comfortable assurance that she was well groomed and able to appear at her best.

Crenshaw entered into his new work with a zest that filled his wife with optimism. True, Dobo was a miserable place, the climate was horrid, the surroundings were wild, and the people were wilder.

It was a trial to have Arthur gone for weeks at a time, but there was no help for it, and as time went on she devised means of occupying her time. She fished, she collected orchids, she went on exploring trips with her head house-boy. Being the only white woman on the island, she had little companionship to be sure, even though the Said arranged for her to visit the women of his harem, but on the whole she managed well enough.

Buraala was absent from Dobo considerably. Nevertheless the magic of his name was potent: it covered her like a prophet's mantle, and she realized that the women of his household were no safer than she. In the circumstances, it gave her a very comfortable feeling.

His courtesy, his deference had not lessened, but he no longer analysed her; it seemed that he had measured her and was satisfied. As for Arthur, he put his own construction upon the Said's behaviour, and when Joan referred to her occasional visits to the harem he listened silently, cursing himself the while for having walked into this trap with open eyes. While away with the peawling fleet he brooded much, and during his visits to port he saw less and less of his wife. There was much to be done, he explained, and he was working hard to make a good showing.

As the season drew to a close, he confessed that the jinx was still on him, in that the shells found by his divers had yielded very few pearls—pretty poor ones at that.

Joan believed him at first; then sus-

Continued from Page 54

picious, of which she was ashamed, took form in her mind. Was he lying? Had the worm bored too deeply?

The very effort to answer made her miserable.

If, indeed, he was so mad as to play the Said false, there could be but one outcome. Buraala was kindly, but merciless. He had paid his debt; betrayal by the beggar whom he had stooped to lift would, in his eyes, call for vengeance swift and terrible, and rightly so. Arthur would merit any punishment. But what would happen to her if the crash came? Buraala's word was law: he held the power almost of life and death here. A white woman alone and penniless in this Mohammedan hell. Joan grew faint at the contemplation.

BURAALA stopped her one day at the entrance to her compound and said, "You are worried, Mrs. Crenshaw. What is troubling you?"

The woman felt her lips whitened as she denied the charge; her heart sank

at the curious smile that flickered in the Said's face.

"Do not permit yourself to be troubled," he told her quietly. "A man can roost on but one branch. A man can drink no more than his fill of a river."

"I—don't know what that means." "Never mind. I, too, have worried for it is easier to know how to do things than to do it, but—we may have a saying that if one ferries all it is best to ferry right over. I am assured of one thing, your happiness is very dear to me."

With quaking knees Joan made her way up to the bungalow and sank in a porch chair.

Then it was true! Poor Arthur! Sick, mad creature! She wondered he would listen to her warning: if it was time to make restitution. When the blow fell she could probably buy his freedom. And why not, as this was her fault?

The monsoon began to blow a few days later, and the peering boats were pelting home. Arthur's schooner anchored late, and he went straight to the office to pay off his divers and coolies. It was dark when he left his bungalow.

Please turn to Page 58

### A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES



## The home of his DREAMS

**HAPPY** is the young man who has Optimism and Courage. Here's a cheer for him who, early in his life, plans his finances through the A.M.P. that he may build the home of his dreams, and arrange adequate protection for her who is to share it with him!

Every day of the year the A.M.P. Society helps men to build. Membership in the A.M.P. is not merely a means by which a man can provide for his dependents after he is dead and gone. It is a means of LIVING. It is a means of getting the most out of life. It enables a man to PLAN FOR HIS OWN FUTURE, as well as to plan for his children's.

If YOU don't realise that; if you haven't used the A.M.P. to build up your finances and your future, don't put off action another day! Ask the nearest A.M.P. office to get in touch with you. We are in a new year. Make the most of it; make a good start! Write to-day!

## A.M.P. SOCIETY

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All Editorial letters, except social, to be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1511, G.P.O., Sydney.

Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, Sydney, or Tasmanian office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS  
 (a) Forward a clipping of matter published, gummed on to a sheet of note-paper, showing date and page in which your was published.

(b) Give full name and address and state.

Unsuitable contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

WE SHALL TAKE ALL REASONABLE CARE OF MS. BUT WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS PRESERVATION OR TRANSMISSION.

Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

#### PRIZE CONTRIBUTIONS

Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions, payment goes to the first received.

#### PATTERNS

See special notice on the Pattern Page. Readers desirous of posting The Australian Women's Weekly to friends should make sure they provide the correct postage, which is 1d. for every item.

"Come on  
 Gibbs fairies  
 CLEAN UP MY IVORY CASTLES"



It's no trouble getting Roma to clean her teeth. She makes an exciting game of it. She is the mistress of the beautiful Ivory Castles and when she takes the lid off the silvery Gibbs tin, there are her servants, the Gibbs Fairies, waiting to polish up her Ivory Castles and chase off old Giant Decay.

Gibbs is best for all  
 the Family.

Everyone likes the refreshing taste of Gibbs Dentifrice. The swirling, antiseptic foam removes food particles, dissolves film and brings up the natural polish of your teeth.

YOUR TEETH  
 ARE IVORY  
 CASTLES

defend them  
 with

Gibbs Dentifrice

IN THE HANDY, WASTELESS TIN  
 At all Chemists and Stores, small tins 1/-, large tins 1/6, large refills 1/3.

For dental plates use GIBBS DENTURE TABLET, 2/- at all Chemists.



# LET IT BE YOUR TRIUMPH

**Bertha Maxwell**

has created a fascinating transfer design for you, and tells you in simple, expert language how to make this matchless set — the kind you'll treasure for years and years to come.

**T**O embroider a bedspread sounds a formidable piece of work, rather frightening perhaps; and so it might be if you stitched every square inch of a very large one. So we have prepared this fascinating bowl of poppies for working in the centre, where it shows to the best advantage and gives no more labor than necessary to produce something really worth while, something to be proud of every day.

There are two smaller bowls of poppies for the shams, all matching perfectly; and when you consider that the edges of these linens may be invisibly hand-hemmed without trimming of any kind, you will realise that it is possible to possess this beautiful set without spending much time on it.

Look at the design, and think of pale yellow flowers and green leaves on a powder-blue linen—or rosy-pink on the same blue—can you resist it?

The design provides for all the loveliest kinds of stitches, soft, shining satin-stitching on the flowers, buttonholing or outlining on the leaves, and then the rich, picotéd cutwork of the baskets as a complete contrast. This kind of work is so easy that new workers will welcome this satisfying design, which may be worked out quite successfully from these directions.



The transfer measures 20 inches by 30 inches, and costs 1/6 from this office exclusively. It gives the large centre design measuring 14 inches by 15 inches, and two of the small designs, 10 inches by 9 inches, for a pair of shams.

If you are one of those people who have very little time for needlework, then a bedspread is the proper thing for you to make! Every atom of time you can spare then goes into something worth having, and your precious moments are not dissipated on trifles. Also, you will find it much better to concentrate on one large simple piece of work, taking it up when you have half an hour to spare, without the trouble of studying constant new pieces with different stitches.

## Materials

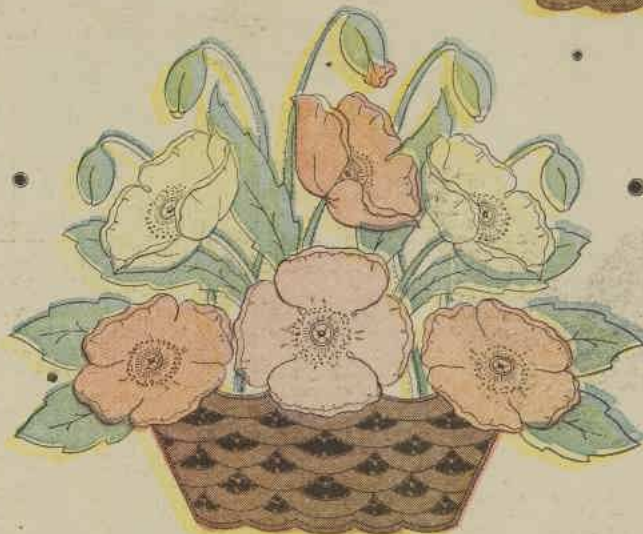
**LINEN** is the ideal material for this work. It is slightly costly in good heavy makes, but is worth its price as

The making of a most lovely bedspread and matching shams for your room!

**B**EDSPREADS are really charming to make and a treasured possession for generations when they are made of good materials. They usually take a long time to make, but are worth every moment of stitchery which is put into them, for it is impossible to buy anything half so beautiful as the one you make for yourself. They are an enjoyable piece of pick-up work, restful and interesting; and when you have a lovely, simple design like the one shown here you will love every hour you spend on it.



SHOWING two of the motifs provided for in Bertha Maxwell's joyous 20 x 30 in. basket of poppies transfer for bedspread and pillow-shams. Top one, of which there are two for the shams, measures 10 x 9 inches; motif at left measures 14 x 15 inches. Transfer sheet costs 1/6.



NOT ONLY may our beautiful basket of poppies transfer be used for bedspread and shams; it may be used in other ways about your bedroom. Our sketch at lower left suggests a pretty bedroom scheme—poppies on curtain, pelmet, and cushioned seat to match the bed motifs. 20 in. x 30 in. transfer sheet costs 1/6.

## EVERY SUFFERER FROM INDIGESTION KNOWS THIS TO BE TRUE

Every sufferer from indigestion wants three things, and wants them quickly.

- ★ **Firstly**, he wants immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fullness, palpitation or flatulence.
- ☞ **Secondly**, he knows that unless his inflamed or weakened stomach is protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out, he will only have the pains come back again.
- § **Thirdly**, he wants help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

All these requirements have been carefully provided for in De Witt's Antacid Powder.

- ★ **On entering the stomach** De Witt's Antacid Powder **firstly** neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.
- ☞ **Secondly**, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.
- § **Thirdly**, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Finally, by persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food, and medicine is no longer required.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder, means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

## DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Sold by all Chemists, in Large Sky-blue Canister

2/6

## The Colors

**NOTHING** excels the everlasting beauty of white material stitched in white thread. Many workers live in places where pure white things are too great a laundry problem, so they may safely choose cream materials stitched in strong ecru cottons or realistic shades. And then there is the delightful world of color from which to make one's choice; chosen wisely, color never fails and is a joy to the eye for ever.

We have mentioned the delicious blue known as powder-blue, with yellow or

pink flowers, other good blues are natter, sage, and all the gentle shades of sky-blue. Rose tones and soft greens are also good bedroom shades for the linen.

The flowers are white, yellow, orange, pink, scarlet, crimson or greyish-mauve; the clustered stamens in the centre are yellow or black, the latter making a very handsome color note; the round pistil in the dead centre is usually green. Leaves are light green, mid-green or greyish-green. The baskets may be deep green, fawn or brown.

## Stitching

**E**MBROIDERY thread or stranded cotton will do all this work, but for the buttonholing the former is better, as it is a strong single thread which does not wear quickly under the needle. Place a little light padding in the double lines of the petals and satin-stitch or buttonhole over it.

Outline or buttonhole the leaves. Work the baskets in buttonholing, and take care to keep the knotted edge of this stitching facing the pieces to be cut out; watch the illustration, otherwise it cannot be cut properly.

If you are using any of the cream sheeting materials, work in plenty of bright cotton, as these cloths absorb color and thread.



# The BARBARIAN

Continued from Page 56

ON his way a Malay in European whites stepped out of a shadow and spoke furtively: "Tuan! May I have a moment?"

The fellow was a stranger, and Arthur was instantly on guard. "If you have business, blunt it out."

"Tuan! I beg of you—"

"Oh, go to the devil!"

The Malay stepped closer. "I am a dealer in pearls. I buy from anyone. I ask no questions."

"Indeed?" A cold sweat broke out upon the white man. "You've got a nerve to tell me that—"

"You have pearls—"

"The hell I have!"

"Do not pretend anger, Tuan. I know what I know. I do not call it a crime to rob those who rob others. Big fish eat little ones, the little ones eat shrimps, and the shrimps are forced to eat mud. Is it not better to sell to me at a fair price than to have the Controller search your house?"

Arthur felt an impulse to strangle the scoundrel; on the other hand, if he refused to do business with the man—then what? One buyer was about like another. "How much money have you got?" he inquired finally.

"Oh, plenty, Tuan!" The Malay patted his breast pocket significantly.

"Very well. Come along."

There was an unused storeroom at the back of the Crenshaw compound; thither the owner led his visitor. Once inside he switched on his pocket flashlight. Reaching inside his waist, he unbuckled a belt from his shirt and drew it forth. From one of the pockets he removed three small cotton-wool packages, the which he opened one by one. At sight of what lay inside the Malay managed his hands and made strange chuckling noises with his lips.

"It was a half-hour later when the two emerged from the storeroom and silently separated."

While the Crenshaws were still at their coffee a messenger arrived. He saluted; he presented the respects and the apologies of Said Abdul Buruala, who begged that the messengers would come with the utmost speed. There was trouble in his home. His youngest wife was ill and frightened and calling for her.

"Of course I'll come," Joan promised. To Arthur she explained: "She's only a child—it's her first baby."

"I'll go along, too," the husband said, "but, frankly, I don't like the idea of your visiting that harem."

The Said was profuse in his thanks to Joan; he turned her over to the wrinkled old woman whom she had often seen, and said: "You have a heart of gold. Again you put me in your debt, Mrs. Crenshaw."

When she had left the room he turned to Arthur, saying: "What a treasure you have in that benevolent woman! She is as beautiful in soul as she is in face and in body."

"Yes—she's all right," Arthur murmured.

"One can demand but four things from a woman: that virtue dwell in her heart, modesty adorn her forehead, sweetness flow from her lips, and industry occupy her hands. But let me mix you a whiskey and ayer balm."

"I have a matter to discuss with you," Buruala handed Arthur his drink, then seated himself at his desk. "The matter is this—"

Uncovering a lacquered box, he took from it three small cotton-wool packages, at sight of which Crenshaw's eyes dilated. Slowly the Said opened the packages and arranged them in a row before him. In the heart of each there was a nest of pearls and some were of extraordinary size and fineness.

Crenshaw sat like a man transfixed; the silence was unbroken except by a strident squeak from a house lizard.

"What have you there?" Arthur managed to set down his drink without spilling it.

"Just some of my pearls. Will you kindly hand the money you received for them?"

"What the devil—?" the white man exploded.

"A fool admires himself most when he has committed some folly. The money is counterfeit, and I obtained it for this occasion from my friend the Chief of Police of Ambonya. It was formerly the property of a half-caste gambler."

Somewhere a dog barked. From the women's quarters came the sound of a stringed instrument and a native love song.

"How could you hope to hide your footsteps when you walked in snow?" the Said inquired. "That pearl buyer is a distant cousin of mine, likewise imported for the occasion. . . . You are an incredibly foolish man to put yourself so utterly in the hands of a stranger, an alien."

A change had come over Crenshaw; his eyes were blazing, his mouth was twisted. Hoarsely he cried:

"Is your wife really sick? Or was that just a trap to get—Mrs. Crenshaw here?"

Buruala stared at him curiously. "What do you surmise?"

"I think it was a lie, a part of this—this filthy trickery."

"Correct! . . . Trickery, yes! We have a saying that he who leads an ox to drink must wet his own feet."

On the Mohammedan's desk lay a slender kris used by him as a letter-opener. Arthur suddenly made a move towards it, but the Said swept it up and dropped it into a drawer.

"Hm—! Realisation of Mrs. Crenshaw's danger sets you to action," Buruala nodded. "That is creditable, and you have very little to your credit."

What a pity you did not think of her sooner!"

Arthur was shaking palely—there was frenzy in his eyes. The speaker went on, "I have studied you both: I think I understand you as thoroughly as I do her."

"You can't get away with this!" Crenshaw chattered. "I don't care what you do to me, but—"

"Permit me to read your thoughts and correct me if I am wrong. Shame at your deed is forgotten. You have no regrets. You are thinking only that your lovely wife is now the prey of a wily Oriental and that you delivered her to him; bound hand and foot."

Crenshaw cursed; he rolled his head from side to side.

"My attentions to her have meant but one thing—Oh, you are transparent, and I know the white mind! I am not of your faith; therefore I am a barbarian. My motives are evil. My religion is a sham. Be silent until I have finished! . . . Crenshaw, your life is in my hands."

"To hell with that!"

Sternly the Said went on: "I am the head of my people here. I am the law: the high justice and the low. My enemies will die."

"I'll take my medicine, but—it's not her fault I went mad. I'd do worse than steal for her."

"No doubt. And she would sacrifice herself, body and soul, to save you. . . . Oh, miserable man! Have I aroused you, or are you at heart wholly rotten?"

Arthur managed to control himself; he stared inquiringly at the speaker.

"To persecute the unfortunate is like throwing stones on one fallen into a well," the Said resumed. "I hired you with my eyes open: I knew your whole history and I had little faith in your honesty, but I reasoned that it is not the defect of the branches nor the leaves that cause a tree to perish, it is the decay of the root. This man is not bad at the core. I told myself, or that brave, gentle woman would not cling to him so steadfastly. I warned you when we first met that the East puts an evil spell upon white men. You lack our moral fibre, perhaps. I said: 'Crenshaw has become a rogue elephant.'"

"You have heard of our rogue elephants? Sometimes one is cast out of the herd and becomes solitary: he broods, and runs faster than until he destroys for the joy of destruction."

"Strange to say, if these rogues are caught and tamed they turn out to be the best animals. Men can be like that."

"Crenshaw, you and your wife did me a kindness when I lay sick and despaired among strangers. You put a



Jean Devreux, clever English dancer, in a pose from the Moth Dance. The dance caused a sensation in London, and was banned because of the danger to the dancer. In one scene the "moth's" wings catch fire and are burned.

fetter upon my neck. You are sick. You are a rogue and I have tried to tame you. Have I succeeded?"

"Do you mean to say you—you'll give me another chance?" Arthur spoke from a daze.

"More than that. I invite you to start again."

"Oh, my God!" Crenshaw leaned forward in his chair; he took his face in his hands, his shoulders heaved.

OUTSIDE the palms rustled faintly. Someone on a fishing prahu hailed the shore, and in the silence came the voice of Joan. She was chatting with the old eunuch and he was giggling joyously.

Arthur rose and went to a window where the light was dim.

"Well, everything is all right, Mr. Buruala. She's feeling much better," Joan announced.

"You bear healing to the sick and the unfortunate," Buruala told her.

"My gratitude is deep. While you were gone Arthur and I laid out our plans for next season."

"Next—season?" Joan shot a startled glance at her husband, and for the first time in months he met her gaze frankly. In his face she read a message that caused her heart to leap. Poor Arthur! How she had wronged him!

In a voice low but steady he told her: "Things went rather badly with me this season, but Mr. Buruala understands and—they'll go better from now on."

"I'm so glad—"

"Yes, we understand each other fully."

The Said nodded and beamed upon the couple. "Now away with thoughts of pain and grief and profits. Sit down and let's talk about books and pictures and friendship and—well, about shoes and ships and sealing-wax and cabbages and kings."

(Copyright)

## TWO "GOOD WIVES" GO ON STRIKE





# Our Fashion Service and Free Pattern

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**PLEASE NOTE!** To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.

## SUIT FOR THE MATRON

WW1057.—Simple tailored dress with loose, hip-length coat. Large buttons make a distinctive trimming, either in contrasting colors, or to match. Material required for 36-inch bust: 7 yards, 36 inches wide. Bust sizes, 36 to 46 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1d.**

## BEAUTIFULLY BRAIDED

WW1058.—With collar and cuffs braided in old Egyptian fashion, this simple style achieves distinction and chic. Smart tailored lines add charm to the figure. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. **PAPER PATTERN 1/1d.**

## NEW JUMPER SUIT

WW1059.—Sweet suit with cowl neckline and shirring on front of shoulders. Wide belt gives slimming effect. Dolman-cut sleeves add distinction. Material required: 5 to 5 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1d.**

## THRILLINGLY CHIC!

WW1060.—A very special afternoon dress with unusual collar, pockets and bow treated with contrast stitching or very fine braid. Cuffs and belt also match. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1d.**

## GAY FOR SPECTATOR SPORTS

WW1061.—This gay sports frock has distinctive trimming of pleats on collar and cuffs. Material required: 4 1/2 to 4 3/4 yards, 36 inches wide. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1d.**

## PLAYTIME

WW1062.—For beach and times when kiddies must play, this easily-launders frock with yoke to which is gathered a full skirt is suitable for children 1 to 6 years. Material required: 1 1/2 to 2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

## FORM-FITTING NIGHTGOWN

WW1063.—This form-fitting nightgown has a scalloped neck, sleeves, and hemline with side pieces inset into a narrow panel back and front. Don't you love the flyaway bows on the shoulder? An alençon motif or embroidery can be placed in each scallop. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

## SYLPH-LIKE GOWN

WW1064.—This delightful evening gown, clinging, youthful, slims the figure beautifully. Deep cowl neck with kimono sleeves, offset with a V neckline, accentuates classical trend. Material required: 5 1/2 to 6 yards, 36 inches wide. Sizes, 32 to 38 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1d.**

## FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garments illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept." to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 288A, G.P.O., Adelaide.

BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4607, G.P.O., Brisbane.

MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 182, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 11, G.P.O., Newcastle.

SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4153X, G.P.O., Sydney.

TASMANIA.—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 100-115 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

Pattern Coupon, 25/1/36.



## Our Free Pattern

These three delightful styles for a lass aged 4 to 6 years are incorporated in this week's free three - in - one pattern.

Make the first of cotton with pleated skirt and sleeves, with straight centre panel from the V-yoke. Washable and easily laundered. Material required: 1 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide.

For No. 2 use silky material or dainty voile, with puffed sleeves and gathered skirt. Material required: 1 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide.

No. 3 is a delightful play apron, lying at the sides. A little design may be worked on the front and sleeves. Material required: 1 3/4 yards, 36 inches wide.



# BRICK BRADFORD

## in THE LAND OF THE LOST

By  
WILLIAM RITT  
CLARENCE GRAY

### THE STORY SO FAR:

BRICK BRADFORD and his comrades escape from the Kingdom of the Sea Folk, and arrive at a strange island governed by Queen Lamak Mayta. Here Brick falls foul of Prince Gorm, a cousin of the Queen. Brick is summoned to the Queen's palace. Gorm follows and a fight ensues. After much struggling Brick hurls Gorm over the balcony into the muddy moat below. Now read on.



To be Continued.

## Gonnie's Letter

MY DEAR PAUL,—  
You have all heard the saying, "Waste not, want not," which I gather means that if you do not want to waste you mustn't waste when you have what you want. But there are so many things we can actually waste without even thinking about them. We waste our thoughts, and for want of thought we often do unkind things. I saw a boy only yesterday laughing at a poor cripple who was huddling along the street. The poor fellow did make rather amusing movements, but, for all that, he was very sad and uncomfortable. The boy, of course, didn't think he wasted his thoughts, and only saw what appeared funny. So he laughed, and the cripple felt even more sad and uncomfortable. Then you can waste your strength and your affection. If you waste your strength of getting strong, of learning to swim, of playing games, of going to for exercise which will make a fine person of you, well, you'll want all these things some day. "But," you might ask, "how can a Pal waste his or her affection?" The reply is simple. Very easily. You can be a jolly kind of your Pals, your sports, yourself, that you forget your own family. And, really, that is rather an awful thing to do, isn't it?  
The prize of 5/- for the best letter of the week goes to WINIFRED SARIEN, Treasurer, Upper Capemount, via Grafton, N.S.W.  
Good-bye for one short week.  
Cheerio,  
From your Pal,  
CONNIE.

## Raindrops

By J. CHADWICK  
Tiny crystal raindrops  
Sparkling in the air,  
Splashing on the window-panes,  
Glistening everywhere.  
They tickle everything  
In shining silver showers.  
To wake up the drowsy world  
And open all the flowers.  
Sparkling on the grass-blades,  
Hanging on the trees,  
Like tiny fairy lanterns bright  
Swaying in the breeze.  
Price of 5/- to J. CHADWICK, 13 Rialto Street, Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

### MIXED BIRDS

The keeper of the bird-cage went out and left the door of the bird-cage open. See if we can help him find the missing birds.  
(1) Sparrow, (2) sparrow, (3) sparrow, (4) sparrow, (5) sparrow, (6) sparrow, (7) sparrow, (8) sparrow, (9) sparrow, (10) sparrow.  
Answers to be found elsewhere on page.

## Just Chatter

MARCA MENCHIN, of Wilberforce Flat, via Mullumbidgee (N.S.W.), is another new Pal. FRANCES FORD, of Adelaide (Vic.), is twelve years of age. JESSIE GYMINS, of Rockhampton (Qld.), got a new bicycle for a birthday present last week.  
CONNIE RONALD, of Dublin (N.S.W.), has a big dog called Dorkie; KEN ROBSON, of Newcastle (N.S.W.), is another new Pal; BARBARA PAYNE, of East Brisbane (Qld.), is fond of acting.  
MERYL HUMBLE, of Singleton (N.S.W.), goes to school every day. IRENE AIR, of North Melbourne (Vic.), is another new Pal. IRENE DACK, of Burwood, Melbourne, is fond of tennis, riding, and swimming. MARION R. HUMBLE, of Burwood, Melbourne, is ten years of age. JANET CORDEROY, of Coughlin (N.S.W.), always reads Monty and Think Bradford each week. THELMA TRIMMILL, of Hindmarsh Valley, via Victor Harbor (S.A.), is another new Pal.  
RAY WEN, of Brisbane, is fond of painting. MIRIAM THOMSON, of Temora, is welcomed as a new Pal. BRUCE BROOK, of Bowdler (S.A.), is fond of reading, writing, and sketching.  
JOY MAJOR, of Woodville (S.A.), has a number of pets. FRANCES BAKER, of Grafton (N.S.W.), writes an interesting letter.  
HELEN TAYLOR, of Strathfield (N.S.W.), is fond of playing tennis and basketball. ELLEN CHALKER, of Miffield, is fond of pictures. FLORENCE MEREDITH, of Durham (Qld.), via Pyramid (Vic.), is welcomed as a new Pal.  
BETTY SKINNER, of West Ryde (N.S.W.), will in March celebrate her thirteenth birthday. VALERIE HUNTINGTON, of Thundahra, via Young (N.S.W.), is fond of John.  
KATELYN WILCH, of Cairns (Qld.), has a small hamster for her pet. HELEN WITTHRAD, of Thundahra (N.S.W.), has for her favorite pet a lamb. JEAN POWELL, of Tumut, is fond of sketching.  
RONALD TALBERT, of Wyndham, Brisbane, writes a very interesting letter. BETTY RICHARDSON, of Harford via Laidlaw (Tas.), writes clever verse.  
GRACE NOBLE, of Gladstone (S.A.), writes an interesting letter. AILEEN NEWHAM, of Koorowatha, lives on a farm about 18 miles from Cooma. KATHLEEN FITZGERALD, of Wallangra, via Harford (N.S.W.), is fond of gardening.  
DOREEN GILL, of Nana Glen (N.S.W.), reads our section every week. CAL YOUNG, of Grafton (N.S.W.), writes clever verse.  
FLODY GREENWALD, of Manly (N.S.W.), is welcomed as a new Pal. NICK FAINE, of Manly (N.S.W.), had her cousin staying with her a short while ago. PHYLLIS CAMPBELL, of Grafton (Qld.), writes clever verse.  
VIRILE GARRETT, of Inverell (N.S.W.), writes a very delightful letter. EDNA MAYE, of Gladstone (N.S.W.), loves the seaside. ELMA MCKAYE, of Bowen (N.H. Qld.), is fond of stamp collecting.

### WHERE TO POST

Address all letters and contributions to "Pal Connie, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney."



Here you see PAMELA ROSENER, a new Pal.

## A Moonlight Night

By JOAN MOORE

WHAT a glorious scene lies before me! I see a winding stream lazily flowing beneath a canopy of drooping willows, while a silvery moon lights up the old, rolling country road, making it look like a ribbon of silver leading on a quest of green velvet.  
In the distance a chain of mountains runs up, their snow-capped peaks standing sentinel against a starless sky. Friendly stars twinkle cheerily down upon this picturesque scene, and there is no motion save the gentle-swaying willows, swayed by a cool, refreshing breeze.  
Price of 5/- to JOAN MOORE (14), 21 Curry St., Newcastle, N.S.W.

### A Bushfire

WHILE the hot sun shone down oppressively, the bush fire burned furiously, sending high into the air columns of black smoke and red, leaping flames. There was the crackling of logs and the hissing of sticks. The fire was spreading and the trees were to be heard falling.  
Then all at once wild animals were to be seen far away in the distance, while the birds uttered to and fro from tree to tree.  
After the fire died down there were dead stumps and stumps, and then the trees that escaped being burnt the sun was dripping down their trunks. The bush was ruined, and all its beauty gone.  
Two Prize Cards to CASSIE CARNEY (8), 8 Pratt St., Casino, N.S.W.

Answers: (1) Ostrich; (2) meppie; (3) eagle; (4) woodcock; (5) parrot; (6) sparrow; (7) quail; (8) peacock; (9) plover; (10) robin.

## FOR FUN & FANCY

TEACHER: Jackie, I was very disappointed at your efforts in your exam. Didn't you tell me that your father promised you a bicycle if you came top?  
Jackie (pleadingly): Yes, yes.  
Teacher: Then why didn't you work harder? What have you been doing all the time?  
Jackie (heavily): Learning to ride a bike.  
Price Card to ERNA MAYO, 38 Hillcrest Avenue, Gladstone, N.S.W.

JOY: Did you see that man with a funny chin?  
LLOYD: Yes; but I did not like to mention it (over chin).  
Price Card to HELEN SCOLLICK, 21 Gellatry St., Gellatry, N.S.W.

A little boy who had lived in London all his life was invited by a distant relative to spend a few days in the country. All his friends congratulated him on his luck, but the boy himself was not at all happy at the prospect, and at last refused to go.  
Over his argument, pleading promises of untold wonders, all left him cold.  
"No country for me," was all he would say.  
"That's why," said his father.  
"Because," said the boy, "there's not through the machine down there, and it's quite bad enough here where it's done by hand!"  
Price Card to JOHN THOMSON, 123 Cook Rd., Centennial Park, N.S.W.

Teacher: Johnny, where is that letter I left on your desk?  
Johnny: I posted it, sir.  
Teacher: It didn't have any address on it.  
Johnny: No! I noticed that, sir, but I thought that was because you didn't want me to know where it was going.  
Price Card to BETTY HAWORTH, Richmond, Victoria, via Wyalong, N.S.W.

Teacher: Freddie, what is a decanter?  
Freddie: Something a horse breaks into.  
Price Card to WILLIAM RAWLING, 100 Stanley St., Rockhampton, Qld.

Tommy: I don't want to go to school today, I feel ill.  
Mother: My poor child! Where do you feel ill?  
Tommy: In school.  
Price Card to RUTH RYAN, Enmore, 20 Roundale Avenue, Manly, N.S.W.

Doc-hepper: The hippo often stays under water for hours at a time.  
Small Boy: So would I, with a tune like that!  
Price Card to MARGARET DONSWORTH, Mar-Ditts, 67 River Rd., Revesby, N.S.W.

I'm a tiny, small puppy, just three months old, and I'm awfully clever, though folks say I'm bold.  
I like showing dippers—my teeth are so strong, but my mistress has told me that it's very wrong.  
I bark at the old dogs and chase Tain, the cat.  
Oh, guess! I was pleased when I could do that! And now it's my bedtime—I've just had my tea.  
"Early to bed" is the motto for important small men!  
Two Prize Cards to CLARET LEE, Wauka, Baulk Rd., Nannally, Qld.



DON'T TOUCH! Price of 5/- to D. ANDERSON, 17 Richmond St., Earlwood, for this original sketch in black and white.



NO matter if you know nothing at present about how to play the piano, or if you are already a Medium or an Advanced Classical pianist, and no matter where you live, I can teach YOU real modern piano synchronization, and how by means of my wonderful Personal Postal Course. Thousands of successful pupils in all parts of the world. To be popular, play popular music! Be the envy of your friends!

**YOUR SUCCESS POSITIVELY GUARANTEED!**



Send 2/6 (P.M. or stamps) for my handsome, new, illustrated 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Synchronization," and a surprise enclosure—a really unique musical novelty!

**TEDDIE GARRATT**

Studio W. Box 3842T, G.P.O. Sydney  
Tune in to my "Keyboard Kapers"  
Radio Presentation: 2P.M. Sundays,  
5.30 p.m., Tuesdays and Wednesdays  
between 6 and 7 p.m. (See daily program). Also 2SM, Mondays,  
9.30 p.m.

## LEG ULCER DISAPPEARS

### Another "VAREX" Success

"Just a line to tell you that 'Varex' Treatment has been quite a success in my case," writes one grateful user. "The ulcer, with its consequent pain and swelling, has entirely disappeared, and the leg is quite normal."

"Varex" is a simple, inexpensive home treatment. No resting required. Only one dressing per week. Write for free booklet, Ernest Shaker, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 101 Elmer, Ryneck's Buildings, 4247 George Street, Sydney, and 224 Collins Street, Melbourne 2-2-2.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

### Now, Try Your Hand at Hairpin Work!

...Start with this dainty, summerweight jumper. Directions given below.

**HIS** charming little pastel jumper is fashioned on a special, large 2½ x 9-inch hairpin—quaint revival from our grandmothers' girlhood. It is worked in strips with this special hairpin, and the result is the light, open jumper you see illustrated, so suitable for cooler days of summer and, of course, in the months to come.

**OUR** demure little design—directions for which are fully given below—has collar and cuffs and basque of plain ribbing, short puff sleeves and collar which may be worn buttoned to the throat as in illustration, or open.

We have chosen for our color delicate pastel-green.

**Materials:** 500m. pastel-green 2-ply wool, medium size crochet hook, a large hairpin 2½ inches across and 9 inches long, pair of No. 13 steel needles, and a pearl button.

**Measurements:** Full length from shoulder, 19½ inches; bust 34 inches; sleeve seam without cuff, 4½ inches.

To do hairpin work, fasten wool round pin, keeping the wool at the back of the pin, \* put hook under thread and pull through, then make a single crochet, turn pin from right to left towards you and repeat from \*.

Every knot counts one stitch, and each strip measures 2 inches wide.

For front and back across shoulders, work 8 strips each having 210 stitches; for centre-back, 2 strips having 180 sts.



HAIRPIN work has been revived with this very charming pastel-green summer jumper. Note the demure collar and puff sleeves.

For centre-front, 4 strips having 85 sts.; side-front and back, 4 strips having 70 sts.; for side underarm, 2 strips having 65 sts.

For the sleeve, work 2 strips having 55 sts.; 2 strips having 40 sts.; 2 strips

### Baby's Rug

**OLD** bath towels—the out-size kind—can be used to make a comfortable, pretty, and, above all, washable rug for baby to crawl and play on. To make the rug, join two old bath towels together by stitching, so that the rug is thick and snug, then bind the edges with colorful and washable binding.

Cut out cute animals—cats, rabbits, dogs—from gay material from the scrap-bag, and applique them on to the towels. Find some illustration to copy the figures from. This makes a very attractive and sensible rug.

having 43 sts.; 3 strips having 37 sts.; 2 strips having 31 sts. Repeat for 2nd sleeve.

**To Make Up:** With a crochet hook pick up 3 loops of the first strip and draw through it 3 loops from the 2nd strip; continue drawing through loops at a time until the 2 strips are joined together, then start and join another strip. Join up with long strips at point of shoulder, and smaller strips to the sides. Join the sleeves in the same way and sew to armholes.

When joining centre-front, leave an opening at neck for 3 inches. For the basque cast on 120 sts. Knit into the back of cast-on sts., then work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 4½ inches, cast off. Make another piece the same. For the cuff cast on 90 sts. and rib for 2½ inches, cast off. Make another cuff the same. For the collar cast on 230 sts. and rib for 3½ inches, cast off.

Join front and back basque to lower edge of jumper, join side seams, join cuffs to lower edge of sleeves, sew collar round neck. Finish neck opening with a pearl button and wool loop.

## CORN PAIN Stops in 3 Seconds

No Need Now for Razor, Risks of Lockjaw or Blood Poisoning.



**DON'T** carve corns—fatal poisoning may follow. Science has perfected even better methods in soothing corns and callouses. You simply touch them with one (1) drop of this amazing liquid that acts like a local anesthetic. Pain is diminished in 3 to 4 seconds. Then the corn shrivels up, gently separates from healthy tissue, and you can brush it off, like a dead hair—root, cap and all—for good and all.

Doctors urge it for safety—no danger of lockjaw as with razor. Famous Surgeons, dentists, athletes prefer it to the old pain-bringing "3-day" plasters. Chemists everywhere now supply the new quick, safe, PAIN-KILLER on its makers' guarantee to delight or money back.

Use at night and walk in comfort—in your smallest shoes.—to-morrow.

\*\*\*\*\*

## WORLD'S BEST NAIL POLISH costs least!

This new Kathleen Court Nail Lacquer is different—and BETTER!

Gives a Richer Lustre; in 3 days longest wear! No chipping, peeling, fading or discoloration! Kathleen Court's Nail Lacquer has a creamy base that gives a marvellous depth of colour. Shades are gorgeous! A brilliant Natural, a delicate Cherry, and exotic, glamorous tones—Rose, Cherry, Ruby Red and the fascinating Plumest-Mauve of Paris, 1/6 for smart bottles of two in four times the usual quantity. Grip-fast brushes. Of better Chemicals and Solvents. If any dirt, only, under the nail. P.S. Maurice, Sydney.

Makes Nails Glamorous but not Bizarre

★ Ask your Dealer, or write to Kathleen Court Eyebrow Pencil and Nail Lacquer, Black or Brown, 1/6.

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

WITHOUT CALOMEL  
And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food cannot digest, it just sits in the stomach. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more powerful movement is needed at the cause. It takes two good old capsules Little Liver Pills to get the most wonderful bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, pleasant-tasting little liver pills. Ask the Chemist, Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes only 1/6 and 2/6. Repeat a schedule 4/6-6/6.

## TRUST YOUR DENTIST

To restore  
**NATURAL WHITENESS**  
to Dull Teeth

-he says **KOLYNOS**



**KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM**, the proved antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing tooth paste, quickly restores the sparkle and attractiveness of natural whiteness to your teeth.

Dentists throughout the World recommend Kolynos because of its ability to remove unsightly stain and tartar, cleaning and whitening the teeth without harmful bleaching action or unnecessary abrasion. Kolynos actually kills harmful germs in a few seconds and keeps teeth and mouth thoroughly clean and healthy.

Being highly concentrated, Kolynos is most economical in use. Kolynos is best used on a DRY tooth brush. Try it. Get a tube to-day. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

**KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM**

## Loveliest of Frocks & Bonnets for Baby!

...Transfers and patterns available immediately on application to The Australian Women's Weekly Needlework Department.



**S**pecially designed for wee ones 6 to 12 months of age, this enchanting two-way frock and demure little bonnet will, I feel sure, make instantaneous appeal to baby-lovers. A special transfer has been created for the embroddering of the long-sleeved frock and another for the summery, short-sleeved one.

2½ yards of 36-inch material will be required to make the bonnet and two attractive frocks. The one pattern (with the addition of a long sleeve and collar for one) serves for both frocks.

Pattern pieces include half-front and back skirt, half-front and back yoke, short and long sleeve, collar and cuff. Bonnet has three pieces.

When cutting out lay centre-front and back of skirt and front of yoke and collar to the fold of material; cut sleeves, cuffs, and back-yoke double, allowing 1-inch turnings on each side of back yoke. Gather, or else make

groups of pin tucks at intervals (in groups of three) at top of skirt to fit yoke, sew yoke down on to skirt; make turnings on back-yoke and sew to skirt. Join shoulder and underarm seams, join sleeve seams, sew in sleeves.

Add cuffs to the long sleeves and sew collar to neck on one side only; the other side must be neatly finished off to fasten with press studs.

Three or four rows of fine shirring may be used at waist instead of the pin tucks.

Allow for seams when cutting out. Cut the three bonnet pieces on single material. Gather the back to fit circle and join as far as notches; sew front flap to front of bonnet, and turn.

Frock and bonnet should be embroidered before making up.

The addition of lace makes an attractive finish.

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# CLASSIC DRAPERIES for the EVENING

By JESSIE TAIT  
 Sketched by  
 PETROV

Evening fashions have changed completely; gone are the wide-skirted picture-frocks and the simple bias-cut skirt. Drapery dominates the evening mode.

THERE are three types of dress: skin-tight sheaths shirred on to a cord centre-front and back or sides, classically-draped models with the material swathed to one side, dresses with floating drapery.

The new evening gowns are beautiful and call for dignified carriage, a good figure, and perfect foundation garments. They will be extremely difficult to make and rather hard to wear unless you have the specified requirements. The "floating drapery" type is easiest to wear. These do not cling too tightly to the body, and their floating scarves and panels aid figures that are not perfect. These dresses are usually made of chiffon, yards and yards of the material being gathered centre-front and held by a wide jewelled belt.

## Floating Panels

LONG panels float from the shoulders to the ground; wide panels hang from the waist in front to the floor, then loop up and are caught at the waist centre-back. Scarves are sewn to one shoulder and either draped round the neck or round the bodice. Pleating is an im-

portant feature in these frocks. Whole skirts are finely pleated, panels are pleated; sometimes the whole dress is pleated with the bodice bound with cord in Grecian style—one in white chiffon is finely pleated from shoulder to hem, the bodice being held to the figure with pearl cords.

Wide belts are featured a great deal on these floating chiffon frocks. They are made of velvet or crepe, plain or studded with pearls or colored beads. Others are made entirely of large pieces of colored stones flexibly linked together.

## Belts Are Varied

THESE belts are from three to four inches wide. Gold mesh or gold kid belts are smart on black. Other belts usually contrast with the dress. The most difficult style is the skin-tight, moulded dress with front and back shirring; an example is sketched in the centre of this page.

In some cases the shirring starts at the neckline and finishes below the hips; from there the skirt hangs in folds. These skirts reach the floor; they never have trains.

Bodices are shirred, gathered or draped, décolletés high or low. Chiffon and crepes are used. The material must be soft and pliable.

The most interesting dresses are the draped and swathed models in heavy crepe, velvet, or satin. Many of these are Grecian in inspiration.

Frocks are closely fitted and draped with gathers in clusters all the way up the centre and back and side seams in the 1910 manner. In place of gathers there is shirring on to cords running the length of the dress.

A VIONNET gown is delicately shirred in folds in front, above, and below the waistline, the skirt hangs in folds in front, the bodice is moulded to the figure. Jewelled strass buckles hold the front folds in place. The material of the dress is dead-white crepe. Tight sheaths are dragged across the hips to one side, and cling closely to the knees and ankles.

There is low drapery placed at the knees, at the ankles, at the thighs; there are moulded bodices revealing the figure with very low necklines, loosely-draped bodices pulled to one side, sometimes high, sometimes low.

## Swathed Shoulders

DECOLLETES and bodices are less interesting than the skirts. The majority are extremely low, both back and front with material swathed across the shoulders. When the skirts are draped to one side the bodice follows suit, and both shoulders are different, one slightly covered,

the other just a narrow strap. Flowers are not worn if the dress is elaborately draped; they are replaced by large diamond clips and brooches.

Many skirts are uneven, scooped up in front, and touching the floor in back. Some are instep length, very few indeed have trains.

White is the leading evening color—it seems the perfect choice for these intricately-draped dresses. Black is much favored, then pink. For cool autumn nights you will wear royal-blue, cerise, all shades of purple and violet, dark greens, and reds.

Dull crepes, georgette-crepe, and chiffon are the materials that best lend themselves to drapery—later on we will use supple lames and velvets.

Rather massive jewellery looks well with the new frocks. Large multi-colored stones set in heavy gold settings make necklaces and bracelets. Colored stones strung together twice encircle your neck and wrists, two large paste clips at either side of the neckline and another in your hair. A draped belt of the dress fabric with a huge square diamond buckle.

Low-heeled silver and gold kid or white satin sandals are worn with the Grecian type of draped dress.

To cover your dress you will wear a long, full cape, a stiff military cape, a short cape, a draped cape. Evening coats are few and far between. Velvet, taffeta, and lame fashion important-looking capes, and crepe to match the dress makes the smaller ones.



● PALE BLUE satin dress. The skirt is draped low at the knees and the bodice around the armholes. Scarlet flowers.

● SHOWING floating drapery. Pink chiffon dragged to one side and the bodice draped to match. Wide, jewelled belt, clips, and bracelets.



● HEAVY, dead-white crepe is shirred into back and front seams tightly moulding the figure. The bodice is draped.

## Paris Snapshots

LATE summer frocks in plain or colored linen or crepe are edged, piped, or otherwise trimmed with contrasting velvet. Velvet will make entire autumn frocks; will also be combined with wool.

EVENING bows made of flowers that match the flowers in the print of your dress are shown.

NOTHING heavier than chiffon or tulle is used for midsummer evening wraps. Ruffled tulle capes with attached hoods to keep your hair smooth. Three-tiered tulle capes and long chiffon coats are smart.

NEWEST shoes have square toes and square heels.



● BLACK crepe dress shows the new looped-up hemline; this continues around the back. The long scarf is black chiffon, and can be crossed and tied around the waist.

● DINNER gown in printed crepe-de-chine. Large pastel flowers on a white ground. The very low neck and revers are new. The back décolleté can be very low or high.



## Acid Stomach inflicts untold misery



**"Why am I always weak, nervous, despondent?"**

There are countless women, men too, who for years have not known what it is to feel really fit and well. They drag wearily through life all unconscious of the fact that a chronically sour acid stomach is capable of souring one's entire existence. You can easily detect an acid stomach by the following symptoms—Always tired and low-spirited, frequent headaches, disturbed sleep, overstrung nerves, loss of appetite, nausea, flatulence and indigestion. If that is how you feel, don't resort to pick-me-ups but take 'Bisurated' Magnesia to sweeten your stomach. This will correct the excessive acidity of your gastric juice and overcome the chronic sourness of your stomach. With the "mineralizing" of your system in healthy working order your distressing symptoms will promptly vanish and you will soon be enjoying normal health and spirits. Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from any chemist and start on the road to good health by taking a dose after your next meal—the effect will be a revelation to you. In 'Bisurated' Magnesia you have the supreme remedy for stomach troubles, with over 20 years' reputation for unflinching efficacy.

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## Mother Told Her!

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# DAVIS CUP Team Depends on JACK CRAWFORD

**Can He Regain  
His Form?**

From JOAN HARTIGAN  
in Adelaide.

The question as to whether a Davis Cup team should be sent abroad this year is one exercising the minds of the Tennis Association of Australia at the present time.

A decision, favorable or otherwise, has been deferred pending the results of the Australian championships in order that Jack Crawford may, by results, determine his form.

A TENNIS player does not reach the front rank without having a hard row to hoe. His success depends largely upon his skill, his zest, and enthusiasm for the game, and the necessary experience which can only be obtained by playing against high-class opponents.

As I pointed out in some of my previous articles, it is a very different matter playing in championship events in other parts of the world to what it is in this country. Here, owing to our limited number of players, the champion, by reason of the fact that he is continually playing against the same men in the various tournaments soon gets to know their favorite shots and the type of game they play, so that he is fairly well versed in their strength and weaknesses when he meets them in competition. On the other side of the



MRS. ROBERTA RANCK BONNIWELL, wife of Judge Bonniwell, of America, who hopes to compete in the women's Olympic gymnastic team, which leaves for Berlin in July.

world, however, he will meet something entirely different every time, besides which he has to overcome the difficulties of strange conditions.

I think it will be a great pity if we are not represented in the Davis Cup contest, even if Jack Crawford is unavailable. While the loss of his services cannot be overestimated, we must not overlook the fact that a team going abroad in quest of the Davis Cup provides opportunities for our young players to gain experience, which is so essential if we are to provide for the future on the building up of first-class tennis players.

## Champion's Sacrifices

THEREFORE, unless our young players are given these opportunities—and the only way they can be provided is for them to be given a chance to play in the Davis Cup competition and overseas tournaments—it is hopeless to expect us to improve the standard of our tennis to the extent of being able to say we have any chance of annexing the coveted cup or develop a world champion.

I have already emphasised that the loss of Jack Crawford from the team cannot be overestimated, but I venture

to think that few people realise just what Crawford has meant to Australian tennis in the last few years.

When we remember that he has shouldered the greater part of the burden of our Davis Cup team almost continually now for years, has hardly had a rest from championship tennis, and has not had an opportunity of having a winter for three years, we must realise that we have overworked him and asked him to do more than is humanly possible.

With all this we owe a great deal to him for his wonderful sportsmanship—a trait in his character that has made him universally popular. In this sense, I think Crawford has built up a very high reputation, not only in Australia, but in all the countries of the world he has visited. Should he finally decide not to go abroad this year, the Australian public will, I am sure, lament his absence from the team if one be sent, and his loss will undoubtedly be very severely felt.

Jack, I am sure, will be the first to strongly advocate sending a team away whether he be a member or not. Meanwhile, the tennis public await with keen interest the final decision of the Tennis Association on the matter.

# WOMEN in Sole CONTROL

## Success of Athletic Meeting

By RUTH PREDDY

The success that attended the recently-conducted Australian Women's Amateur Athletic meeting gives further proof of the organising ability of women in control of their own sports.

THESE championships, which were held in Sydney, are the first in which women have acted in the capacity of judges, time-keepers and starters, and in general did all the little odd jobs necessary to make a venture of this kind a success.

There has been a decided trend, during the last few years, towards women conducting and organising their own sport, and at the present time there are only one or two women's sports of which the men's association have control.

Hockey, cricket, basketball, bowls, baseball, croquet, vigoro, and golf are games in which women's associations are in sole control and now the Women's Athletic Association has joined the ranks.

In New South Wales, the Women's Swimming Association conducts its own carnivals. Here, again, women officials are in charge, and it is noteworthy that not one minute is lost between the finish of a race and the commencement of the next.

Miss Joyce Cooper, the British Olympic Games and Empire Games representative, who visited here two years ago, was amazed at the promptness with which the races were run off in Sydney, during the Australian championships. "Nowhere in the world have I seen such wonderful organising. Why, in some places, I have seen nearly thirty minutes elapse between races, and that was at big carnivals, too," she said.

So far nearly every venture attempted by the women's associations has been attended with success. Even the financial aspect has been so encouraging that the women have no qualms about the success of inviting overseas players to Australia.

The recent visits of the English women's cricket team and the British women's football team have proved that

they can attract crowds that leave no doubt as to the financial success of the venture.

The Australian Women's Athletic Association is to be congratulated on its enterprise, and full credit for its successful meeting must be given to Mrs. Doris Magee and her band of working officials.

The inclusion of women swimmers and athletes in the 1936 Olympic Games team will more than reward the women's associations in their effort to gain further recognition. And, incidentally, the officials in charge of the 1936 Empire Games, to be held in Sydney, should endeavor to obtain the co-operation of as many of the secretaries from the various women's organisations as possible. Their knowledge would be invaluable.



MISS CLARE DENNIS, the Olympic champion, who will take a prominent part in the opening of the National Games in Adelaide.

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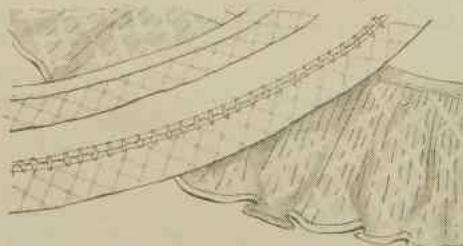
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# THE STORY OF San Michele



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... By ...

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# The Story of San Michele

## BY AXEL MUNTHE

### CHAPTER I



I SPRANG from the Sorrento sailing-boat on to the little beach. Swarms of boys were playing about among the up-turned boats or bathing their shining bronze bodies in the surf, and old fishermen in red Phrygian caps sat mending their nets outside their boat-houses. Opposite the landing-place stood half-a-dozen donkeys with saddles on their backs and bunches of flowers in their bridles, and around them chattered and sang as many girls with the silver spadella stuck through their black tresses and a red handkerchief tied across their shoulders. The little donkey who was to take me up to Capri was called Rosina, and the name of the girl was Giola. Her black, lustreous eyes sparkled with fiery youth, her lips were red like the string of corals round her neck, her strong white teeth glistened like a row of pearls in her merry laughter. She said she was fifteen and I said that I was younger than I had ever been. But Rosina was old, "e antica," said Giola. So I slipped off the saddle and climbed leisurely up the winding path to the village. In front of me danced Giola on naked feet, a wreath of flowers round her head, like a young Bacchante, and behind me staggered old Rosina in her dusty black shoes, with bent head and drooping ears, deep in thought. I had no time to think, my head was full of rapturous wonder, my heart full of the joy of life, the world was beautiful and I was eighteen! We wound our way through bushes of ginestra and myrtle in full bloom, and here and there, among the sweet-scented grass, many small flowers I had never seen before in the land of Linnaeus lifted their graceful heads to look at us as we passed.

We passed through the village and halted at Punta Tragara.

"I am going to climb to the top of that rock," said I, pointing to the most precipitous of the three Paragion, glistening like amethysts at our feet. But Giola was sure I could not do it. A fisherman who had tried to climb up there in search of sea-gulls' eggs had been hurled back into the sea by an evil spirit, who lived there in the shape of a blue lizard, as blue as the Blue Grotto, to keep watch over a golden treasure hidden there by Timberio, as the islanders called the long-dead Emperor Tiberius, himself.

Towering over the friendly little village the sombre outline of Monte Solaro stood out against the Western sky with its stern crags and inaccessible cliffs.

"I want to climb that mountain at once," said I.

But Giola did not like the idea at all. A steep path, seven hundred and seventy-seven steps, cut in the rock by Timberio himself led up the flank of the mountain, and half-way up in a dark cave lived a ferocious werewolf who had already eaten several Christians. On the top of the stairs was Anacapri, but only gente di montagna lived there, all very bad people; no forester! ever went there and she herself had never been there. Much better climb to the Villa Timberio, or the Arco Naturale or the Grotta Matroniana!

"No, I had no time, I must climb that mountain at once."

Back to the Piazza, just as the rusty bells of the old campanile were ringing 12 o'clock to announce that the macaroni was ready. Wouldn't I at least have luncheon first under the big palm-tree of the Albergo Pagano? No, I had no time, I had to climb the mountain at once. "Addio, Giola bella, bella! Addio Rosina! Addio, addio e presto ritorno!" Alas! for the presto ritorno!

"E un pazzo inglese," were the last words I heard from Giola's red lips as, driven by my fate, I sprang up the Phoenician steps to Anacapri. Half-way up I overtook an old woman with a huge basket full of oranges on her head. "Buon giorno, signorino." She put down her basket and handed me an orange. On the top of the oranges lay a bundle of newspapers and letters tied up in a red handkerchief. It was old Maria Porta-Lettere who carried the post twice a week to Anacapri, later on my life-long friend. I saw her die at the age of ninety-five. She fumbled among the letters, selected the biggest envelope and begged me to tell her if it was not for Nannina la Crapara, (the Goat-woman) who was eagerly expecting la lettera from her husband in America. No, it was not. Perhaps this one? No, it was for Signora Desdemona Vacca.

THE next letter was for Signor Ulisse Desalderio. "I think they mean Capolimonre (Lemonhead)," said old Maria, "he had a letter just like that only a month ago."

Was there an inn in Anacapri? I asked. No, but Annarella, la moglia del sagrestano, could supply me with excellent goat-cheese and a glass of excellent wine from the vineyard of the priest Don Dionisio, her uncle, un vino meraviglioso—a marvellous wine. Besides there was La Bella Margherita, of course I knew her by name and that her aunt had married "un lord inglese." No, I did not, but I was most anxious to know La Bella Margherita.

We reached at last the top of the seven-hundred and seventy-seven steps, and passed through a vaulted gate with the huge iron hinges of its former draw-bridge still fastened to the rock. We were in Anacapri. The whole bay of Naples lay at our feet encircled by Ischia, Procida, the pine-clad Posilipo, the glittering white line of Naples, Vesuvius with its rosy cloud of smoke, the Sorrento plain sheltered under Monte San' Angelo, and further away the Apennine mountains, still covered with snow. Just over our heads, riveted to the steep rock like an eagle's nest, stood a little ruined chapel. Its vaulted roof had fallen in, but huge blocks of masonry shaped into an unknown pattern of symmetrical network, still supported its crumbling walls.

"Roba di Timberio," explained old Maria. "What is the name of the little chapel?" I asked eagerly.

"San Michele."

"San Michele, San Michele!" echoed in my heart. In the vineyard below the chapel stood an old man digging deep furrows in the soil for the new vines. "Buon giorno Mastro Vincenzo!" The vineyard was his and so was the little house close by, he had built it all with his own hands, mostly with stones and bricks of the Roba

di Timberio that were strewn all over the garden. Maria Porta-Lettere told him all she knew about me and Mastro Vincenzo invited me to sit down in his garden and have a glass of wine. I looked at the little house and the chapel. My heart began to beat so violently that I could hardly speak.

"I must climb there at once," said I to Maria Porta-Lettere! But old Maria said I had better come with her first to get something to eat or I would not find anything and driven by hunger and thirst I reluctantly decided to follow her advice. I waved my hand to Mastro Vincenzo and said I would come back soon. We walked through some empty lanes and stopped in a piazzetta. "Ecco La Bella Margherita!"

La Bella Margherita put a flask of rose-colored wine and a bunch of flowers on the table in her garden and announced that the macaroni would be ready in five minutes. She was fair like Titian's Flora, the modelling of her face exquisite, her profile pure Greek. She put an enormous plate of macaroni before me, and sat herself by my side watching me with smiling curiosity. "Vino del parroco," she announced proudly, each time she filled my glass. I drank the parroco's health, her health, and that of her dark-eyed sister, la bella Giulia, who had joined the party, with a handful of oranges I had watched her picking from a tree in the garden. Their parents were dead and the brother Andrea was a sailor and lord knows where he was but her aunt was living in her own villa in Capri, of course I knew that she had married un lord inglese? Yes, of course I knew, but I did not remember her name. "Lady G——," said La Bella Margherita proudly. I just remembered in time to drink her health, but after that I did not remember anything except that the sky overhead was blue like a sapphire, that the parroco's wine was red like a ruby, that La Bella Margherita sat by my side with golden hair and smiling lips.

"San Michele!" suddenly rang through my ears. "San Michele!" echoed deep down in my heart!

"Addio, Bella Margherita!" "Addio e presto ritorno!" Alas for the presto ritorno!

I WALKED back through the empty lanes steering as straight as I could for my goal. It was the sacred hour of the siesta, the whole little village was asleep. The piazza, all ablaze with sun, was deserted.

Further down the lane stood a stately Roman matron. It was Annarella herself, beckoning me with a friendly waving of the hand to come in. Why had I gone to La Bella Margherita instead of to her? Did I not know that her caciocavallo was the best cheese in all the village. And as for the wine, everybody knew that the parroco's wine was no match for that of the Rev. Don Dionisio. As I sat under her pergola in front of a flask of Don Dionisio's vino bianco it began to dawn upon me that maybe she was right, but I wanted to be fair and had to empty the whole flask before giving my final opinion. But when Gioconda, her smiling daughter, helped me to a second glass from the new flask I had made up my mind. Yes, Don Dionisio's vino bianco was the best! It looked like liquid sunshine, it tasted like



# THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE

the nectar of the Gods, and Gioconda looked like a young Hebe as she filled my empty glass. Miraculous stuff indeed, for suddenly I began to speak fluent Italian with verigulous volubility amid roars of laughter from mother and daughter. I was beginning to feel very friendly towards Don Dionisio. I liked his name, I liked his wine. I thought I would like to make his acquaintance. Nothing was easier for him was to preach that evening to "le Figlie di Maria" in the Church.

Old Mastro Vincenzo was still hard at work in his vineyard digging deep furrows in the sweet-scented soil for the new vines, when, at last, I reached him. Now and then he picked up a slab of colored marble or a piece of red-stucco and threw it over the wall. "Roba di Timberio," said he. I sat down on a broken column of red granite by the side of my new friend. Era molto duro, it was very hard to break, said Mastro Vincenzo. At my feet a chicken was scratching in the earth in search of a worm and before my very nose appeared a coin. I picked it up and recognised at a glance the noble heart of Augustus, "Darius Augustus Pater." Mastro Vincenzo said it was not worth a balocco, I have it still. He had made the garden all by himself and had planted all the vines and figtrees with his own hands. Hard work, said Mastro Vincenzo showing me his large, horny hands, for the whole ground was full of Roba di Timberio, columns, capitals, fragments of statues and teste di cristiani, and he had to dig up and carry away all this rubbish before he could plant his vines.

NOW he was getting old and hardly able to look after his vineyard any more, and his son who lived on the mainland with twelve children and three cows wanted him to sell the house and come and live with him. Again my heart began to beat. Was the chapel also his? No, it belonged to nobody and people said it was haunted by ghosts.

I climbed over the wall and walked up the narrow lane to the chapel. The floor was covered to a man's height with the debris of the fallen vault, the walls were covered with ivy and wild honeysuckle and hundreds of lizards played merrily about among big bushes of myrtle and rosemary, stopping now and then in their game to look at me with lustrous eyes and panting tongues. An owl rose on noiseless wings from a dark corner, and a large snake, asleep on the sunlit mosaic floor of the terrace, unfolded slowly his black coils and glided back into the chapel with a warning hiss at the intruder. Was it the ghost of the sombre old Emperor still haunting the ruins where his imperial villa once stood?

I looked down at the beautiful island at my feet. How could he live in such a place and be so cruel! thought I. How could his soul be so dark with such a glorious light on Heaven and Earth! How could he ever leave this place, to retire to that other even more inaccessible villa of his on the eastern cliffs, which still bears his name and where he spent the last three years of his life?

To live in such a place as this, to die in such a place, if ever death could conquer the ever-lasting joy of such a life! What aching dream had made my heart beat so violently a moment ago when Mastro Vincenzo had told me that he was getting old and tired, and that his son wanted him to sell his house? What wild thoughts had flashed through my bolsterous brain when he had said that the chapel belonged to nobody? Why not to me? Why should I not buy Mastro Vincenzo's house, and join the chapel and the house with garlands of vines and avenues of cypresses and columns supporting white loggias, peopled with marbled statues of gods and beacons of emperors and . . . I closed my eyes, lest the beautiful vision should vanish, and

gradually realities faded away into the twilight of dreamland.

A tall figure wrapped in a rich mantle stood by my side.

"It shall all be yours," he said in a melodious voice, waving his hand across the horizon. "The chapel, the garden, the house, the mountain with its castle, all shall be yours, if you are willing to pay the price!"

"Who are you, phantom from the unseen?"

"I am the immortal spirit of this place. Time has no meaning for me. Two thousand years ago I stood here where we now stand by the side of another man, led here by his destiny as you have been led here by yours. He did not ask for happiness as you do, he only asked for forgetfulness and peace, and he believed he could find it here on this lonely island. I told him the price he would have to pay: the branding of an untarnished name with infamy through all ages."

"He accepted the bargain, he paid the price. For eleven years he lived here surrounded by a few trusty friends, all men of honor and integrity. Twice he started on his way to return to his palace on the Palatine Hill. Twice his courage failed him. Rome never saw him again. He died on his homeward journey in the villa of his friend Lucullus on the promontory over there. His last words were that he should be carried down in his litter to the boat that was to take him to his island home."

"What is the price you ask of me?"

"The renunciation of your ambition to make yourself a name, in your profession, the sacrifice of your future."

"What then am I to become?"

"Might-Be-Born, a failure."

"You take away from me all that is worth living for."

"You are mistaken, I give you all that is worth living for."

"Will you at least leave me pity. I cannot live without pity if I am to become a doctor."

"Yes, I will leave you pity, but you would have lost much better without it."

"Do you ask for anything more?"

As I spoke the words, the church bells from Capri began to ring Ave Maria. I turned my head to look at him. He was gone.



## CHAPTER 2

QUARTIER LATIN. A student's room in the Hotel de l'Avenir, piles of books everywhere, on tables, chairs and in heaps on the floor, and on the wall a faded photograph of Capri. Mornings in the wards of La Salpetriere, Hotel-Dieu and La Pitié, going from bed to bed to read chapter after chapter in the book of human suffering, written with blood and tears. Afternoons in the dissecting rooms and amphitheatres of l'Ecole de Medecine or in the laboratories of the Institut Pasteur, watching in the microscope with anxious eyes the mystery of the unseen world, the infinitely small beings, arbiters of the life and death of man. Nights of vigil in the Hotel de l'Avenir, precious nights of toil to master the hard facts, the classical signs of disorder and disease collected and sifted by observers from all lands, so necessary and so immitigable for the making of a doctor. Work, work, work! Summer holidays with empty cafes in Boulevard St. Michel, Ecole de Medecine closed, laboratories and amphitheatres deserted, clinics half-empty. But no holiday for suffering in the hospital wards, no holiday for Death. No holiday in the Hotel de l'Avenir. No

distraction but an occasional stroll under the lime-trees of the Luxembourg Gardens or a greedily-enjoyed hour of leisure in the Louvre Museum. No friends. No dog. Not even a mistress. Henri Murger's "Vie de Boheme" was gone, but his Mimi was still there, very much so, smilingly strolling down the Boulevard St. Michel on the arm of almost every student, when the hour for the apertif was approaching, or mending his coat or washing his linen in his garret while he was reading for his exam.

OFTEN during the long wakeful nights as I sat there in the Hotel de l'Avenir, my head bent over Charcot's "Maladies du Systeme Nerveux" or Trousseau's "Clinique de l'Hotel Dieu," a terrible thought flashed suddenly through my brain: Mastro Vincenzo is old, fancy if he should die while I am sitting here or sell to somebody else the little house on the cliff, which holds the key to my future home. An ice-cold perspiration burst out on my forehead and my heart stood almost still with fear. I stared at the faded photograph of Capri on the wall; I thought I saw it fade away more and more into dimness, mysterious and sphinx-like still nothing remained but the outline of sarcophagus, under which lay buried a dream. Then rubbing my aching eyes I plunged into my book again with frantic fury, like a racehorse spurred on towards his goal with bleeding flanks. Yes, it became a race, a race for prizes and trophies. My comrades began to bet on me as an easy winner, and even the master with the head of a Caesar and the eye of an eagle mistook me for a rising man—the only error of diagnosis I ever knew Professor Charcot commit during years of watchful observation of his unerring judgment in the wards of his Salpetriere, or in his consulting-room at Boulevard St. Germain, thronged with patients from all over the world. It cost me dearly this mistake of his. It cost me my sleep, and it nearly cost me the sight of my eyes. This question is not settled yet for the matter of that. Such was my faith in the infallibility of Charcot, who knew more than any living man about the human brain that for a short time I believed he was right. Spurred by ambition to fulfil his prophecy, insensible to fatigue, to sleep, even to hunger, I strained every fibre of mind and body to breaking-point in an effort to win at all costs. No more walks under the lime trees of the Luxembourg Gardens; no more strolls in the Louvre. From morning till night my lungs filled with the foul air of the hospital wards and the amphitheatres, from night till morning with the smoke of endless cigarettes in my stuffy room at the Hotel de l'Avenir. Exam after exam, in rapid succession, far too rapid, alas, to be of any value, success after success. Work, work, work! I was to take my degree in the spring. Luck in everything my hand touched, never failing, amazing, almost uncanny luck.

I had little time to form friendships, but the Frere Antoine who came to the hospital every Sunday to play the organ in the little chapel was a particular friend of mine. It was the only chance I had those days to hear any music and I seldom missed being there, I who am so fond of music! The very day before Christmas Frere Antoine caught a bad chill, and a great secret was whispered from bed to bed in the Salle St. Claire that after a long consultation between the Mother Superior and the old padre I had been allowed to replace him at the organ to save the situation.

The only other music I ever heard those days was when poor old Don Gastano came to play to me twice a week on his worn-out barrel-organ under my balcony in the Hotel de l'Avenir. The "Miserere" from the "Traviata" was his show-piece, and



the melancholy old tune suited him well, both him and his half-frozen little monkey, who crouched on the barrel-organ in her red Garibaldi!

Ah che la morte ogn'era  
E tarda nel venir!

It suited equally well poor old Monsieur Alfredo who wandered about the snow-covered streets in his threadbare frockcoat, with the manuscript of his last tragedy under his arm. Equally well his friends in the Italian poor quarter huddled together round their half-extinguished braciore with no money to buy a half-penny worth of charcoal to keep themselves warm. There came days too, when the sad melody seemed just the right accompaniment to my own thoughts as well; when I sat before my books in the Hotel de l'Avenir with no courage left to face a new day, when everything seemed so black and hopeless and the faded old photograph of Capri so far away. Then I used to throw myself on the bed and close my aching eyes, and soon San Antonio set to work to perform another miracle. Soon I was sailing away from all my worries to the enchanting island of my dreams. Gioconda handed me smilingly a glass of Don Dionisio's wine, and once more the blood began to flow, rich and strong, through my tired brain. The world was beautiful and I was young, ready to fight, sure to win. Mastro Vincenzo, still hard at work amongst his vines, waved his hand at me as I walked up the little lane behind his garden to the chapel. I sat for a while on the terrace and looked down spell-bound on the fair island at my feet, just wondering how on earth I should manage to drag up my sphinx of red granite to the top of the cliff. Indeed, it would be a difficult job, but of course I would do it quite easily, all by myself! "Addio bella Gioconda! Addio e presto ritorno!" Yes, of course I would come back soon, very soon, in my next dream! The new day came and looked hard at the dreamer through the window. I opened my eyes and sprang to my feet, and greeting the new-comer with a smile I sat down again at my table, book in hand. Then came spring and dropped the first twig of chestnut flowers on my balcony from the budding trees of the avenue. It was the signal. I went up for my exam and left the Hotel de l'Avenir with the hard-won diploma in my pocket, the youngest M.D. ever created in France.



### CHAPTER 3

#### AVENUE DE VILLIERS.

Dr. Munthe from 2 till 3.

Door-bell ringing and messages coming day and night with urgent letters and calls. Telephone, that deadly weapon in the hands of idle women, not yet started on its nerve-racking campaign against every hour of well-earned rest. Consultation-room rapidly filling up with patients of all sorts and descriptions, mostly nervous cases, the fair sex in the majority. Many were ill, seriously ill. I listened gravely to what they had to say and examined them as carefully as I could, quite sure I could help them, whatever was the matter. Of these cases I do not feel inclined to speak here. A day may come when I may have something to say about them. Many were not ill at all, and might never have become so, had they not consulted me. Many insisted they were ill.

What they all liked was appendicitis. Appendicitis was just then much in demand among better-class people on the lookout for a complaint. All the nervous ladies had got it on the brain if not in the abdomen, thrived on it beautifully, and

so did their medical advisers. So I drifted gradually into appendicitis and treated a great number of such cases with varied success. But when the rumor began to circulate that the American surgeons had started on a campaign to cut out every appendix in the United States, my cases of appendicitis began to fall off in an alarming way. Consternation!

"Take away the appendix! my appendix!" said the fashionable ladies, clinging desperately to their processus vermiformis, like a mother to her infant. "What shall I do without it!"

"Take away their appendices, my appendices!" said the doctors, consulting gloomily the list of their patients. "I never heard such nonsense! Why, there is nothing wrong with their appendices, I ought to know. I who have to examine them twice a week. I am dead against it!"

It soon became evident that appendicitis was on its last legs, and that a new complaint had to be discovered to meet the general demand. The Faculty was up to the mark, a new disease was dumped on the market, a new word was coined, a gold coin indeed, Colitis! It was a neat complaint, safe from the surgeon's knife, always at hand when wanted, suitable to everybody's taste. Nobody knew when it came, nobody knew when it went away. I knew that several of my far-sighted colleagues had already tried it on their patients with great success, but so far my luck had been against me.

ONE of my last cases of appendicitis was I think, the Countess who came to consult me, on the recommendation of Charcot, as she said. He used to send me patients now and then and I was of course most anxious to do my very best for her, even had she not been as pretty as she was. She looked at the young oracle with ill-concealed disappointment in her large, languid eyes and said she wished to speak to "Monsieur le Docteur lui-même" and not to his assistant, a first greeting I was accustomed to from a new patient. At first she did not know if she had appendicitis, nor did Monsieur le Docteur lui-même, but soon she was sure that she had it, and I that she had not. When I told her so with unwise abruptness she became very agitated. Professor Charcot had told her that I was sure to find out what was the matter with her, and that I would help her, and instead of that . . . she burst into tears and I felt very sorry for her.

"What is the matter with me?" she sobbed, stretching out her two empty hands towards me with a gesture of despair.

"I will tell you if you promise to be calm."

She ceased to cry instantly. Wiping the last tears from her big eyes she said bravely:

"I can stand anything. I have already stood so much, don't be afraid. I am not going to cry any more. What is the matter with me?"

"Colitis."

Her eyes grew even larger than before, though I would have thought that to be impossible.

"Colitis! That is exactly what I always thought! I am sure you are right! Colitis! Tell me, what is colitis?" I took good care to avoid that question, for I did not know it myself, nor did anybody else in those days. But I told her it lasted long and was difficult to cure, and I was right there. The Countess smiled amiably at me. And her husband who said it was nothing but nerves! She said there was no time to lose and wanted to begin the cure at once, so I was arranged she would come to Avenue de Villiers twice a week. She returned the very next day, and even I who was already getting accustomed to sudden changes in my patients could not help being struck by her cheerful ap-

pearance and bright face, so much so that I asked her how old she was.

She was just twenty-five. She only came to ask me if colitis was catching.

Yes, very. The word was hardly out of my mouth before I discovered that this young person was far cleverer than I.

Wouldn't I tell the Count it was safer they shouldn't sleep in the same room?

I assured her it was not at all safer, that although I had not the honor to know Monsieur le Comte, I felt sure he would not catch it. It was only catching with impressionable and highly-strung people like herself.

SURELY I would not call her highly-strung, she objected, her big eyes wandering restlessly round the room?

Yes, decidedly.

Could I not cure her of that?

No.

My Dearest Ann,

"Fancy, my dear, I have got colitis! I am so glad . . . so glad you recommended me this Suedois, or was it Charcot? In any case I told him it was Charcot, to make sure he would give me more time and attention. You are right, he is very clever, though he does not look like it. I am already recommending him to all my friends, I am sure he can do any amount of good to my sister-in-law, who is still on her back after her nasty fall at your cotillion. I am sure she has got colitis! Sorry, my dear, we shall not meet at Josephine's dinner to-morrow, I have already written to her I have got colitis, and can't possibly come. I wish she could put it off till after to-morrow."

Your loving Juliette.

"P.S. It just struck me that the Suedois ought to have a look at your mother-in-law, who is so worried about her deafness; of course, I know the Marquise doesn't want to see any more doctors, and who does! but could it not be arranged that he saw her in some sort of unofficial way? I would not at all be surprised if the root of it all was colitis."

"P.S. I would not mind asking the doctor to dinner here one day if you could persuade the Marquise to dine here, en petit comite, of course. Do you know he discovered I had colitis only by looking at me through his spectacles? Besides, I want my husband to make his acquaintance, though he does not like doctors more than does your mother-in-law. I am sure he will like this one."

A week later I had the unexpected honor to be invited to dinner at the Countess' hotel in Faubourg St. Germain, and to sit next to the Dowager Marquise, respectfully watching her with my eagle eye while she devoured an enormous plate of pate de foie gras in majestic aloofness. She never said a word to me, and my timid attempts to open a conversation came to a standstill when I discovered that she was stone-deaf. After dinner, Monsieur le Comte took me to the smoking-room. He was a most polite little man, very fat, with a placid, almost shy face, at least twice the age of his wife, every inch a gentleman. Offering me a cigarette, he said with great effusion:

"I cannot thank you enough for having cured my wife of appendicitis—the very word is hateful to me. I frankly confess I have taken a great dislike to doctors. I have seen so many of them, and so far none seems to have been able to do my wife any good, though I must add she never gave any of them a fair chance before she was off to another. I had better warn you, I am sure it will be the same with you."

"I am not so sure of that."

"So much the better. She has evidently great confidence in you, which is a strong point in your favor."

"It is everything."



"As far as I am concerned, I frankly admit not having taken to you very kindly at first, but now, since we have met, I am anxious to correct my first impression and," he added politely, "I believe we are on bonne voie. Apropos, what is colitis?"

I got out of my difficulties by his adding good-humoredly:

"Whatever it may be it cannot be worse than appendicitis, and, depend upon it, I shall soon know as much about it as you do."

He did not ask for much. I liked so much his frank, polite manners that I ventured to put him a question in return.

"No," he answered with a slight embarrassment in his voice. "I wish to God we had. We have now been married for five years and so far no sign of it. I wish to God we had. You know, I was born in this old house and so was my father, and my country seat in Touraine has belonged to us for three centuries; I am the last of my family, and it is very hard, and . . . can nothing be done for these confounded nerves? Have you nothing to suggest?"

"I am sure this overpowering air of Paris is not good for the Countess. Why don't you go for a change to your castle in Touraine?"

His whole face lit up:

"You are my man," said the Count, stretching his hands towards me. "I do not ask for better! I have my shooting there, and my big estate to look after. I love to be there, but it bores the Countess to death, and, of course, it is rather lonely for her who likes to see her friends every day and go to parties or to the theatre every night."

"How old is the Countess?"

"Only twenty-nine. She looks even younger."

"Yes. She looks almost like a young girl."

HE was silent a moment. "Apropos, when are you going to take your holiday?"

"I have not had a holiday for three years."

"So much the more reason for taking one this year. Are you a good shot?"

"I do not kill animals if I can help it. Why did you ask me this question?"

"Because we have excellent shooting at Chateau Rameaux, and I am sure a week's thorough rest would do you any amount of good. That is at least what my wife says; she says you are awfully overworked, and you look it besides."

"You are very kind, Monsieur le Comte, but I am all right; there is nothing the matter with me except that I cannot sleep."

"Sleep! I wish I could give you some of mine! I have more than I need of it, and to spare. Do you know, I have hardly time to put my head on the pillow before I am fast asleep and nothing can wake me up. My wife is an early-riser, but never once have I heard her get up, and my valet, who brings me my coffee at nine, has to shake me before I wake up. I pity you, indeed. A propos, I suppose you do not know of any remedy against snoring?"

It was a clear case. We joined the ladies in the drawing-room. I was made to sit down by the side of the venerable Marquise for the unofficial consultation so skillfully arranged by the Countess. After another attempt to open a conversation with the old lady, I roared into her ear-trumpet that she had not got colitis, but that I was sure she would get it if she did not give up her paté de foie gras. "I told you so," whispered the Countess. "Isn't he clever?"

The Marquise wished to know at once all the symptoms of colitis and smiled cheerfully at me while I dropped the subtle poison down the ear-trumpet. When I

stood up to go, I had lost my voice, but had found a new patient.

A week later an elegant coupe stopped at the Avenue de Villiers and a footman rushed upstairs with a hurriedly scribbled note from the Countess to come at once to the Marquise—who had been taken ill in the night with evident symptoms of colitis. I had made my entrée in Paris society.

Colitis spread like wildfire all over Paris. My waiting-room was soon so full of people that I had to arrange my dining-room as a sort of extra waiting-room. It was always a mystery to me how all these people could have time and patience to sit and wait there so long, often for hours. The Countess came regularly twice a week, but occasionally she felt jumpy and had to come on extra days as well. It was evident that colitis suited her far better than appendicitis, her face had lost its languid pallor, and her big eyes sparkled with youth.

ONE day, as I was coming out of the hotel of the Marquise, she was leaving for the country. I had been there to bid her good-bye. I found the Countess standing by my carriage in friendly conversation with Tina, who was sitting on a huge parcel, half-hidden under the carriage-rug. The Countess was on her way to the Magasins du Louvre to buy a little present for the Marquise for her birthday to-morrow, and did not know in the least what to give her. I suggested a dog.

"A dog! What a capital idea!" She remembered that when as a child she was taken to see the Marquise, she always found her with a pug on her lap, a pug who was so fat that he could hardly walk and who snored so terribly that one could hear him all over the house. Her aunt had been in tears for weeks when he died. A capital idea, indeed. We walked down the street to the corner of Rue Cambon, where was the shop of a well-known dog-dealer. There, among half a dozen mongrels of all sorts and descriptions sat the very dog I wanted, an aristocratic little pug, who snored desperately at us to draw our attention to his sad plight, and implored us with his bloodshot eyes to take him away from this mixed society into which he had been thrown by sheer misfortune and by no fault of his. He nearly suffocated with emotion when he realized his luck and was put into a cab, christened Loulou, and sent to the hotel in Faubourg St. Germain. The Countess was going anyhow to the Magasins du Louvre to try on a new hat. She said she wanted to go on foot. Then she said she wanted a cab and I volunteered to take her there in my carriage. She hesitated a moment—what will people say if they see me driving about in my carriage? and then accepted with some grace. But was it not out of my way to drive her to the Louvre. Not in the least, for I had nothing to do just then. What is in that parcel? asked the Countess with feminine curiosity. I was just going to tell her another lie when Tom, his mission as sole guardian of the precious parcel being at an end, jumped to his usual place on the seat by my side. The parcel split open and the head of a dog popped out.

"Why on earth do you drive about with dogs, who are they for?"

"For the children."

She did not know I had any children and seemed almost offended at my reticence about my private affairs. How many children had I got? About a dozen. There was no way of getting out of it, the whole secret had to come out.

"Come along with me," I said boldly, "and on the way back I will take you to see my friend Jack, the gorilla in the Jardin des Plantes. It is just on our way." The Countess was evidently in her very

best mood that day, and up to anything: she said she was delighted. After passing Gare Montparnasse she began to lose her bearings, and soon she did not know at all where she was. We drove through some sombre, evil-smelling alleys. Dozens of ragged children were playing about in the gutter, choked with filth and refuse of all sorts, and almost before every door sat a woman with a baby at her breast, and other small children at her side huddled around the brazier.

"Is this Paris?" asked the Countess with an almost frightened look in her eyes.

Yes, this is Paris, la Ville Lumière! And this is l'Impasse Rousseau. I added, as we stopped before a blind alley, damp and dark like the bottom of a well, Salvatore's wife was sitting on the family's only chair with Petruccio, her child of sorrow, on her lap, stirring the potenta for the family dinner, eagerly watched by Petruccio's two eldest sisters, while the youngest child was crawling about on the floor in pursuit of a kitten. I told Salvatore's wife I had brought a kind lady who wanted to give the children a present. I understood by her shyness it was the first time the Countess had ever entered the house of the very poor. She blushed scarlet as she handed the first doll to Petruccio's mother, for Petruccio himself could not hold anything in his withered hand; he had been paralysed ever since he was born. Petruccio showed no sign of being pleased, for his brain was as numb as his limbs, but his mother was sure that he liked the doll very much. His two sisters received each a doll in their turn and ran away in delight to hide themselves behind the bed to play at little mothers. When did I think Salvatore would come out of the hospital? It was now nearly six weeks since he had fallen from the scaffold and broken his leg. Yes, I had just seen him at the Hospital Lariboisière. He was doing pretty well, and I hoped he would come out soon. How was she getting on with her new landlord? Thank God, very well. He was very kind. He had even promised to put in a fireplace for next winter. And wasn't it nice of him to have opened that little window under the ceiling. Didn't I remember how dark the room was before?

"LOOK how bright and cheerful it is here now, siamo in Paradiso," said Salvatore's wife. Was it true what Arcangelo Fusco told her that I had said to the old landlord the day he had turned her out in the street and seized all her belongings, that the hour would come when God would punish him for his cruelty to all of us poor people, and that I had cursed him so terribly that he had to hang himself a couple of hours later? Yes, it was quite true, and I did not regret what I had done. As we were going away, my friend Arcangelo Fusco, who shared the room with the Salvatore family, was just returning from his day's work, his big broom on his shoulder. His profession was to fare la scopa—in those days most of the street-sweepers in Paris were Italians. I was glad to introduce him to the Countess. It was the least I could do for him in return for the invaluable service he had done to me when he had gone with me to the police station to corroborate my evidence concerning the death of the old landlord. God knows in what awkward entanglements I might have been involved had it not been for Arcangelo Fusco. Even so, it was a close shave. I was very nearly arrested for murder. Arcangelo Fusco, who had a rose tucked over his ear, Italian fashion, presented his flower with southern gallantry to the Countess, who looked as if she had never received a more graceful tribute to her fair youth. It was too late to go to the Jardin des Plantes, so I drove the Countess straight to her hotel. She was



very silent, so I tried to cheer her up by telling her the funny story about the kind lady who had by accident read a little paper of mine about dolls in "Backwood's Magazine," and had taken to making dolls by the dozen for the poor children I was peeping about. Hadn't she noticed how beautifully some of the dolls were dressed up? Yes, she had noticed it. Was the lady pretty? Yes, very. Was she in Paris? No, I had had to stop her making more dolls, as I had ended by having more dolls than patients, and I had sent the lady to St. Moritz for a change of air. On saying good-bye to the Countess before her hotel I expressed my regrets that there had been no time to visit the gardens in the Jardin des Plantes, but I hoped that anyhow she had not been sorry to have come with me.

"I am not sorry. I am so grateful, but, but, but . . . I am so ashamed," she sobbed all she sprang in through the gate of her hotel.



## CHAPTER 4

I missed very much the Sunday dinners I had been enjoying in Paubourg. St. Germain. The Count had long ago withdrawn his objection to doctors; in fact, he was charming to me. About a fortnight after our visit to the poor, the Countess, with her impulsive nature, had suddenly felt the need of a change of air and decided to accompany the Count to their chateau in Touraine. It came as a surprise to us all. The Countess was kind enough to send me a weekly report to say how she was getting on. Everything was going on well. The Count had his ride every morning, never slept during the day and smoked much less. The Countess had taken up her music again, occupied herself diligently with the poor of the village and never complained about her colitis. I also had good news about the Marquise, whose country-seat was a short hour's drive from the chateau. She was doing very well. Instead of sitting in her arm-chair in mournful seclusion the whole day, worrying about her deafness she now took a long walk twice a day in the garden for the sake of her beloved Loulou who was getting too fat and greatly in need of exercise.

"He is a horrible little brute," wrote the Countess, "who sits in her lap and snarls and growls at everybody; he has even bitten the maid twice. Everybody hates him, but the Marquise adores him and fusses about him the whole day. Yesterday in the midst of the confusion he was suddenly sick all over her beautiful tea gown and his mistress was in such a state of alarm that I had to interrupt the function. Now the Marquise wants me to ask you if you think it might possibly develop into colitis and asks you to be so kind as to prescribe something for him, she says she feels sure you will understand his case better than anybody."

The Marquise was not far from the truth there, for I was already then beginning to be known as a good dog-doctor, though I had not reached the eminent position I occupied later in my life, when I became a consulting dog-doctor famous among all dog-lovers of my clientele. I am aware that the opinions as to my skill as a doctor to my fellow-creatures have been somewhat divided, but I dare to maintain that my reputation as a reliable dog-doctor has never been seriously challenged. I am not conceited enough to wish to deny that this may partly depend upon the abuse of jealousy de meter I met with in the exercise of this branch of my pro-

fession—I got plenty of it in the other branches I can assure you.

Pate has wined that the dog, the most amiable of all animals, should be the bearer of the most terrible of all diseases—hydrophobia. I witnessed at the Institut Pasteur the early stages of the long-drawn battle between science and the dreaded foe and I also witnessed the final victory. It was dearly won. Hundreds of dogs had to be sacrificed and maybe some human lives as well. I used to visit the doomed animals and give them what little comfort I could, but it became so painful to me that for some time I gave up going to the Institut Pasteur altogether. Still I never doubted it was right, that what was done had to be done. I was present at many failures, saw many people die both before and after treatment with the new method. Pasteur was violently attacked not only by all sorts of ignorant and well-meaning dog-lovers, but also by many of his own colleagues; he was even accused of having caused the death of several of his patients with his serum. He himself went on his way undaunted by failure, but those who saw him in those days knew well how much he suffered from the tortures he had to inflict upon the dogs for he was himself a great lover of dogs. He was the most kind-hearted of men. I once heard him say that he could never have the courage to shoot a bird. Everything that could possibly be done to minimise the sufferings of the laboratory dogs was done, even the keeper of the kennel at Villeneuve de l'Etang, an ex-gendarme called Penner, had been chosen for his post by Pasteur himself because he was known as a great lover of dogs. These kennels contained sixty dogs inoculated with serum and regularly taken to the kennels in the old Lycée Rollin for bite tests. In these kennels were kept forty rabid dogs. The handling of these dogs, all foaming with rage, was a very dangerous affair, and I often marvelled at the courage displayed by everybody. Pasteur himself was absolutely fearless. Anxious to secure a sample of saliva straight from the jaws of a rabid dog, I once saw him with the glass tube held between his lips draw a few drops of the deadly saliva from the mouth of a rabid bull-dog, held on the table by two assistants, their hands protected by leather gloves. Most of these laboratory dogs were homeless stray dogs picked up by the police in the streets of Paris, but many of them looked as if they had seen better days. Here they suffered and died in obscurity. Unknown soldiers in the battle of the human mind against disease and death. Close by, at La Bagatelle in the elegant dog-cemetery founded by Sir Richard Wallace, lay buried hundreds of lap-dogs and drawing-room dogs, with the records of their useless and luxurious lives inscribed by loving hands on the marble crosses over their graves.

THEN came the terrible episode of the six Russian peasants bitten by a pack of mad wolves and sent to the Institut Pasteur at the expenses of the Czar. They were all horribly mauled in the face and hands, and their chances from the outset were almost nil. Moreover it was known even then that hydrophobia in wolves was far more dangerous than in dogs and that those bitten in the face were almost certain to die. Pasteur knew this better than anybody, and hadn't he been the man he was, he would no doubt have declined to take them in hand. They were placed in a separate ward in the Hotel Dieu in the charge of Professor Tillaux, the most eminent and the most humane surgeon in Paris in those days and a staunch supporter and great friend of Pasteur's. Pasteur came himself every morning with Tillaux to inoculate them, watching them anxiously from day to day. Nobody could understand a word they

said. One afternoon, it was on the ninth day, I was trying to pour a drop of milk down the lacerated throat of one of the moujiks, a giant whose whole face had almost been torn away, when suddenly something wild and uncanny flashed in his eyes, the muscles of the jaws contracted and opened spasmodically with a snapping sound and a ghastly cry I had never heard before either from man or animal rang out from his foaming mouth. He made a violent effort to spring out of bed and nearly knocked me down, as I tried to hold him back. His arms, strong as the paws of a bear, closed on me in a clasp, holding me tight as in a vice. I felt the foul breath from his foaming mouth close to mine and the poisonous saliva dripping down my face. I gripped at his throat, the bandage slipped off his ghastly wound and as I drew back my hands from his snapping jaws they were red with blood. A convulsive trembling passed over his whole body, his arms relaxed their grasp and fell back inert at his side. I staggered to the door in search of the strongest disinfectant I could get hold of. In the corridor sat Soeur Marthe, drinking her afternoon coffee. She looked at me terrified and I gulped down her cup of coffee just as I was going to faint. By God's mercy there was not a scratch on my face nor hands. Soeur Marthe was a great friend of mine. She kept her word; so far as I know, the secret never leaked out. I had good reason to keep it secret; strict orders had been given not to approach any of these men unless it was absolutely necessary and if so, only with the hands protected by thick gloves. I told it later to the Professor himself; he was quite rightly very angry with me, but he had a sneaking weakness for me and he soon forgave me, as he had so often done before for many shortcomings.

IN the evening the moujik, tied hand and foot to the iron bars of the bed, was carried to a separate pavilion isolated from the others. I went to see him next morning with Soeur Marthe. The room was semi-dark. The bandage covered his whole face, and I could see nothing but his eyes. I shall never forget the expression of those eyes; they used to haunt me for years afterwards. His breathing was short and irregular, with intervals like the Cheyne-Stokes respiration—the well-known precursory symptom of death. He talked with vertiginous rapidity in a hoarse voice, now and then interrupted by a wild cry of distress or a hooping moan which made me shudder. I listened for a while to the rush of unknown words half-drowned in the flow of saliva, and soon I thought I distinguished one same word repeated incessantly, with an almost desperate accent:

"Crestitaa! Crestitaa! Crestitaa!" I looked attentively at his eyes, kind, humble, imploring eyes.

"He is conscious," I whispered to Soeur Marthe, "he wants something. I wish I knew what it is. Listen!"

"Crestitaa! Crestitaa! Crestitaa!" he called out, incessantly.

"Run and fetch a crucifix," I said to the nun.

We laid the crucifix on the bed. The flow of words ceased instantly. He lay there quite silent, his eyes fixed on the crucifix. His breathing grew fainter and fainter. Suddenly the muscles of his stout body stiffened in a last violent contraction and the heart stood still.

The next day another moujik showed unmistakable signs of hydrophobia, and soon another, and three days later they were all raving mad. Their screams and howls could be heard all over the Hotel Dieu, people said even below in Place Notre Dame. The whole hospital was in emotion. Nobody wanted to go near the ward, even the courageous sisters fled in terror. I can see now the white face of Pasteur as



he passed in silence from bed to bed, looking at the doomed men with infinite compassion in his eyes. He sank down on a chair, his head between his hands. Accustomed as I was to see him every day I had not noticed till then how ill and worn he looked, though I knew from an almost imperceptible hesitation in his speech and a slight embarrassment in the grip of his hand that he had already then received the first warning of the fate that was to overtake him ere long. Tillux who had been sent for in the midst of an operation rushed into the ward, his apron stained with blood. He went up to Pasteur and laid his hand on his shoulder. The two men looked at each other in silence. The kind blue eyes of the great surgeon, who had seen so much horror and suffering glanced round the ward and his face grew white like a sheet.

"I cannot stand it," he said in a broken voice and sprang out of the room.

The same evening a consultation took place between these two men. They are few who know the decision they arrived at, but it was the only right one and an honor to them both. The next morning all was silent in the ward. During the night the doomed men had been helped to a painless death.

The impression in Paris was enormous. All the newspapers were full of the most graphic descriptions of the death of the Russian moujik and for days nobody spoke of anything else.



#### CHAPTER 5

**P**ARIS in summer-time is a very pleasant place for those who belong to the Paris qui s'amuse, but if you happen to belong to the Paris which works it becomes another matter. While I had been spending my days at the Villetta and Montparnasse, slaving to combat an epidemic of typhoid, the Parisians had been hard at work packing their trunks and departing to their favorite seaside watering-places. The Boulevards were in the hands of pleasure-seeking foreigners who had crowded to Paris from all parts of the civilised and uncivilised world to spend their surplus money. Many were sitting in my waiting-room, impatiently reading their Banders, always insisting on passing in first, seldom asking for anything more than a pick-me-up, from a man much more in need of it than they were. Others, comfortably established on their chaises-longues in their smartest tea-gowns, dernière creation Worth, sent for me from their fashionable hotels at the most awkward hours of the day and the night, expecting me to "fix them up" for the Bal Masque de l'Opera to-morrow. They did not send for me twice, and I was not surprised.

What a waste of time! thought I as I walked home, dragging my tired legs along the burning asphalt of the Boulevards under the dust-covered chestnut-trees gasping with drooping leaves for a breath of fresh air.

"I know what is the matter with you and me," said I to the chestnut-trees, "we need a change of air, to get out of the atmosphere of the big city. But how are we to get away from this inferno, you with your aching roots imprisoned under the asphalt and with that iron ring round your feet, and I with all these rich Americans in my waiting-room and lots of other patients in their beds? And what about Quatier Montparnasse? Montparnasse! I shuddered as the word flew through my brain; I saw the livid face of a child in

the dim light of a little oil-lamp; I saw the blood oozing from the cut I had just made in the child's throat; and I heard the cry of terror from the heart of the mother. What would the Countess say? . . . The Countess! No, there was decidedly something wrong with me. It was high time to look after my own nerves instead of the nerves of others if such things could be seen and heard on the Boulevard Malesherbes. And what the devil had I to do with the Countess? She was getting on splendidly in her chateau in Touraine, according to her last letter, and I was getting on splendidly in Paris, the most beautiful city in the world. All I was in need of was a little sleep. But what would the Count say if I wrote him a letter to-night that I gladly accepted the kind invitation he had given me to visit them and was starting to-morrow? If I could only sleep to-night! Why shouldn't I take myself one of those excellent sleeping-draughts I used to concoct for my patients, a strong sleeping-draught that would send me to sleep for twenty-four hours and make me forget everything—Montparnasse, the chais in Touraine, the Countess and all the rest? I lay down on my bed without taking off my clothes, I was so tired. But I did not take the sleeping-draught; cooks are never hungry, as they say in Paris. On entering my consulting-room next morning, I found a letter on the table. It was from the Count, and had the following P.S.

"You said you liked the song of the skylark the best. He is singing still, but it will not be for long, so you had better come soon."

The skylark! And I who had not heard any other birds for two years but the sparrows in the Tuilleries Gardens!

The horses which took me from the station were beautiful; the chateau, dating from the time of Richelieu, in its vast park of secular lime-trees, was beautiful; the Louis XVI furniture in my sumptuous room was beautiful; the big St. Bernard dog who followed me upstairs was beautiful—everything was beautiful. So was the Countess, in her simple white frock with a single La France rose in her waistband. I thought her eyes had grown bigger than ever. The Count was altogether another man, with his rosy cheeks and wide-awake eyes. His charming welcome took away at once my shyness. I was still a barbarian from Ultima Thule. I had never been in such sumptuous surroundings before. The Count said there was just time for a stroll in the garden before tea, or would I prefer to have a look at the stables? I was given a basket full of carrots to give one to each of a dozen magnificent horses who stood there in their well-groomed coats aligned in their boxes of polished oak.

"You had better give him an extra carrot to make friends at once," said the Count. "He belongs to you as long as you are here, and this is your groom," he added, pointing to an English boy who lifted his hand to his cap to salute me.

**Y**ES, the Countess was wonderfully well, said the Count as we strolled back through the garden. She hardly ever spoke about her colitis, went to visit her poor in the village every morning, and was discussing with the village doctor the turning of an old farm into an infirmary for sick children. On her birthday, all the poor children of the village had been invited to the Castle for coffee and cake, and before they left she had presented a doll to every child. Wasn't it a charming idea of hers?

"If she speaks to you about her dolls, don't forget to say something nice to her." "No, I won't forget, je ne demande pas mieux."

Tea was served under the big lime-tree in front of the house.

"Here is a friend of yours, my dear Ann,"

said the Countess to the lady sitting by her side, as we walked up to the table. "I am sorry to say he seems to prefer the company of horses to ours; so far he hasn't had time to say a single word to me, but has been talking half-an-hour to the horses in the stables."

"And they seemed to have liked the conversation immensely," laughed the Count. "even my old hunter, you know how ill-tempered he is with strangers, put his nose to the doctor's face and sniffed at him in the most friendly manner."

**T**HE Baroness Ann said "I was glad to see me, and gave me excellent news about her mother-in-law, the Marquis Douartère."

"Do you know what he said to my mother-in-law?" she went on, turning to the others. "He said in a very angry voice that if she didn't obey him, he would go away and never come back, even if she had colitis! I heard it myself from the drawing-room, and when I rushed in I thought the Marquise was going to have a fit. You know I am recommending you to all my friends, but don't take it amiss if I tell you that you Swedes are much too rough-handed for us Latin people. I have been told by more than one of your patients that your bedside manners are deplorable. We are not accustomed to be ordered about like school-children."

"Why don't you try to be a little more amiable?" smiled the Countess, enjoying the fun immensely.

"I will try."

Punctually at seven next morning the Count and I rode down the avenue of splendid old lime trees leading to the woods. Soon we were in a real forest of elms and beeches with here and there a magnificent oak. The woods were silent. Only now and then we heard the rhythmic tapping of the woodpecker, or the cooing of a wild pigeon, the sharp cry of a nut-hatch or the deep alto of a blackbird singing the last strophes of his ballad. Soon we emerged on a vast open stretch of fields and meadows in full sunlight. There he was, the beloved skylark, quivering on invisible wings high up in the sky, pouring out his very heart to heaven and earth with thrills of joy of life. I looked at the little bird and blessed him again as I had so often done before in the frozen north when as a child I used to sit and watch with grateful eyes the grey little messenger of summer, sure at last that the long winter was over.

"It is his last concert," said the Count. "His time is up. He will soon have to set to work to help to feed his children, and there will be no more time for singing and skylarking. You are right. He is the greatest artist of them. He sings from his very heart."

While we were at luncheon a valet brought the Countess a telegram which she handed to the Count who read it without saying a word.

"I think you have already met my cousin, Maurice," said the Countess. "He will be here for dinner if he can catch the four o'clock train. He is in garrison in Tours." Yes, the Vicomte Maurice was with us for dinner, very much so. He was a tall, handsome young fellow with a narrow, sloping forehead, enormous ears, a cruel jaw, and a moustache à la General Gallifet.

"What an unexpected pleasure, Monsieur le Suédois, to meet you here; very unexpected, I am sure!" He condescended to give me his hand, a small, flabby hand with a particularly unpleasant grip which facilitated my classification of the man. Remained only to hear him laugh, and he lost no time to offer me this opportunity. His loud monotonous giggle echoed through the room during the whole of dinner. He began at once to tell the Countess a very



pleague story of the misadventure which had just happened to one of his comrades who had found his mistress in the bed of his orderly. The Count cut him short by telling his wife across the table about our morning ride; that the wheat was in excellent condition, the clover abundant, and that we heard a belated skylark singing his last concert.

"Nonsense," said the Vicomte. "There are still plenty of them on the wing. I shot one yesterday, and a finer shot I never made. The little beast did not look bigger than a butterfly."

I got red in the face to the roots of my hair, but the Count stopped me in time by putting his hand on my knee.

"You are a brute, Maurice," said the Countess, "to kill a skylark."

"And why shouldn't I shoot a skylark? There are plenty of them, and they are besides an excellent target for practicing. I know of none better unless it be a swallow. You know, my dear Juliette, I am the crack shot of my regiment, and unless I keep on practicing I shall soon get rusty. Luckily there are any amount of swallows round our barracks. Hundreds and hundreds are nesting under the eaves of the stables. They are busy feeding their young just now and darting to and fro the whole time just before my window. It is great fun. I have a go at them every morning without even leaving my room. Yesterday I made a bet of a thousand francs with Gaston that I would drop six out of ten, and would you believe it, I dropped eight. I know nothing better for daily practice than swallows. I always say it ought to be made compulsory in all *Écoles de Tir*. He stopped a moment carefully counting the drops he was pouring in his wineglass from a little bottle of medicine."

"Now, Juliette, dear, don't be silly. Come along with me to Paris to-morrow. You need a little spree after having been here all alone for weeks in this out-of-the-way place. It will be a splendid sight, the finest tournament there has ever been. All the best shots of France will be there, and as sure as my name is Maurice, you will see the gold medal offered by the President of the Republic handed over to your cousin."

"We will have a jolly dinner at the Cafe Anglais, and then I will take you to the Palais Royal to see 'One Marriage Night.' It is a most charming play, very rigolo, indeed. I have seen it already four times, but I should love to see it again with you at my side. The bed stands in the middle of the stage, with the lover hidden under it and the bridegroom who is an old . . ."

THE Count, visibly annoyed, made a sign to his wife and we stood up from the table.

"I could never kill a skylark," said the Count, dryly.

"No, my dear Robert," roared the Vicomte, "I know you couldn't, you would miss it!"

I went up to my room almost in tears with suppressed rage and shame of having suppressed it. While I was packing my bag, a close friend of the family, and a man I admired, entered the room. I begged him to tell the Count I had been summoned and was obliged to take the midnight train.

"I never want to set my eyes upon this confounded brute any more, or I will smash his insolent monocle out of his empty head!"

"You had better not attempt anything of the sort or he would kill you outright. It is quite true he is a famous shot. I do not know how many duels he has fought. He is always quarrelling with people. He has a very nasty tongue. All I ask of you is to keep your nerves in hand for thirty-

six hours. He is going away to-morrow night for the tournament in Paris, and let me tell you, *entre nous*, that I shall be as glad to see him go as you are."

"Why?"

The Abbe remained silent.

"Well, Monsieur l'Abbe, I will tell you why. Because he is in love with his cousin, and you dislike and distrust him."

"Since you have guessed the truth, and God knows how, I had better tell you, he wanted to marry her, but she refused him. Luckily she doesn't like him."

"But she fears him, which is almost worse."

"The Count dislikes very much his friendship with the Countess, and that is why he didn't want her to remain alone in Paris, where he was always taking her out to parties and theatres."

"I do not believe he is going away to-morrow."

HE is sure to go. He is much too keen on getting his gold medal as he very likely will. It is quite true he is a crack shot."

"I wish I was I would like to shoot down this brute to avenge the swallows. Do you know anything about his parents? I guess there is something wrong there."

"His mother was a German Countess, and very beautiful. He gets his good looks from her, but I understand it was a very unhappy marriage. His father was a heavy drinker, and was known as an irascible and queer man. He got almost mad in the end. There are people who say he committed suicide."

"I earnestly hope his son will follow his example, the sooner the better. As to being mad, he is not far from it."

"You are right. It is true that the Vicomte is very odd in many ways. For instance, he, who as you can see is as strong as a horse, is always fussing about his health, and in constant fear of catching all sorts of illnesses. Last time he was staying here, the son of the gardener caught typhoid and he left at once. He is always taking drugs. You may have noticed he even helped himself to some medicine during dinner."

"Yes, it was the only moment he held his tongue."

"He is always consulting new doctors. It is unfortunate that he does not like you, otherwise I am sure you would get a new patient. What on earth are you laughing at?"

"I am laughing at something very funny that has just passed through my head. There is nothing better than a good laugh for a man who is angry. You saw in what a state I was when you came into my room. You will be glad to hear that I am all right again now, and in the best of tempers. I have changed my mind. I am not going away to-night. Do let us go down and join the others in the smoking-room. I promise you to be on my very best behaviour."

The Vicomte, red in the face, was standing in front of the big mirror nervously twitching his moustache a la General Gallifet. The Count was sitting near the window reading his "Figaro."

"What an unexpected pleasure to meet you here, Monsieur le Suedois!" giggled the Vicomte, screwing in his monocle as if to see better how much I would stand. "I hope no new case of colitis has brought you here."

"No, not so far, but one never knows."

"I understand you specialise in colitis. What a pity nobody else seems to know anything about this most interesting disease. You evidently keep it all to yourself. Will you oblige me by telling me what is colitis? Is it catching?"

"No, not in the ordinary sense of the word."

"Is it dangerous?"

"No, not if taken in hand immediately, and properly attended to."

"By you, I suppose?"

"I am not a doctor here. The Count has been kind enough to invite me here as his guest."

"Really! But what will happen to all your patients in Paris while you are away?"

"I suppose they will recover."

"I am sure they will," roared the Vicomte. I had to go and sit down beside the Abbe and get hold of a paper to steady myself. The Vicomte looked nervously at the clock over the mantelpiece.

"I am going up to fetch Juliette for a stroll in the park. It is a pity to remain indoors in this beautiful moonlight."

"My wife has gone to bed," said the Count dryly from his chair. "She was not feeling very well."

"Why the devil didn't you tell me?" roared the Vicomte angrily, helping himself to another glass of brandy and soda.

The Abbe was reading the "Journal des Debats," but I noticed that his sly old eye never stopped watching us.

"Any news, Monsieur l'Abbe?"

"I was just reading about the tournament of 'La Societe du Tir de France' the day after to-morrow, and that the President has offered a gold medal to the winner."

"I will bet you a thousand francs that it will be mine," shouted the Vicomte, banging his fist on his broad chest, "unless there is a railway smash on the Paris night express to-morrow or," he added with a malicious grin at me, "unless I get colitis!"

"Stop that brandy, Maurice," said the Count from his corner. "You have had more than is good for you."

"Cheer up, Doctor Colitis," giggled the Vicomte. "Don't look so dejected. Have a brandy and soda. There may still be a chance for you. I am sorry I cannot oblige you, but why don't you have a go at the Abbe, who is always complaining about his liver and his digestion. Monsieur l'Abbe, won't you oblige Doctor Colitis. Can't you see he is longing to have a look at your tongue?"

The Abbe kept reading his "Journal des Debats" in silence.

"You won't. And what about you, Robert? You looked sulky enough during dinner. Why don't you show your tongue to the Suedois? I am sure you have got colitis. Won't you oblige the doctor? No? Well, Doctor Colitis, you have no luck. But to put you in better spirits, I will show you mine. Have a good look at it." He put out his tongue to me with a diabolical grin. He looked like one of the gargoyles of Notre Dame.

I STOOD up and examined his tongue attentively.

"You have a very nasty tongue," said I gravely, after a moment's silence, "a very nasty tongue!" He turned round immediately to examine his tongue in the mirror—the ugly, coated tongue of the inveterate smoker. I took his hand and felt his pulse, shrank to fever speed by a bottle of champagne and three brandies and sodas.

"Your pulse is very quick," said I.

I put my hand on his sloping forehead.

"Any headache?"

"No."

"You will have it when you wake up to-morrow morning, no doubt."

The Abbe dropped his "Journal des Debats."

"Unbutton your trousers," I said sternly. He obeyed automatically, docile like a lamb.

I gave him a rapid tap over his diaphragm, which started a hiccup.

"Ah!" said I, looking him fixedly in the eyes, I said slowly: "Thank you, that is enough."

The Count dropped his "Figaro."



The Abbe raised his arms to Heaven, his mouth wide open.

The Vicomte stood speechless before me. "Button your trousers," I commanded, "and have a brandy and soda, you will need it." He buttoned his trousers mechanically and gulped down the brandy and soda I handed him.

"To your health, Monsieur le Vicomte," said I, raising my glass to my lips, "to your health!"

**H**E wiped the perspiration from his forehead and turned again to look at his tongue in the mirror. He made a desperate effort to laugh, which, however, did not succeed.

"Do you mean to say that, do you think, do you mean to say . . ."

"I do not mean to say anything, I have not said anything, I am not your doctor."

"But what am I to do?" he stammered.

"You are to go to bed, the sooner the better, or you will have to be carried there." I went to the mantelpiece and rang the bell.

"Take the Vicomte to his room," I said to the footman, "and tell his valet to put him to bed at once."

Leaning heavily on the arm of the footman, the Vicomte recoiled to the door.

I went for a beautiful ride next morning all by myself, and there was the lark again high up in the sky, singing his morning hymn to the sun.

"I have avenged the murder of your brothers," said I to the skylark. "We will see about the swallows later on."

While I was sitting in my room having breakfast, there was a knock at the door and in came a timid-looking little man who saluted me most politely. It was the village doctor who said he had come to pay his respects to his Paris colleague. I was much flattered and begged him to sit down and have a cigarette. He told me about some interesting cases he had had of late, the conversation began to languish and he stood up to go.

"By-the-by, I was sent for last night to Vicomte Maurice, and have just called on him again."

I said I was sorry to hear the Vicomte was unwell, but hoped it was nothing serious. I had the pleasure to see him last night at dinner in splendid health and spirits.

"I don't know," said the Doctor, "the case is somewhat obscure. I think it is safer to postpone a definite opinion."

"You are a wise man, mon cher confrere, of course you keep him in bed?"

"Of course. It is unfortunate the Vicomte was to leave for Paris to-day, but that is of course out of the question."

"Of course, is he lucid?"

"Fairly so."

"As much as can be expected from him, I suppose?"

"To tell you the truth, I took it at first for a simple gastric attack, but he woke up with a violent headache, and now a persistent hiccup has set in. He looks wretched, he himself is convinced he has got colitis. I confess I have never attended a case of colitis. I wanted to give him a dose of castor-oil, he has a very nasty tongue, but if colitis is anything like appendicitis, I suppose it is better to beware of the castor-oil. What do you think? He is feeling his pulse the whole time when he is not looking at his tongue. Strange to say, he feels very hungry, he was furious when I did not allow him his breakfast."

"You were quite right; you had better be firm and keep on the safe side. Nothing but water for the next forty-eight hours."

"Quite so."

"It is not for me to give you any advice. It is clear you know your business, but I do not share your hesitation about the castor-oil. If I were you, I would give him a stiff dose. No good musing it, three tablespoonfuls would do him a lot of good."

"Did you really mean to say three tablespoonfuls?"

"Yes, at least, and above all, no food whatsoever, only water."

"Quite so."

I liked the village doctor very much, and we parted great friends.

That night there was a moon. It was nearly full moon. I do not like the moon. The mysterious stranger has taken too much sleep out of my eyes, and whispered too many dreams into my ears. There is no mystery about the sun, the radiant god of the day who brought life and light to our dark world and still watches over us with his shining eye, long after all the other gods, those seated on the banks of the Nile, those of Olympus and those of Walhalla, have vanished into gloom. But nobody knows anything about the moon, the pale night-wanderer amongst the stars, who keeps staring at us from afar with her sleepless, cold, glittering eyes and her mocking smile.

The Count did not mind the moon, as long as he was allowed to sit in peace in his smoking-room with his after-dinner cigar and his "Pigaro." The Countess loved the moon. She loved its mysterious twilight, she loved its haunting dreams. She loved to be silent in the boat and look up at the stars while I rowed her slowly across the shining lake. She loved to wander about under the old lime-trees in the park, now flooded with silvery light, now shaded in a darkness so deep that she had to take my arm to find the way. She loved to sit on a lonely bench and stare with her big eyes into the silent night. Now and then she spoke, but not often, and I liked her silence just as much as her words.

"Why don't you like the moon?"

"I don't know, I believe I am afraid of it."

"What are you afraid of?"

"I don't know. It is so light that I can see your eyes like two luminous stars, and yet it is so dark that I fear I might lose my way. I am a stranger in this land of dreams."

"Give me your hand and I will show you the way. I thought your hand was so strong, why does it tremble so? Yes, you are right, it is only a dream; don't speak or it will fly away! Listen! do you hear, it is the nightingale."

"No, it is the garden warbler."

"I am sure it is the nightingale, don't speak! Listen! Listen!"

Juliette sang with her tender voice, caressing like the night wind among the leaves.

"Non, non, ce n'est pas le jour."

"Ce n'est pas l'aube, non."

"Dont les chants ont frappe ton oreille inquiete."

"C'est le rossignol."

"Messager de l'amour."

"Don't speak! Don't speak!"

An owl hooted its sinister warning from the tree over our heads. She sprang up with a cry of fear. We walked back in silence.

"Good night," said the Countess as she left me in the hall. "To-morrow is full moon. A demain."

**W**HILE we were having our breakfast next morning, I decided definitely that I had to go back to Paris at once. It was safest so, because it was full moon to-day and I was twenty-six and the Countess was twenty-five—or was it twenty-nine? I went down to Monsieur l'Abbe and told him the usual lie that I was summoned to an important consultation and had to leave the castle by the morning train. He said he was very sorry. The Count who was just getting into the saddle for his morning ride also said he was sorry, and of course it was out of the question to disturb the Countess at so early an hour. I was besides to come back very soon.

As I drove to the station I met my friend

the village doctor returning in his dog-cart from his morning visit to the Vicomte. The patient was feeling very low and was yelling for food, but the doctor had been firm in his refusal to take the responsibility of allowing anything but water. The poultice on the stomach and the icebag on the head had been kept going the whole night greatly interfering with the patient's sleep. Had I anything to suggest?

No, I felt sure he was in excellent hands. Maybe, if the condition remained stationary he might try for a change to put the icebag on the stomach, and the poultice on the head.

How long did I think, if no complications set in, that the patient ought to be kept in bed?

"At least for another week, till the moon was gone."

The day had been long. I was glad to be back in Avenue de Villiers. I went straight to bed. But it was no good. The full moon rose and poured into my room. I remembered last night and the Countess. I rose and looked out at the stars.

As I did so, I remembered earlier years, when, as a boy, I had stood at my little window at home in my own country, gazing into the heavens. The result—

The doctor will be away for a month. Patients are requested to consult Dr. Norstrom, 66 Boulevard Hausmann.



#### CHAPTER 6

**T**HREE weeks later I was near the end of my holiday in Lapland. I came to Forstugan, and there it was I struck, by chance, a recent copy of the London "Times," left by an English visitor, who had just gone. I opened it and read in huge letters:

**TERRIBLE OUTBREAK OF CHOLERA IN NAPLES: OVER A THOUSAND CASES A DAY.**

One hour later Pelle, my host's grandson, stood in front of the house with the shaggy little Norwegian pony. Uncle Lars was dumbfounded when I wanted to pay him at least for the provisions in my rucksack, he said he had never heard such a thing. He said I had nothing to worry about; Pelle knew the direction quite well. It was quite an easy and comfortable journey this time of the year. Eight hours' ride through the forest of Bokne, three hours downstream in Lars Jorum's boat, six hours on foot across the mountains to the church village, two hours across the lake to Løse Jarvi, from there eight hours' easy drive to the new railway station. No passenger trains as yet, but the engineer would be sure to let me stand on the locomotive for two hundred miles till I could catch the goods train.

Uncle Lars was quite right, it was an easy and comfortable journey, at least it seemed so to me then. What would it have seemed to me to-day? Equally easy and comfortable was the journey across Central Europe in the wretched trains of those days with hardly any sleep. Lapland to Naples, look at the map!

If anybody would care to know about my stay in Naples, he must look it up in "Letters from a Mourning City," if he can get hold of a copy, which is not probable, for the little book is long ago out of print and forgotten. I have just been reading with considerable interest these "Letters from Naples," as they were called in the Swedish original. I could not write such a book to-day to save my life. There is plenty of boyish boisterousness in these letters, there is also plenty of self-consciousness, not to say conceit. I was evidently rather pleased with myself for having rushed from Lapland to Naples at the moment when every-



body else had left it. There is a good deal of swagging how I went about night and day in the infected poor quarters, covered with lice, feeding on rotten fruit, sleeping in a filthy locanda. All this is quite true. I have nothing to retract, my description of Naples in cholera time is exactly as I saw it with the eyes of an enthusiast.

But the description of myself is far less exact. I had the cheek to put in writing that I was not afraid of the cholera, not afraid of death. I told a lie. I was horribly afraid of both from the first till the last. I described in the first letter how, half-faint from the stench of carbolic acid in the empty train, I stepped out on the deserted Piazza late in the evening; how I passed in the streets long convoys of carts and omnibuses filled with corpses on the way to the cholera cemetery; how I spent the whole night amongst the dying in the wretched fondaci of the slums. But there is no description of how, a couple of hours after my arrival, I was back once more in the station eagerly inquiring for the first train for Rome, for Calabria, for the Abruzzi, for anywhere, the further the better, only to get out of this hell. Had there been a train there would have been no "Letters from a Mourning City." As it was, there was no train till noon the next day, the communications with the infected city having been almost cut off. There was nothing to do but to have a swim at Santa Lucia at sunrise and to return to the slums with a cool head, but still trembling with fear. In the afternoon my offer to serve on the staff of the cholera hospital of Santa Maddalena was accepted. Two days later I vanished from the hospital, having discovered that the right place for me was not among the dying in the hospital, but among the dying in the slums.

**H**ow much easier it would have been for them and for me, thought I, if only their agony was not so long, so terrible! They were lying for hours, for days in staidum algidum, cold as corpses, with wide-open eyes and wide-open mouths, to all appearance dead, yet still alive. Did they feel anything, did they understand anything? So much the better for the few who could still swallow the teaspoonful of laudanum one of the volunteers of the Croce Bianca rushed in to pour into their mouths. It might at least finish them off before the soldiers and the half-drunk beccamorti came at night to throw them all in a heap in the immense pit on the Camposanto dei Colosoli. How many were thrown there alive? Hundreds, I should say. They all looked exactly alike, I myself was often unable to say if they were dead or alive. There was no time to lose, there were dozens of them in every slum, the odors were stifling, they all had to be buried at night.

Often when I returned in the evening to the locanda I was so tired that I threw myself on the bed as I was, without undressing, without even washing myself. What was the good of washing in this filthy water, what was the good of disinfecting myself when everybody and everything around me was infected—the food I ate, the water I drank, the bed I slept in, the very air I breathed! Often I was too frightened to go to bed, too frightened to be alone. I had to rush out into the street again, to spend the remainder of the night in one of the churches.

But it was not only of the cholera I was afraid. I was also terrified from first to last of the rats. They seemed just as much at home in the fondaci, basti and sotterranei of the slums as the wretched human beings who lived and died there. To be just, they were, on the whole, offensive and well-behaved rats, at least, with the living, attending to their business of scavengers, handed over to them alone since the time of the Romans, the only members of the community who were sure to get their fill. They were as tame as

cats, and almost as big. Once I came upon an old woman, nothing but skin and bones, almost naked, lying on a rotten straw-mattress in a semi-dark sort of grotto. I was told she was the "vavama," the grandmother. She was paralysed and totally blind, she had been lying there for years. On the filthy floor of the cave sat on their haunches half a dozen enormous rats in a circle round their unmentionable morning meal. They looked quite placidly at me without moving an inch. The old woman stretched out her skeleton arm and screamed in a hoarse voice: "pane! pane!"

But when the sanitary commission started on its vain attempt to disinfect the sewers, the situation changed; my fear grew into terror. Millions of rats who had been living unmolested in the sewers since the time of the Romans, invaded the lower part of the town. Intoxicated by the sulphur fumes and the carbolic acid, they rushed about the slums like mad dogs. They did not look like any rats I had ever seen before, they were quite bald with extraordinarily long, red tails, fierce blood-shot eyes, and pointed black teeth as long as the teeth of a ferret. If you hit them with your stick, they would turn round and hang on to the stick like a bulldog. Never in my life I have been so afraid of any animal as I was of these mad rats, for I am sure they were mad. The whole Basso Porto quarter was in terror. Over one hundred severely-bitten men, women and children were taken to the Pellegrini hospital the very first day of the invasion. Several small children were literally eaten up. I shall never forget a night in a fondaci in Vicolo della Duchessa. The room, the cave is the better word, was almost dark, only lit up by the little oil-lamp before the Madonna. The father had been dead for two days, but the body was still lying there under a heap of rags the family having succeeded in hiding him from the police in search of the dead to be taken to the cemetery, a common practice in the slums. I was sitting on the floor by the side of the daughter beating off the rats with my stick. She was already quite cold, she was still conscious. I could hear the whole time the rats crunching at the body of the father. At last it made me so nervous that I had to put him upright in the corner like a grandfather clock. Soon the rats began again eating ravenously at his feet and legs. I could not stand it any longer. Faint with fear I rushed away.

The next day I fainted in Strada Pillero. When I regained consciousness I was lying in a cab with a terrified policeman sitting on the seat opposite me. We were on our way to Santa Maddalena, the cholera hospital.

I have described elsewhere how that drive ended, how three weeks later my stay in Naples ended with a glorious sail across the bay in Sorrento's best sailing-boat, together with a dozen stranded Capri fishermen; how we lay a whole unforgettable day off the Marina of Capri, unable to land on account of the quarantine.

The epidemic was virtually over then. I was free to return to Paris.



## CHAPTER 7

**I** HAD been away from Paris three months instead of one, and, shortly after my return I was forced to leave my practice yet again. Perhaps the less said the better about the journey I made to Sweden in the summer of that year. Norström, the placid recorder of most of the adventures of my youth, said that so far

it was the worst story I had ever told him. To-day it can harm nobody but myself, and I may as well tell it here.

**I** WAS asked by Professor Brunelius, the leading physician of Sweden in those days, to go to San Remo and accompany home a patient of his, a boy of eighteen, who had spent the winter there in an advanced stage of consumption. He had had several hæmorrhages of late. His condition was so serious that I only consented to take him home if he were accompanied by a member of the family, or at least a competent Swedish nurse, the possibility of his dying on the way having to be considered. Four days later his mother arrived at San Remo. We were to break our journey in Basel and Heidelberg and to take the Swedish steamer from Lübeck to Stockholm. We arrived at Basel in the evening after a very anxious journey. In the night the mother had a heart attack which nearly killed her. The specialist I called in in the morning agreed with me, that she would in no case be able to travel for a couple of weeks. The choice lay between letting the boy die in Basel or continuing the journey with him alone. Like all those who are about to die he was longing to get home. Rightly or wrongly I decided to go on to Sweden with him. The day after our arrival at the Hotel Victoria in Heidelberg he had another severe hæmorrhage from the lungs and all hope of continuing the journey had to be abandoned. I told him we were to wait where we were a couple of days for his mother. He was very reluctant to postpone our journey a single day. He was eagerly studying the trains in the evening. He was sleeping peacefully when I went to have a look at him after midnight. In the morning I found him dead in his bed, no doubt from an internal hæmorrhage. I wired my colleague in Basel to communicate the news to the mother of the boy and let me have her instructions. The professor wired back that her condition was so serious that he dared not tell her. Convinced as I was that she wanted her son to be buried in Sweden, I put myself in communication with an undertaker for all the necessary arrangements. I was informed by the undertaker that according to the law the body must be embalmed, price two thousand marks. I knew the family was not rich. I decided to embalm the body myself. There was no time to lose, it was the end of July; the heat was extreme. With the aid of a man from the Anatomical Institution I made a summary embalment in the night at the cost of about two hundred marks. It was the first embalment I had ever done. I am bound to say it was not a success; very far from it. The lead coffin was soldered in my presence. The outer oak coffin was enclosed in an ordinary deal packing-case according to the railway regulations. The rest was to be done by the undertaker in charge of the transport of the body by rail to Lübeck, and from there by ship to Stockholm. The sum of money I had received from the mother for the journey home was hardly sufficient to pay the bill of the hotel. I protested in vain against the exorbitant charge for the bedding and the carpet in the room the boy had died in. When all was settled I had barely enough money left to pay my own journey to Paris. I had never been out of the house since my arrival. All I had seen of Heidelberg had been the garden of the Hotel de l'Europe under my windows. I thought I might at least have a look at the famous old ruined castle before leaving Heidelberg, where I hoped never to return. As I was standing by the parapet of the castle terrace looking down upon the Neckar valley at my feet, a dachshund puppy came rushing up to me as fast as his crooked little legs could carry his long, slender body, and started licking me all over the face. His



cunning eyes had discovered my secret at the first glance. My secret was that I had always been longing to possess just such a little Waldmann as these fascinating dogs are called in their own native country. Hard up though I was I bought Waldmann at once for fifty marks, and we returned in triumph to the Hotel Victoria. Waldmann trotting close to my heels without a leash, quite certain that his master was I and nobody else. There was an extra charge in the morning for something about the carpet in my room. My patience was at an end. I had already spent eight hundred marks on carpets in the Hotel Victoria. Two hours later I presented the carpet in the boy's room to an old cobbler I had seen sitting mending a pair of boots outside his poor home full of ragged children. The director of the hotel was speechless with rage, but the cobbler got his carpet. My mission in Heidelberg was ended. I decided to take the morning train for Paris. In the night I changed my mind and decided to go to Sweden, anyhow. My arrangements for being away from Paris for a fortnight were already made. Norstrom was to look after my patients during my absence. I had already wired to my brother that I was coming to stay with him in the old home for a couple of days. Surely such an opportunity for a holiday in Sweden would never return. My one thought was to clear out from the Hotel Victoria. It was too late to catch the passenger train for Berlin. I decided to take the goods train in the evening, the same that was conveying the body of the boy to Lubeck and to go on with the same Swedish steamer to Stockholm. As I was sitting down to my supper in the buffet of the station I was informed by the waiter that dogs were "verboten" in the restaurant. I put a five-mark piece in his hand and Waldmann under the table and was just beginning to eat my supper when a stentorian voice from the door called out:

"Der Leichenbegleiter!"

All the occupants of the tables looked up from their plates scanning each other, but nobody moved.

"Der Leichenbegleiter!"

The man banged the door to return a moment later with another man whom I recognized as the undertaker's clerk. The owner of the stentorian voice came up to me and roared in my face:

"Der Leichenbegleiter!"

EVERYBODY looked at me with interest. I told the man to leave me alone. I wanted to have my supper. No, I must come at once. The station-master wanted to speak to me on most urgent business. A giant with bristling porcupine moustaches and gold-plated spectacles, handed me a pile of documents and shrieked in my ear something about the van having to be sealed and that I must take my place in it at once. I told him in my best German that I had already reserved my place in a second-class compartment. He said it was "verboten." I must be locked up with the coffin in the van at once.

"What the devil do you mean?"

"Aren't you der Leichenbegleiter? Don't you know that it is 'verboten' in Germany for a corpse to travel without his Leichenbegleiter, and that they must be locked up together?"

I showed him my second-class ticket for Lubeck. I told him I was an independent traveller going for a holiday to Sweden. I had nothing whatsoever to do with the coffin.

"Are you or are you not the Leichenbegleiter?" he roared angrily.

"I am certainly not. I am willing to try my hand at any job, but I refuse to be a Leichenbegleiter. I do not like the word."

The station-master looked bewildered at his bundle of papers and announced that

unless the Leichenbegleiter turned up in less than five minutes the van containing the coffin for Lubeck would be shunted off on the side-track and remain in Heidelberg. As he spoke, a little hunchback with restless eyes and a face ravaged with small-pox, rushed up to the station-master's desk with a pile of documents in his hands.

"Ich bin der Leichenbegleiter," he announced with unmistakable dignity.

I nearly embraced him. I have always had a sneaking liking for hunchbacks. I said I was delighted to make his acquaintance. I was going on to Lubeck with the same train as he and to take the same steamer to Stockholm. I had to hold on to the station-master's desk when he said he was not going to Stockholm, but to St. Petersburg with the Russian general, and from there to Nijai-Norogorod.

THE station-master looked up from his bundle of documents, his porcupine moustache bristling with bewilderment.

"Potodonnerwetter!" he roared. "There are two corpses going on to Lubeck by this train! I have only one coffin in the van. You cannot put two corpses in one coffin. It is 'verboten.' Where is the other coffin?"

The hunchback explained that the coffin of the Russian general was just being unloaded from the cart to be put in the van. It was all the fault of the carpenter, who had only finished the second packing-case in the nick of time. Who could have dreamt that he was to provide two such huge packing-cases on the same day!

The Russian general! I suddenly remembered having been told that an old Russian general had died of an apoplectic stroke in the hotel opposite ours the same day as the boy. I even remembered having seen from my window a fierce-looking old gentleman with a long grey beard in a bath chair in the hotel gardens. The porter had told me that he was a famous Russian general, a hero of the Crimean war. I had never seen a more wild-looking man.

While the station-master returned to the pursuit of his entangled documents I took the hunchback aside, patted him cordially on the back, and offered him fifty marks cash and another fifty marks I meant to borrow from the Swedish Consul in Lubeck if he would undertake to be the Leichenbegleiter of the coffin of the boy as well as of that of the Russian general. He accepted my offer at once. The station-master said it was an unprecedented case. It raised a delicate point of law. He felt sure it was "verboten" for two corpses to travel with one Leichenbegleiter between them. He must consult the Kaiserliche Oberliche Eisenbahn Amt Direktion Bureau. It would take at least a week to get an answer. It was Waldmann who saved the situation. Several times during our discussions I had noticed a friendly glance from the station-master's gold-rimmed spectacles in the direction of the puppy, and several times he had stretched his enormous hand for a gentle stroke on Waldmann's long, silky ears. I decided on a last desperate attempt to move his heart. Without saying a word I deposited Waldmann on his lap. As the puppy licked him all over the face, and started pulling at his porcupine moustaches, his harsh features softened gradually into a broad, honest smile at our helplessness. Five minutes later the hunchback had signed a dozen documents as the Leichenbegleiter of the two coffins, and I, with Waldmann and my Gladstone bag, was fung into a crowded second-class compartment as the train was starting. Waldmann offered to play with the fat lady next to us. She looked sternly at me and said that it was "verboten" to take a dog in a second-class compartment. Was he at least "stubenrein?" Of course he was

"stubenrein," he had never been anything else. Waldmann now turned his attention to the basket on the fat lady's lap, sniffed eagerly and started barking furiously. He was barking still when the train stopped at the next station. The fat lady called the guard and pointed to the floor. The guard said it was "verboten" to travel with a dog without a muzzle. In vain did I open Waldmann's mouth to show to the guard that he had hardly any teeth, in vain did I put my last five-mark piece in the guard's hand. Waldmann must be taken at once to the dog-box. Bent on revenge, I pointed to the basket on the fat lady's lap and asked the guard if it was not "verboten" to travel with a cat without a ticket? Yes, it was "verboten." The fat lady and the guard were still quarrelling when I climbed down on the platform. The travelling accommodation for dogs was in those days shamefully inadequate, a dark cell just over the wheels, saturated with fumes from the locomotive. How could I put Waldmann there? I rushed to the luggage van and implored the guard to take charge of the puppy. He said it was "verboten." The sliding doors of the next van were cautiously drawn aside, just enough to let the head of the Leichenbegleiter pop out, a long pipe in his mouth. With the agility of a cat I climbed into the van with Waldmann and the Gladstone bag.

FIFTY marks payable on arrival if he would hide Waldmann in his van till Lubeck! Before he had time to answer the doors were bolted from outside, a sharp whistle from the locomotive, and the train began to move. The big van was quite empty, but for the two packing-cases containing the two coffins. The heat was tremendous, but there was ample room to stretch out one's legs. The puppy fell asleep immediately on my coat, the Leichenbegleiter produced a bottle of hot beer from his provision basket; we lit our pipes and sat down on the floor to discuss the situation. We were quite safe; nobody had seen me jump in with the dog. I was assured that no guard ever came near the van. When an hour later the train slowed down for the next stop I told the Leichenbegleiter that nothing but sheer force could make me part company with him. I meant to remain where I was till we reached Lubeck. The hours passed in agreeable conversation chiefly kept going by the Leichenbegleiter. I speak German very badly, though I understand it quite well.

"I wish you could see the Russian general," said the Leichenbegleiter enthusiastically, pointing with his pipe to the other packing-case. "He is perfectly wonderful; you would never believe it was a corpse, even his eyes are wide-open. I wonder why the station-master was so particular about you," he went on. "It is true you are rather young to be a Leichenbegleiter, but so far as I can see you are respectable enough. All you need is a shave and a brush-up, your clothes are all covered with dog's hair, and surely you cannot present yourself to-morrow at the Swedish Consulate with such a chin. I am sure you have not shaved for a week. You look more like a brigand than a respectable Leichenbegleiter. What a pity I have not got my razors with me or I would shave you myself at the next stop."

I opened my Gladstone bag and said I would be much obliged if he would spare me the ordeal. I never shaved myself if I could help it. He examined my razors with the eyes of a connoisseur, said the Swedish razors were the best in the world. He never used any others himself. He had a very light hand. He had shaved hundreds of people and never heard a word of complaint.

I have never been better shaved in my life, and I told him so with my compli-



## THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ments when the train began to move again.

"There is nothing like travelling in foreign countries," said I as I washed the soap off my face, "every day one learns something new and interesting. The more I see of this country the more I realize the fundamental differences between the Germans and other people. The Latin and the Anglo-Saxon races invariably adopt the sitting-up position for being shaved. In Germany you are made to lie flat on your back. It is all a matter of taste."

"It is a matter of habit," explained the Leichenbegleiter, "you cannot make a corpse sit up; you are the first living man I have ever shaved."

My companion spread a clean napkin over his packing-case and opened his provision basket. An amalgamated scent of sausage, cheese, and sauerkraut tickled my nostrils. Waldmann woke up instantaneously; we watched him with hungry eyes. My joy was great when he invited me to partake of his supper, even the sauerkraut had lost its horror to my palate. He won my heart when he presented a large slice of Blutwurst to Waldmann. The effect was jubiloous and lasted till Lubeck. When we had finished our second bottle of Moselle my new friend and I had few secrets left to reveal to one another.

Indeed, when we started our third bottle of Moselle it only rested with me to become a Leichenbegleiter in earnest.

"Cheer up, Fritz," said my host with a merry twinkle in his eye, "don't look so dejected! I know you are out of cash and that something must have gone wrong with you. Never mind, have another glass of wine and let us talk business. I have not been a Leichenbegleiter for more than ten years without learning what sort of people I am dealing with! Intelligence is not everything. I am sure you were born under a lucky star or you would not be here sitting by my side. Here is your chance, the chance of your life! Deliver your coffin in Sweden while I am delivering mine in Russia and come back to Heidelberg by the first train. I will make you my partner. As long as Professor Friedreich is alive there will be work for two Leichenbegleiter or my name is not Zacharias Schweinfuss! Sweden is no good for you, there are no famous doctors there. Heidelberg is full of them. Heidelberg is the place for you."

I THANKED my new friend cordially and said I would give him my definite answer in the morning when our heads had cleared a little. A few minutes later we were both fast asleep on the floor of the Leichenwagen. I had an excellent night. Waldmann less so. When the train rolled into the Lubeck station it was broad daylight. A clerk from the Swedish Consulate was waiting on the platform to superintend the transporting of the coffin on board the Swedish steamer for Stockholm. After a cordial "Auf Wiedersehen" to the Leichenbegleiter I drove to the Swedish Consulate. As soon as the Consul saw the puppy he informed me that the importation of dogs was forbidden, there having of late been several cases of hydrophobia in Northern Germany. I might try with the captain, but he felt sure that Waldmann would not be admitted on board. I found the captain in a very bad temper—all sailors are when they have a coffin among their cargo. All my pleading was in vain. Discouraged by my success with the stationmaster in Heidelberg I decided to try him with the puppy. Waldmann licked him in vain all over the face. I then decided to try him with my brother. Yes, of course he knew Commander Monte quite well, they had sailed together on the Vanadia as midshipmen, they were great friends.

Could he be so cruel as to leave my brother's beloved puppy stranded in Lubeck among total strangers?

No, he could not be so cruel. Five

minutes later Waldmann was locked up in my cabin to be smuggled in on my own responsibility on our arrival in Stockholm. I love the sea, the ship was comfortable, I dined at the captain's table, everybody on board was most polite to me. The stewardess looked somewhat sulky when she came to make up my cabin in the morning, but she became our ally as soon as the offender began to lick her all over the face; she had never seen a more fascinating puppy. When Waldmann appeared surreptitiously on the foredeck all the sailors began to play with him, and the captain looked on the other side in order not to see him. It was late at night when we laid alongside the quay in Stockholm and I jumped on shore from the bow of the ship with Waldmann in my arms. I called in the morning on Professor Bruzelius, who showed me a telegram from Basel that the mother was out of danger and that the funeral of the boy was postponed till her arrival in about a fortnight's time. He hoped I would still be in Sweden, the mother would be sure to wish to hear from me of her son's last moments, and, of course, I must assist at the funeral. I told him I was going on a visit to my brother before returning to Paris.

A FORTNIGHT later I was back in Stockholm. Professor Bruzelius told me that the mother had arrived from the continent that same morning. The funeral was to take place next day. Of course, I must attend. To my horror he went on to say that the poor mother insisted on seeing her son before he was buried. The coffin was to be opened in her presence in the early morning. Of course, I would never have embalmed the body myself had such a possibility ever entered my head. I knew I had meant well, but done badly. That in all probability the opening of the coffin would reveal a terrible sight. My first thought was to bolt and take the night train for Paris. My second thought was to stay where I was and play the game. There was no time to lose. With the powerful help of Professor Bruzelius I succeeded with great difficulty in obtaining the permission to open the coffin in order to proceed to a summary disinfection of the remains if it should prove necessary, which I was convinced was the case. Shortly after midnight I descended to the vault under the church accompanied by the custodian of the cemetery and a workman who was to open the two coffins. When the lid of the inner lead coffin was unsoldered the two men stood back in silent reverence before the awe of death. I took the lantern from the custodian and uncovered the face. The lantern fell on the floor. I reeled back as if struck by an invisible hand.

I have often wondered at my presence of mind that night. I must have had nerves of steel in those days.

"It is all right," said I, rapidly covering the face again. "Scrow on the lid. There is no need for any disinfection. The body is in a perfect state of preservation."

I called on Professor Bruzelius in the early morning. I told him that the sight I had seen in the night would haunt the poor mother for life; that he must at all costs prevent the opening of the coffin.

I assisted at the funeral. I have never assisted at another since that day. The coffin was carried to the grave on the shoulders of six of the boy's schoolfellows.

Supported by her aged father the mother of the boy advanced to the open grave and lowered a wreath of lilies of the valley on the coffin.

"It was his favorite flower," she sobbed.

One by one the other mourners came forth with their bunches of flowers and looked down into the grave with tear-filled

eyes for the last farewell. The choir sang the customary old hymn.

"Rest in peace; the strife is ended."

The grave-diggers began to shovel the earth over the coffin. The ceremony was over.

When they had all gone I looked down in the half-filled grave in my turn.

"Yes, rest in peace, grim old fighter. The strife is ended! Rest in peace! Do not haunt me any longer with those wide-open eyes of yours, or I shall go crazy! Why did you stare so angrily at me when I uncovered your face last night in the vault under the chapel? Do you think I was more pleased to see you than you were to see me? Did you take me for a grave-plunderer who had broken open your coffin to rob you of the golden ikon on your breast? Did you think it was I who brought you here? No, it was not I. For all I know it was the archfiend himself in the shape of a drunken hunchback who caused you to come here. For who but Mephisto, the eternal jester, could have staged the ghastly farce just enacted here? I thought I heard his mocking laughter ringing through their sacred chant. God forgive me. I was not far from laughing myself when your coffin was lowered into this grave. But what matters it to you whose grave it is? You cannot read the name on the marble cross. What matters it to you what name it is? You cannot hear the voices of the living overhead. What matters it to you what tongue they speak? You are not lying here among strangers. You are lying side by side with your own kinsmen. So is the Swedish boy who was laid to rest in the heart of Russia while the buglers of your old regiment were sounding the Last Post by your grave. The kingdom of death has no borders. The grave has no nationality. You are all one and the same people now. You will soon even look exactly the same. The same fate awaits you all wherever you are laid to rest, to be forgotten and to moulder into dust, for such is the law of life. Rest in peace, the strife is ended."

I returned to Paris immediately after the funeral.



### CHAPTER 6

BACK in Paris I found myself very busy. On all my rounds, however, Tom, my dog, accompanied me. As my practice increased it became more and more difficult to snatch time for our usual Sunday afternoon romp in the Bois de Boulogne. Dogs as well as men must have an occasional sniff at Mother Earth to keep up their spirits. There is nothing like a brisk walk among friendly trees, be it even the half-tamed trees of the Bois de Boulogne, and an occasional game of hide and seek among the thickets with a stray acquaintance. One day, as we were strolling down a side alley enjoying each other's company, we suddenly heard far behind us a desperate panting and wheezing accompanied by fits of coughing and choking. I thought it was a case of asthma, but Tom diagnosed it at once as a case of a half-suffocated small bulldog or pug approaching at full speed and imploring us with his last breath to wait for him. A minute later Loulou sank down half-dead at my feet, too fat to breathe, too exhausted to speak; his black tongue almost fallen out of his mouth; his blood-shot eyes protruding from their sockets with joy and emotion. "Loulou! Loulou!" a despairing voice



screamed from a coupe driving past on the high road.

"Loulou! Loulou!" called out a footman running towards us behind the thickets. The footman said he was escorting the Marquise and Loulou on their usual five minutes constitutional by the side of the carriage when Loulou suddenly began to sniff furiously in all directions and cantered off with such a speed through the bushes that he was lost sight of at once. The Marquise had been put back in the carriage by her maid in a fainting condition. He himself had been hunting for Loulou for half an hour while the coachman was driving up and down the high road asking every passer-by for news of Loulou. The Marquise burst into a flood of tears of joy when I deposited Loulou on her lap, still speechless for want of breath. He was going to have an apoplectic stroke, she sobbed. I roared into the car trumpet that it was only emotion. The truth was that he was as near having a stroke as a fat old pug can be. Being the involuntary cause of it all, I accepted the invitation of his mistress to have tea with her. When Tom jumped on my lap, Loulou had a fit of rage that nearly suffocated him. The rest of the drive he lay motionless on his mistress' lap in a state of complete collapse, glaring savagely at Tom with one eye, and blinking affectionately at me with the other.

**A**FTER our second cup of tea Monsieur l'Abbe entered the drawing-room for his usual afternoon call. The kind Abbe reproached me for not having let him know of my return to Paris. The Count had often inquired about me, and would be delighted to see me. The Countess had gone to Monte Carlo for a change of air. The Countess was now in excellent health and spirits. Unfortunately, he could not say the same in regard to the Count, who had returned to his sedentary life, spending the whole day in his armchair smoking his cigars. The Abbe thought he had better warn me that the Vicomte Maurice was furious with me for having played such a joke upon him at Chateau Rameaux. I had hypnotised both him and the little village doctor into the belief that he had colitis in order to prevent him from gaining the gold medal at the shooting competition of the Societe du Tir de France. The Abbe implored me to keep out of his way. He was known for his violent uncontrollable temper; he was always quarrelling with people. Not later than a month ago he had fought another duel. God knows what might happen if we met.

"Nothing would happen," said I. "I have nothing to fear from this brute, for he is afraid of me. I proved last autumn in the smoking-room of the Chateau Rameaux that I was the stronger of the two, and I am glad to hear from you that he has not forgotten his lesson. His one superiority over me is that he can drop a swallow or a skylark with his revolver at fifty yards while I should probably miss an elephant at the same distance. But he is not likely ever to take advantage of this superiority of his. He would never challenge me, for he considers me his social inferior."

"Promise me to keep out of his way. He says he is going to horsewhip you the first time he meets you."

"He is welcome to try. I know how to deal with such an emergency, don't worry. I am quite capable of taking care of myself."

"Luckily, he is up with his regiment at Tours, and not likely to return to Paris for a long time."

"My dear Abbe, you are far more naive than I thought. He is actually in Monte

Carlo with the Countess, and will be back in Paris when she returns from her change of air."

The very next day I was asked to see the Count professionally. The Abbe was right. I found the Count in a very unsatisfactory condition, both physically and mentally. You cannot do much for an elderly gentleman who sits in his armchair the whole day smoking endless cigars, thinking of nothing but his beautiful young wife who has gone to Monte Carlo for a change of air. Neither can you do much for him when she returns to resume her position as one of the most admired and coveted ladies of the Paris society, spending her days at Worth's trying on new gowns and her evenings at theatres and balls, after a frosty kiss of good night on her husband's cheek. The more I saw of the Count the more I liked him. He was the most perfect type of a French aristocrat of the old regime I had ever seen. The real reason why I liked him was no doubt because I felt sorry for him. It had not dawned upon me in those days that the only people I really liked were those I felt sorry for. I suppose that was why I did not like the Countess the first time I saw her again after our last meeting under the lime tree in the park of the Chateau Rameaux when the moon was full and the owl saved me from liking her too much. No, I did not like her at all as I sat watching her by the side of the Abbe, across the dining-room table, laughing merrily at the silly jokes of Vicomte Maurice, some of them about myself. I pattered from his insolent side-glances. Neither of them said a single word to me. The only sign of recognition I had received from the Countess was an absent-minded handshake before dinner. The Vicomte had ignored my presence altogether. The Countess was as beautiful as ever, but she was not the same woman. She looked in splendid health and spirits; the yearning expression in her large eyes was no more there. I saw at the first glance that there had been full moon in the park of Monte Carlo, and no waiting owls in the lime trees. The Vicomte Maurice looked exceedingly pleased with himself. There was an unmistakable air of the conquering hero in his whole bearing which was particularly irritating.

"Ca y est," said I to the Abbe, as we sat down in the smoking-room after dinner. "Surely love is blind, if this is to be called love. She deserved a better fate than to fall into the arms of this degenerate fool."

**I** WENT upstairs to see the Count a moment before leaving. He was already going to bed. He said he was very sleepy, lucky man! As I was wishing him good-night I heard the desperate howling of a dog from below. I knew that Tom was waiting for me in the hall in his usual corner by a standing invitation from the Count, who was a great lover of dogs, and had even provided him with a special little carpet for his comfort. I sprang downstairs as fast as I could. Tom was lying huddling against the front door growling feebly. Blood was flowing from his mouth. Bent over him stood Vicomte Maurice kicking him furiously. I fell on the brute so unexpectedly that he lost his balance and rolled on the floor. A second well-aimed blow knocked him down again as he was springing to his feet. Snatching my hat and my coat I sprang with the dog in my arms to my carriage and drove full speed to Avenue de Villiers. It was evident from the first that the poor dog was suffering from severe internal injuries. I sat up with him the whole night. His breathing became more and more difficult, the hæmorrhage never ceased. In the morning I shot my faithful friend with my own hands to spare him further sufferings,

it was a relief to me when I received in the afternoon a letter from two of Vicomte Maurice's fellow officers with a request to be put in communication with my seconds, the Vicomte having decided after some hesitation to do me the honour etc. etc.

I succeeded with difficulty in persuading Colonel Staaff, the Swedish military attaché, to see me through this business. My friend Edelfeld, the well-known Finnish painter, was to be my other second. Norstrom was to assist me as surgeon.

**T**HE morning of the duel was cold and misty. My pulse was steady at eighty, but I noticed a curious twitching in the calves of my legs and a considerable difficulty in speaking, and, try as I might, I did not succeed in swallowing the drop of brandy Norstrom handed me from his pocket-flask as we stepped out from the carriage. The endless preliminary formalities seemed particularly irritating to me since I did not understand a word of what they were talking about. How silly all this is, and what a waste of time, thought I. How such simpler would it not be to give him a sound thrashing a l'anglaise and be done with it. Somebody said that the mist had now lifted sufficiently to allow a clear sight. I was surprised to hear it, for it seemed to me that the fog was thicker than ever. Still I could see quite well Vicomte Maurice standing in front of me with his usual air of insolent nonchalance, a cigarette between his lips, very much at his ease, thought I. At that very moment a red-breast started singing from the thicket behind me. I was just wondering what on earth the little fellow had to do so late in the year in the Bois de St. Cloud, when Colonel Staaff put a long pistol in my hand.

"Aim low!" he whispered.

"Fire!" a sharp voice called out. I heard a shot. I saw the Vicomte letting fall his cigarette from his lips and Professor Labbe rushing up to him. A moment later I found myself sitting in Colonel Staaff's carriage with Norstrom on the opposite seat, a broad grin on his face. The Colonel patted me on the shoulder, but nobody spoke.

"What has happened. Why didn't he shoot? I am not going to accept any mercy from this brute. I am going to challenge him in my turn. I am going to."

"You are going to do nothing of the sort. You are going to thank God for your miraculous escape," interrupted the Colonel. "Indeed, he tried his best to kill you, and no doubt he would have done so had you given him time for a second shot. Luckily you fired simultaneously. Had you waited the fraction of a second you would not be sitting by my side now. Didn't you hear the bullet whizzing over your head? Look!"

Suddenly as I looked at my bat the curtain went down over my performance as a hero. Stripped of his ill-fitting make-up as a brave man, the real man appeared, the man who was afraid of death. Shaking with fear I sank back in my corner of the carriage.

"I am proud of you, my young friend," the Colonel went on. "It did my old soldier's heart good to watch you. I could not have done it better myself! When we charged the Prussians at Gravelotte."

The chattering of my teeth prevented me from catching the end of the sentence. I felt sick and faint. I wanted to tell Norstrom to let down the window for a breath of air, but I could not articulate a word. I wanted to fling open the door and bolt like a rabbit but I could move neither arms nor legs.

"He was losing lots of blood," chuckled Norstrom. "Professor Labbe said the bullet had passed clean through the base



of the right lung. He will be a lucky man if he escapes with two months in bed."

The chattering of my teeth ceased instantly. I listened attentively.

"I did not know you were such a fine shot," said the gallant colonel. "Why did you tell me you had never handled a pistol before?"

Suddenly I burst into a roar of laughter. I did not in the least know why.

"There is no cause for laughter," said the colonel sternly. "The man is dangerously wounded. Professor Labbe looked very grave. It may end in a tragedy."

"So much the worse for him," said I miraculously regaining my power of speech. "he kicked my defenceless old dog to death. He spends his leisure hours killing swallows and skylarks. He deserves all he gets. Do you know that the Areopagus of Athens pronounced a death sentence on a boy for having stung out the eyes of a bird?"

"But you are not the Areopagus of Athens."

"No, but neither am I the cause of this man's death. If it comes to the worst, I had not even time to take aim at him. The pistol went off all by itself. It was not I who sent this bullet through his lung. It was somebody else. Besides, since you are so sorry for this brute, may I ask if it was in order to miss him that you whispered in my ear to aim low when you handed me the pistol?"

"I am glad to hear you have got your tongue back in its right place, you old swaggerer," smiled the colonel. "I could hardly understand a word you said when I dragged you into my carriage nor did you yourself, I am sure; you went on muttering the whole time something about a red-breast."

WHEN we entered Porte Maillot I had already resumed full command over my silly nerves and was feeling very pleased with myself. As we approached Avenue de Villiers, the face of Mamsell Agata, my corpse-like housekeeper, loomed out of the morning mist, staring menacingly at me with her white eyes. I looked at my watch. It was half-past seven: my courage rose.

"She is just now rubbing the patina off the refectory table in the dining-room," thought I. "Another bit of luck and I shall manage to slip unnoticed into my bedroom and signal to Rosalie to bring me my cup of tea."

Rosalie came on tiptoe with my breakfast and my "Figaro."

"Rosalie, you are a brick! For Heaven's sake keep her out of the hall. I mean to slip out in half-an-hour. Good Rosalie, just give me a brush-up before you go. I need it badly."

"But really Monsieur cannot go about visiting his patients in this old hat look! there is a round hole in front and here is another behind, how funny! It cannot be made by a moth. The whole house is stinking with naphthalene ever since Mamsell Agata came. Can it be a rat? Mamsell Agata's room is full of rats. Mamsell Agata likes rats."

"No, Rosalie. It is the death-watch beetle. It has got teeth as hard as steel and can make just such a hole in a man's skull as well as in his hat. If luck is not on his side."

"Why does not Monsieur give the hat to old Don Gaetano, the organ grinder. It is his day for coming and playing under the balcony to-day."

"You are welcome to give him any hat you like, but not this one. I mean to keep it. It does me good to look at those two holes. It means luck."

"Why does not Monsieur go about in a

top hat like the other doctors. It is much more chic."

"It is not the hat that makes the man but the head. My head is all right as long as you keep Mamsell Agata out of my sight."



## CHAPTER 9

A LARGE number of foreign doctors were practising in Paris in those days. There was great professional jealousy amongst them, of which I got my share and no wonder. Nor were we much liked by our French colleagues for our monopoly of the wealthy foreign colony, no doubt a far more lucrative clientele than their own. Of late an agitation had even been started in the press to protest against the steadily increasing number of foreign doctors in Paris. Often, it was hinted, not even provided with regular diplomas from well recognised universities. It resulted in an order by the Prefet de Police that all foreign doctors were to present their diplomas for verification before the end of the month. I with my diploma as M.D. of the faculty of Paris was of course all right. I nearly forgot all about it and turned up the very last day at the Commissariat of my quartier. The Commissaire who knew me slightly, asked me if I knew a Doctor X. who lived in the same avenue as I did. I answered that all I knew about him was that he must have a very large practice. I had often heard his name mentioned, and I had often admired his elegant carriage waiting outside his house.

The Commissaire said I would not have to admire it for long. He was on their black list. He had not presented himself with his diploma because he had none to present. He was a quack. He was going to be "pinched" at last. He was said to be making two hundred thousand francs a year, more than many of the leading celebrities in Paris. I said there was no reason why a quack might not be a good doctor, a diploma meant little to his patients as long as he was able to help them. I heard the end of the story a couple of months later from the Commissaire himself. Doctor X. had presented himself at the very last moment with a request for a private interview with the Commissaire. Presenting his diploma as M.D. of a well-known German university, he implored the Commissaire to keep his secret. He said he owed his enormous practice to the circumstance that he was considered by everybody to be a quack. I told the Commissaire this man would soon become a millionaire if he knew his medicine half as well as he knew his psychology.

As I was walking home I did not envy my colleague his two hundred thousand francs of income but I envied him for knowing what sum his income amounted to. I had always been longing to know what my earnings were. That I was making lots of money seemed certain. I had always plenty of cash whenever I wanted money for something. I had a fine apartment, a smart carriage, an excellent cook; now, since Mamsell Agata had left (I forgot to mention that I had at last got rid of her), I often had my friends at dinner at Avenue de Villiers with the best of everything. Twice I had rushed down to Capri, once to buy Mastro Vincenzo's

house, another time to offer a high sum of money to the unknown owner of the ruined little chapel at San Michele — it took me ten years to settle that business. Already then a keen lover of art, my rooms in Avenue de Villiers were full of treasures of bygone times, and over a dozen fine old clocks chimed every hour of my often sleepless nights. For some inexplicable reason these periods of wealth were not seldom interrupted by moments when I had no money at all. Rosalie knew it. The concierge knew it, even the fournisseurs knew it. Norstrom also knew it for I often had to borrow money from him. He said it could only be explained by some defect in my mental machinery, the remedy was to keep proper accounts and to send regular bills to my patients like everybody else. I said it was hopeless to try to keep accounts and as to writing bills I had never done it and was not going to do it. Our profession was not a trade but an art, this trafficking in suffering was a humiliation to me. I blushed scarlet when a patient put his twenty franc piece on my table and when he put it in my hand I felt as if I wanted to hit him. Norstrom said it was nothing but sheer vanity and conceit on my part, that I should grab all the money I could lay my hands on, as all my colleagues did, even if handed me by the undertaker. I said our profession was a holy office on the same level as that of the priest if not higher, where surplus money-making should be forbidden by law. The doctors should be paid by the State and well paid like the judges in England. Those who did not like this arrangement should leave the profession and go on the Stock Exchange or open a shop.

I much resented Norstrom's saying that my inability to write bills and to pocket my fee without blushing derived from vanity and conceit. If Norstrom was right I must admit that all my colleagues seemed singularly free from this defect. They all sent their bills just as tailors do and grabbed with greatest ease the louis d'or their patients put in their hands. In many consulting rooms it was even the etiquette that the patient should put his money on the table before opening his mouth to relate his woes. Before an operation it was the established rule that half of the sum should be paid in advance. I knew of a case where the patient was roused from the chloroform and the operation postponed in order to verify the validity of a cheque. When one of us smaller lights called in a celebrity for consultation, the big man put a slice of his fee in the hands of the small man as a matter of course. Nor did it stop there. I remember my stupefaction the first time I called in a specialist for an embalmment when this man offered me five hundred francs from his fee. The charge for an embalmment was scandalously high.

MANY of the professors I used to consult in difficult cases were men of world-wide reputation, at the very top of the tree in their speciality, extraordinarily exact and amazingly quick in their diagnosis. Charcot, for instance, was almost uncanny in the way he went straight to the root of the evil, often apparently only after a rapid glance at the patient from his cold eagle eyes. During the last years of his life maybe he relied too much upon his eye, the examination of his patients was often far too rapid and superficial. He never admitted a mistake and woe to the man who ever dared to hint at his being in the wrong. On the other hand he was surprisingly reserved before pronouncing a fatal prognosis, even in clearly hopeless cases. The unforeseen is always possible, he used to say. Charcot



was the most celebrated doctor of his time. Patients from all over the world flocked to his consulting room in Faubourg St. Germain often waiting for weeks before being admitted to the inner sanctuary where he sat by the window in his huge library. Short of stature, with the chest of an athlete and the neck of a bull, he was a most imposing man to look at. A white, clean-shaven face, a low forehead, cold penetrating eyes, an aquiline nose, sensitive cruel lips, the mask of a Roman Emperor. When he was angry, the flash in his eyes was terrible like lightning, nobody who has ever faced those eyes is likely to forget them. His voice was imperative, hard, often sarcastic. The grip of his small, flabby hand was unpleasant. He had few friends amongst his colleagues, he was feared by his patients and his assistants for whom he seldom had a kind word of encouragement in exchange for the superhuman amount of work he imposed upon them. He was indifferent to the sufferings of his patients, he took little interest in them from the day of establishing the diagnosis until the day of the post-mortem examination. Amongst his assistants he had his favorites whom he often pushed forward to privileged positions far above their merits. A word of recommendation from Charcot was enough to decide the result of any examination or concours, in fact he ruled supreme over the whole faculty of medicine.

**S**HARING the fate of all nerve specialists he was surrounded by a bodyguard of neurotic ladies, hero-worshippers at all costs. Luckily for him he was absolutely indifferent to women. His only relaxation from his incessant toil was music. Nobody was allowed to speak a word about medicine on his Thursday evenings, all devoted to music. Beethoven was his favourite. He was very fond of animals, every morning as he descended heavily from his landau in the inner court of Salpêtrière he produced from his pocket a piece of bread for his two old Rottweilers. He always cut short any conversation about sport and killing animals. His dislike of the English derived, I think, from his hatred of fox hunting.

I seldom failed to attend Professor Charcot's famous Leçons du Mardi in the Salpêtrière, just then chiefly devoted to his grande hystérie and to hypnosis. The huge amphitheatre was filled to the last place with a multicoloured audience drawn from all Paris, authors, journalists, leading actors and actresses, fashionable demi-mondaines, all full of morbid curiosity to witness the startling phenomena of hypnosis almost forgotten since the days of Mesmer and Braid. It was during one of these lectures that I became acquainted with Guy de Maupassant, then already famous for his "Boule de Suif," and his unforgettable "Madame Teller." We used to have endless talks on hypnosis and all sorts of mental troubles, he never tired of trying to draw from me what little I knew on these subjects. He also wanted to know everything about insanity, he was collecting just then materials for his terrible book "Le Horla," a faithful picture of his own tragic future. He even accompanied me once on a visit to Professor Bernheim's clinic in Nancy which opened my eyes to the fallacies of the Salpêtrière school in regard to hypnosis. I also stayed as his guest for a couple of days on board his yacht. I well remember our sitting up the whole night talking about death in the little saloon of his Bel Ami riding at her anchor off Antibes harbour. He was afraid of death. He had the thought of death was seldom out of his mind. He wanted to know all about the various poisons, their rapidity of action

and their relative painlessness. He was particularly insistent in questioning me about death at sea. I told him my belief that death at sea without a lifebelt was a relatively easy death, with the lifebelt perhaps the most terrible of all. I can see him now fixing his sombre eyes on the lifebelts hung by the cabin door and saying he would throw them overboard next morning. I asked him if he meant to send us to the bottom of the sea during our projected cruise to Corsica. He sat silent for a while.

"No," he said at last, he thought after all he wanted to die in the arms of a woman. I told him at the rate he was going he had a fair chance to see his wish fulfilled. As I spoke Yvonne woke up, asked half dazed for another glass of champagne and fell asleep again, her head on his lap. She was a ballet dancer, barely eighteen, reared by the vicious caresses of some old roue in the coulisses of the Grand Opera, now helplessly drifting to total destruction on board the Bel Ami in the lap of her terrible lover. I knew that no lifebelt could save her. I knew she would have refused it if I had offered it to her. I knew she had given her heart as well as her body to this insatiable male who had no use for anything but her body. I knew what her fate would be, it was not the first girl I had seen asleep, her head on his lap. How far he was responsible for his doings is another question. The fear that haunted his restless brain day and night was already visible in his eyes, I for one considered him already then as a doomed man. I knew that the subtle poison of his own "Boule de Suif" had already begun its work of destruction in this magnificent brain. Did he know it himself? I often thought he did. The MS. of his "Sur l'Eau" was lying on the table between us, he had just read me a few chapters, the best thing he had ever written I thought. He was still producing with feverish haste one masterpiece after another, lashing his excited brain with champagne, ether and drugs of all sorts. Woman after woman in endless succession hastened the destruction, women recruited from all quarters, from Faubourg St. Germain to the Boulevards, actresses, ballet-dancers, midwives, grisettes, women of the streets—"le saureau triste" the sad bull, his friends used to call him. He was exceedingly proud of his success, always hinting about mysterious ladies of the highest society admitted to his flat in Rue Claude by his faithful valet François—the first symptom of his approaching delusion of grandeur. He often used to rush up the steps of Avenue de Villiers to sit down in a corner of my room looking at me in silence with that morbid flattery of his eyes I knew so well. Often he used to stand for minutes staring at himself in the mirror over the mantelpiece as if he was looking at a stranger. One day he told me that while he was sitting at his writing-table hard at work on his new novel he had been greatly surprised to see a stranger enter his study notwithstanding the severe vigilance of his valet. The stranger had sat down opposite him at the writing-table and began to dictate to him what he was about to write. He was just going to ring for François to have him turned out when he saw to his horror that the stranger was himself.

**A** COUPLE of days later I was standing by his side in the coulisses of the Grand Opera watching Mademoiselle Yvonne dancing a pas de quatre, sitting on the sly at her lover whose flaming eyes never left her. We had late supper in the elegant little flat Maupassant had just taken for her. She had washed off the rouge from her face, I was shocked to see how pale

and worn she looked compared with when I had first seen her in the yacht. She told me she always took ether when she was dancing; there was nothing like ether for a pick-me-up, all her comrades took ether, even Monsieur le Directeur du Corps de Ballet himself—as a matter of fact I saw him die of it many years later in his villa in Capri. Maupassant complained that she was getting too thin and that she was keeping him awake at night by her incessant coughing. At his request I examined her the next morning, there was serious trouble at the top of one of the lungs. I told Maupassant she must have complete rest, I advised him to send her for the winter to Menton. Maupassant said he was quite willing to do all that could be done for her, besides he did not fancy thin women. She refused point blank to go, she said she would rather die than leave him. She gave me lots of trouble during the winter and also lots of new patients. One after another her comrades began to turn up at Avenue de Villiers, to consult me on the sly, afraid as they were to be put on half pay by the regular doctor of the Opera. The coulisses of the Corps de Ballet were a new world to me not exempt from danger to the inexperienced explorer for alas, it was not only to the altar of the Goddess Terpsichore that these young virgins brought the garlands of their youth, happily for me their Terpsichore had been turned out of my Olympus with the last forgotten strains of Gluck's Chaconne and Mozart's Menuett, what remained to-day was to my eyes acrobatic pure and simple. Not so with the other onlookers in the coulisses. I never ceased to wonder at the facility with which these decrepit Don Giovanni lost their balance while watching all these half-naked girls keeping theirs on the tip of their toes.

**Y**VONNE had her first hæmorrhage and the trouble began in earnest. Maupassant, like all authors who write about illness and death, hated to watch it at close quarters. Yvonne drank bottles of cod-liver oil by the dozen in order to get fat, she knew her lover did not like thin women. It was all in vain, soon nothing remained of her fair youth but her wonderful eyes, lustrous with fever and ether. Maupassant's purse remained open to her, but his arms soon closed round the body of one of her comrades. Yvonne threw a bottle of vitriol at the face of her rival, luckily she nearly missed her. She escaped with two months' imprisonment thanks to Maupassant's powerful influence and to a certificate from me that she had only a couple of months to live. Once out of prison she refused to return to her flat notwithstanding Maupassant's entreaties. She vanished into the vast unknown of the immense city like the doomed animal hiding to die. I found her by a mere accident a month later in a bed at St. Lazare—the last stage in the Via Crucis of all the fallen and forlorn women of Paris. I told her I would let Maupassant know, I felt sure he would come to see her at once. I called at Maupassant's house the same afternoon, there was no time to lose, it was evident that she had not many days to live. The faithful François was at his usual post as a Cerberus, watching over his master against any intruders. I tried in vain to be admitted, the orders were severe, no visitor was to be admitted under any circumstances: it was the usual story about the mysterious lady. All I could do was to scribble a note about Yvonne to his master which François promised to deliver at once. Whether he got it or not I never knew, I hope he did not, it is quite probable, for François was always trying to keep his beloved master away from his entanglements with women. When



I came to St. Lazare the next day. Yvonne was dead. The nun told me she had spent the whole morning putting rouge on her face and arranging her hair, she had even borrowed from an old woman in the next bed a little red silk shawl, last vestige of past splendor, to cover her emaciated shoulders. She told the nun she was expecting her Monsieur, she waited eagerly the whole day but he never came. In the morning they found her dead in her bed, she had swallowed to the last drop her portion of chloral.

TWO months later I saw Guy de Maupassant in the garden of Maison Blanche in Passy, the well-known asylum. He was walking about on the arm of his faithful Francois, throwing small pebbles on the flower beds with the geste of Millet's Semeur. "Look, look," he said, "they will all come up as little Maupassants in the spring, if only it will rain."

To me who for years had been devoting my spare time to study hypnotism the stage performances of the Salpêtrière before the public of Tout-Paris were nothing but an absurd farce, a hopeless muddle of truth and cheating. Some of these subjects were no doubt real somnambulists faithfully carrying out in a waking state the various suggestions made to them during sleep — post-hypnotic suggestions. Many of them were mere frauds, knowing quite well what they were expected to do, delighted to perform their various tricks in public, cheating both doctors and audience with the amazing cunning of the hysterics. They were always ready to undergo an attack of Charcot's classical grande hystérie, arc-en-ciel and all, or to exhibit his famous three stages of hypnotism: lethargy, catalepsy, somnambulism, all invented by the Master and hardly ever observed outside the Salpêtrière. Some of them smelt with delight a bottle of ammonia when told it was rose water, others would eat a piece of charcoal when presented to them as chocolate. Another would crawl on all fours on the floor, barking furiously, when told she was a dog, flap her arms as if trying to fly when turned into a pigeon, lift her skirts with a shriek of terror when a glove was thrown at her feet with a suggestion of being a snake. Another would walk with a top hat in her arms rocking it to and fro, and kissing it tenderly when she was told it was her baby. Hypnotized right and left, dozens of times a day, by doctors and students, many of these unfortunate girls spent their days in a state of semi-trance, their brains bewildered by all sorts of absurd suggestions, half conscious and certainly not responsible for their doings, sooner or later doomed to end their days in the salle des agités if not in a lunatic asylum. While condemning these Tuesday gala performances in the amphitheatre as unscientific and unworthy of the Salpêtrière, it would be unfair not to admit that serious work was done in the wards to investigate many of the still obscure phenomena of hypnotism. I myself was just then by the permission of the chief de clinique carrying out some interesting experiments in post-hypnotic suggestion and telepathy with one of these girls, one of the best somnambulists I have ever met.

I had already then grave doubts as to the correctness of Charcot's theories, accepted without opposition by his blindfolded pupils and the public by means of what can only be explained as a sort of suggestion en masse. I had returned from my last visit to Professor Bernheim's clinic in Nancy as an obscure but resolute supporter of the so-called Nancy school in opposition to the teachings of Charcot. To speak of the Nancy school at the Salpêtrière was in those days considered almost as an act of lese-majesté. Charcot

himself flew into a rage at the very mentioning of Professor Bernheim's name. An article of mine in the "Gazette des Hôpitaux" inspired by my last visit to Nancy was shown to the Master by one of his assistants who disliked me cordially. For several days Charcot seemed to ignore my presence altogether. Some time later appeared in the "Figaro" a violent article under the non de plume of "Ignotus," one of the leading journalists of Paris, denouncing these public demonstrations of hypnotism as a dangerous and ridiculous spectacle of no scientific value, unworthy of the great Master of the Salpêtrière. I was present when this article was shown to Charcot during the morning round. I was amazed at his furious resentment against a mere newspaper article, it seemed to me he could have well afforded to ignore it. There was plenty of jealousy among his pupils, I had a large share of it. Who started the lie I do not know, but to my horror I soon became aware of a rumour that "Ignotus" had got his most damaging facts from me. Charcot never said a word to me about it, but from that day his usual cordial attitude to me had changed.

It proved to be the end. For months I had been overworking. I could not sleep. This final blow finished things. I could no longer attend the Salpêtrière and work under the shadow of Charcot's displeasure. All at once I decided to give up being a fashionable doctor, and go to Capri. I went.



## CHAPTER 10

SANT'ANTONIO had done another miracle. I was lying in a little contadino house in Anacapri, white-washed and clean, with a sunny pergola outside the open windows and friendly, simple people all around me. Old Maria Porta-Lettere, La Bella Margherita, Annarella and Gioconda were all delighted to see me back amongst them. Don Dionisio's Capri Bianco was better than ever and it dawned upon me more and more that the parroco's Capri Rosso was equally good. From sunrise till sunset I was hard at work in what had been Mastro Vincenzo's garden, digging the foundations of the huge arches of the loggia outside my future home. Mastro Nicola and his three sons were digging by my side and half-a-dozen girls with laughing eyes and swinging hips were carrying away the earth in huge baskets on their heads. A yard below the surface we had come upon the Roman wall, opus reticulatum as hard as granite with nymphs and bacchantes dancing on the intonaco of Pompeian red. Below appeared the mosaic floor framed with vine-leaves of nero antico and a broken pavement of beautiful paleombrino now in the centre of the big loggia. A fluted column of cipollino now supporting the little loggia in the inner courtyard, lay across the pavement where it had fallen two thousand years ago, crushing in its fall a big vase of Parian marble, the lion-headed handle of which is now lying on my table.

When the macaroni in the parroco Don Antonio's kitchen was ready the bells in the church rang mezzogiorno, we all sat down for a hearty meal round an enormous plate of insalata di pomodoro, minestrone or macaroni, soon to be at work again till sunset. When the bells below in Capri rang Ave Maria my fellow workers all made the sign of the cross and went away with a Buon riposo, Eccellenza, buona notte signorino. Their wish was overheard

by Sant'Antonio, he worked another miracle, I slept soundly the whole night, as I had not slept for years. I rose with the sun, sprang down to the lighthouse for my morning bath and was back in the garden as the others returned to work from the five o'clock morning mass.

The huge arcades of the big loggia rose rapidly out of the earth, one by one the hundred white columns of the pergola stood out against the sky. What had once been Mastro Vincenzo's house and his carpenter workshop was gradually transformed and enlarged into what was to become my future home. How it was done I have never been able to understand nor has anybody else who knows the history of the San Michele of to-day. I knew absolutely nothing about architecture nor did any of my fellow-workers, nobody who could read or write ever had anything to do with the work, no architect was ever consulted, no proper drawing or plan was ever made, no exact measurements were ever taken. It was all done all'occhio as Mastro Nicola called it.

Maria Porta-Lettere had brought me one day a letter from Rome. I flung it unopened in the drawer of my deal table to join a dozen of other unread letters. I had no time for the world outside Capri, there is no post in Heaven. Then an unheard-of thing happened, there came a telegram to Anacapri. Painfully signalled two days before from the semaphore at Massa Lubrense it had in the course of time reached the Capri semaphore by the Arco Naturale. Don Cicco, the semaphorist, after a vague guess at its meaning, had offered it in turn to various people in Capri. Nobody could understand a word of it, nobody wanted to have anything to do with it. It had then been decided to try it on Anacapri and it had been put on the top of Maria Porta-Lettere's fish basket. Maria Porta-Lettere, who had never seen a telegram before, handed it with great precaution to the parroco. Il Reverendo Don Antonio, unfamiliar with reading anything he did not know by heart, told Maria Porta-Lettere to take it around the village.

WHILE Maria Porta-Lettere was wandering from house to house with the telegram the excitement in the village increased more and more, and soon all work ceased. A rumour that war had broken out between Italy and the Turks was contradicted at noon by another rumour brought on a naked boy's feet from Capri that the king had been assassinated in Rome. The Municipal Council was urgently summoned but Don Diego, the sindaco, decided to postpone unfolding the flag at half-mast until another telegram confirmed the sad news. Shortly before sunset Maria Porta-Lettere, escorted by a crowd of notables of both sexes, arrived with the telegram at San Michele. I looked at the telegram and said it was not for me. Who was it for? I said I did not know, I had never heard of any living or dead person afflicted with a similar name; it was not a name, it seemed an alphabet in an unknown tongue. Wouldn't I try to read the telegram and tell what was in it? No, I would not, I hated telegrams, I did not want to have anything to do with it. Was it true there was war between Italy and the Turks? yelled the crowd under the garden wall.

I did not know, I did not care in the least if there was a war as long as I was left in peace to dig in my garden.

Old Maria Porta-Lettere sank down dejectedly on the column of cipollino, she said she had been on her legs with the telegram since daybreak with nothing to eat, she could no more. She had besides to go and feed the cow. Would I take care of the telegram till to-morrow morning? It



would not be safe to leave it in her keeping, with all the grandchildren playing about the room, not to speak of the chickens and the pig. Old Maria Porta-Lettere was a great friend of mine. I felt sorry for her and for the cow. I put the telegram in my pocket, she was to resume her wanderings with it the next morning.

The sun sank into the sea, the bells rang Ave Maria, we all went home to our supper. As I was sitting under my pergola with a bottle of Don Dionisio's best wine before me, a terrible thought suddenly flashed through my brain—fancy if the telegram was for me after all! Having fortified myself with another glass of wine, I put the telegram on the table before me and set to work to try to translate its mysterious meaning into human language. It took me the whole bottle of wine to satisfy myself that it was not for me. I fell asleep, my head on the table, the telegram in my hand.

I slept late the next morning. There was no need for hurry, nobody was working in my garden to-day, surely they were all in church since morning mass. It was Good Friday. I strolled up to San Michele a couple of hours later and was pottering about the garden when a well-known voice called me by name from outside the garden wall. It was my friend the newly appointed Swedish Minister in Rome. He was furious for not having had an answer to his letter, announcing his intention to come and spend the Easter with me and still more offended that I had not had the decency to meet him at the Marina with a donkey on the arrival of the post boat as he had begged me to do in his telegram. He would never have come to Anacapri had he known he would have to climb all by himself those seven hundred and seventy-seven Phoenician steps leading up to my wretched village. Would I have the cheek to say I had not got his telegram.

Of course I got it, we all got it, I nearly got drunk over it. He softened a little when I handed him the telegram; he said he wanted to take it to Rome to show it to the Ministero delle Poste e Telegrafi. I snatched it from him, warning him that any attempt to improve the telegraphic communications between Capri and the mainland would be strenuously opposed by me.

I was delighted to show my friend over the place and to explain to him all the future wonders of San Michele with an occasional reference to my sketch on the wall in order to make him understand it more clearly, which he said was much needed. He was full of admiration, and when he looked down from the chapel on the fair island at his feet he said he believed it was the most beautiful view in the world. When I pointed out to him the place for the huge Egyptian sphinx of red granite I planned to introduce he gave me an uneasy side glance, and when I showed him where the mountain was going to be blasted away for the erection of my Greek theatre he said he felt somewhat giddy and asked me to take him to my villa and give him a glass of wine; he wanted to have a quiet talk with me.

His eyes wandered round my white-washed room, he asked me if this was my villa. I answered I had never been so comfortable in my life. I put a flask of Don Dionisio's wine on the deal table, invited him to sit down on my chair and threw myself on the bed ready to listen to what he had to say. My friend asked me if I had not been spending much of my time these last years at the Salpetriere among more or less queer and unimpaired people, somewhat shaky in their upper storey?

I said he was not far from the truth,

but that I had given up the Salpetriere altogether.

He said he was very glad to hear it, he thought it was high time, I had better take up some other speciality. He was very fond of me, in fact he had come down to try to persuade me to return at once to my splendid position in Paris instead of wasting my time among these peasants in Anacapri. Now since he had seen me he had changed his mind, he had come to the conclusion I was in need of a thorough rest.

I said I was very glad he approved of my decision, I really could not stand the strain any longer, I was tired out.

"In the head?" he asked sympathetically.

I told him it was useless to ask me to return to Paris, I was going to spend the rest of my days in Anacapri.

"You mean to say that you are going to spend your life in this wretched little village all alone among these peasants who can neither read nor write? You, who are a man of culture, who are you going to associate with?"

I OPENED the drawer of my deal table and showed him a bundle of banknotes tucked in a stocking. I said it was all I possessed in this world after twelve years' hard work in Paris. I believe it amounted to something like fifteen thousand francs, maybe a little more, maybe a little less, probably a little less.

"Listen, incorrigible dreamer, to the voice of a friend," said the Swedish Minister. Tapping his forehead with his finger he went on, "you do not see straighter than your ex-patients in the Salpetriere, the trouble is evidently catching. Make an effort to see things as they are in reality and not in your dreams. At the rate you are going your stocking will be empty in a month's time, and so far I saw no trace of a single room to live in. I saw nothing but half-finished loggias, terraces, cloisters and pergolas. With what are you going to build your house?"

"With my hands."

"Once established in your house, what are you going to live on?"

"Macaroni."

"It will cost at least half a million to build your San Michele as you see it in your imagination, where are you going to get the money from?"

I was dumbfounded. I had never thought of it, it was altogether a new point of view.

"What on earth am I going to do?" I said at last, staring at my friend.

"I will tell you what you are to do," said my friend with his resolute voice.

"You are to stop work at once on your crazy San Michele, clear out of your white-washed room and since you decline to return to Paris, you are to go to Rome to take up your work as a doctor. Rome is the very place for you. You need only spend the winters there, you will have the long summers to go on with your building. You have got San Michele on the brain, but you are not a fool, or at least most people have not found it out so far. You have besides luck in everything you lay your hands on. I am told there are forty-four foreign doctors practising in Rome, if you pull yourself together and set to work in earnest you can beat them all with your left hand. If you work hard and hand over your earnings to me I will bet you anything you like, that in less than five years you will have made enough money to finish your San Michele and live happily the rest of your life in the company of your dogs and your peasants."

After my friend had left I spent a terrible night wandering up and down in my little cottington room like an animal in a cage. I dared not even go up to the chapel

to say good-night to the sphinx of my dreams as was my wont. I was afraid that the tempter in the red mantle might once more stand by my side in the twilight. When the sun rose I rushed down to the light-house and sprang into the sea. When I swam ashore my head was clear and cool like the waters of the gulf.

Two weeks later I was established as a doctor in Keats' house in Rome.



#### CHAPTER II

My very first patient was Mrs. P. the wife of the well-known English banker in Rome. She had been laid up on her back for nearly three years after a fall from her horse while riding to hounds in the Campagna. All the foreign doctors in Rome had been attending her in turn, a month ago she had even consulted Charcot, who had given her my name. I did not know he was aware of my having settled in Rome. As soon as I had examined her, I understood that the prophecy of the Swedish Minister was going to be fulfilled. I knew that once more Fortuna stood by my side, invisible to all but myself. It was indeed a lucky case to start my Roman practice, the patient was the most popular lady in the foreign colony. I realized that it was the shock and no permanent injury to her spine that had paralyzed her limbs and that faith and massage would put her on her legs in a couple of months. I told her so, a thing nobody else had ever dared to tell her and I kept my word. She began to improve before I had begun the massage. In less than three months she was seen by half the fashionable Roman society stepping out of her carriage in Villa Borghese and walking about under the trees leaning on her stick. It was looked upon as a miraculous achievement, it was in reality a very simple and easy case, granted the patient had faith and the doctor patience. It opened the doors of every house in the numerous British colony in Rome and of many Italian houses as well. Next year I became doctor to the British Embassy and had more English patients than all the eleven English-born doctors put together—I leave it to you to imagine what were their feelings towards me. An old friend of mine from the Ecole des Beaux Arts, now a pensionnaire in Villa Medici, brought me into contact with the French colony. My lifelong friend Count Giuseppe Primoli sang my praises in the Roman society, a faint echo from my luck in Avenue de Villiers did the rest to fill my consulting-room with patients. Professor Weir-Mitchell, the leading nerve specialist of America with whom I had already had some dealings in my Paris days, continued to send me his surplus of dissipated millionaires and their unstrung wives. Their exuberant daughters who had invested their vanity in the first available Roman prince, also began to send for me in their sombre old palaces to consult me about their various symptoms of disillusion. The rest of the vast crowd of Americans followed like a flock of sheep. The twelve American doctors soon shared the fate of their English colleagues. The hundreds of models on the steps of the Trinita dei Monti under my windows in their picturesque costumes from the mountains round Montecassino were all patients of mine. All the flower-sellers of Piazza di Spagna threw a little bunch of violets into my carriage as I drove past in exchange for a cough mixture for some of



their innumerable babies. My ambulatorio in Trastevere spread my fame all over the poor quarters in Rome. I was on my legs from morning till night, I slept like a king from night till morning unless I was called out, which happened as often as not, it mattered nothing to me. I never knew what fatigue meant in those days. Soon, to gain time and to satisfy my love of horses, I drove about Rome full speed in a smart red-wheeled victoria drawn by a pair of splendid Hungarian horses, my faithful Tappio, the Lapland dog, seated by my side. I can now see that it was maybe a little showy and might have been mistaken for recheide had I not already then passed the need of any. Anyhow, it hit my forty-four colleagues badly in the eye, there is no doubt about it.

SOON it became very difficult for any foreigner in Rome to die without my being called in to see him through. I became to the dying foreigners what the Illustissimo Professore Baccelli was to the dying Romans—the last hope, alas, so seldom fulfilled. Another person who never failed to turn up on these occasions was Signor Cornacchia, undertaker to the foreign colony and director of the Protestant Cemetery by Porta San Paolo. He never seemed to have been sent for. He always turned up in good time. His big hook nose seemed to smell the dead at a distance like the carrion-vulture. Correctly dressed in a long frock coat and top hat in the fashion of a colleague, he was always hanging about in the corridor waiting for his turn to be called in. He seemed to have taken a great liking to me, saluting me most cordially with a waving of his top hat whenever he met me in the street. He always expressed his regrets when I was the first to leave Rome in the spring. He always greeted me with outstretched hands and a friendly: Ben tornato, Signor Dottore, when I returned in the autumn. There had been a slight misunderstanding between us the previous Christmas when he had sent me twelve bottles of wine with his hopes for a fruitful co-operation during the coming season. He seemed deeply hurt by my inability to accept his gift. He said none of my colleagues had ever refused his little token of sympathy. The same unfortunate understanding had besides cooled down for some time the cordial relations between myself and the two foreign chemists.

Soon I made the acquaintance of the deadly enemy of all the foreign doctors in Rome, Doctor Campbell, whom the others called an old ruffian. Judging from my first impression they seemed to have hit upon the right diagnosis this time. A more savage-looking old gentleman I never saw, wild bloodshot eyes and crooked lips, the flushed face of a drunkard, all covered with hair like a monkey, and a long, unkempt beard. He was said to be over eighty, the retired old English chemist told me he looked exactly the same thirty years ago when he first arrived in Rome. Nobody knew from where he came. It was rumored he had been a surgeon in the Southern army in the American war. Surgery was his speciality. He was in fact the only surgeon among the foreign doctors. He was on speaking terms with none of them. One day I found him standing by my carriage patting Tappio.

"I envy you that dog," he said abruptly in a rough voice. "Do you like monkeys?"

I said I loved monkeys.

He said I was his man. He begged me to come and have a look at his monkey who had been scalded almost to death by upsetting a kettle of boiling water.

We climbed up to his flat at the top of the corner house of Piazza Mignanelli. He begged me to wait in his salon and

appeared a minute later with a monkey in his arms, a huge baboon all wrapped up in bandages.

"I am afraid he is very bad," said the old doctor in quite a different voice, tenderly caressing the emaciated face of his monkey. "I do not know what I shall do if he dies. He is my only friend. I have brought him up on the bottle since he was a baby. His dear mother died when she gave birth to him. She was almost as big as a gorilla. You never saw such a darling. She was quite human. I do not mind in the least cutting my fellow creatures to pieces. I rather like it, but I have no more courage left in me to dress his scalded little body. He suffers so horribly when I try to disinfect his wounds that I cannot stand it any longer. I am sure you like animals. Will you take him in hand?"

We unwrapped the bandages soaked with blood and pus. It was a pitiful sight. His whole body was one terrible wound.

"He knows you are a friend, or he would not sit as still as he does. He never allows anybody but me to touch him. He knows everything. He has more brains than all the foreign doctors in Rome put together. He has eaten nothing for four days," he went on, with a tender expression in his bloodshot eyes. "Billy, my son, won't you oblige your papa by trying this fig?"

I said I wished we had a banana. There was nothing monkeys liked better.

He said he would telegraph at once to London for a bunch of bananas, never mind the cost.

I said it was a question of keeping up his strength. We poured a little warm milk into his mouth, but he spat it out at once.

"He cannot swallow any more," groaned his master. "I know what it means. He is dying."

We improvised with a sound a sort of feeding tube, and this time he kept the milk to the delight of the old doctor.

BILLY got slowly better. I saw him every day for a fortnight, and I ended by becoming quite fond both of him and his master. Soon I found him sitting in his specially constructed rocking-chair on their sunny terrace by the side of his master, a bottle of whisky on the table between them. The old doctor was a great believer in whisky to steady one's hand before an operation. To judge from the number of empty whisky bottles in the corner of the terrace his surgical practice must have been considerable. Alas, they were both addicted to drink. I had often caught Billy helping himself to a little whisky and soda out of his master's glass. The doctor had told me whisky was the best possible tonic for monkeys. It had saved the life of Billy's beloved mother after her pneumonia. One evening I came upon them on their terrace, both blind drunk. Billy was executing a sort of negro dance on the table round the whisky bottle. The old doctor sat leaning back in his chair clapping his hands to mark the time, singing in a hoarse voice:

"Billy, my son, Billy, my sonny, sooooooconny!" They neither heard nor saw me coming. I stared in consternation at the happy family. The face of the intoxicated monkey had become quite human. The face of the old drunkard looked exactly like the face of a gigantic gorilla. The family likeness was unmistakable.

"Billy, my son, Billy, my son, sooooooconny!"

Was it possible? No, of course it was not possible, but it made me feel quite creepy.

A couple of months later I found the old

doctor standing again by my carriage talking to Tappio. No thank God, Billy was all right. It was his wife who was ill this time. Would I oblige him by having a look at her?

We climbed once more up to his flat. I had so far had no idea that he shared it with anybody but Billy. On the bed lay a young girl, almost a child, with closed eyes, evidently unconscious.

"I thought you said it was your wife who was ill. Is this your daughter?"

No, it was his fourth wife. His first wife had committed suicide. The second and third had died of pneumonia. He felt sure this one was going the same way.

My first impression was that he was quite right. She had double pneumonia, but an enormous effusion in the left pleura had evidently escaped his notice. I gave her a couple of hypodermic injections of camphor and ether with his dirty syringe, and we started rubbing her limbs vigorously with apparently little effect.

"Try to rouse her, speak to her!" I said. He bent over her livid face and roared in her ear:

"Sally, my dear. Pull yourself together. Do get well, or I shall marry again!"

She drew a deep breath and opened her eyes with a shudder.

The next day we tapped her pleura. Youth did the rest. She recovered slowly, as if unwillingly. My suspicion of some chronic mischief in her lungs soon proved well-founded. She was in an advanced state of consumption. I saw her every day for a couple of weeks. I could not help feeling very sorry for her. She was evidently in terror of the old man, and no wonder, for he was horribly rough with her, though perhaps he did not mean it. He had told me she came from Florida. As autumn came I advised him to take her back there, the sooner the better. She would never survive a Roman winter. He seemed to agree. I soon found out that the chief difficulty was what to do with Billy. It ended by my offering to keep the monkey during his absence in my little courtyard under the Trinita dei Monti steps, already occupied by various animals. He was to be back in three months. He never came back. I never knew what became of him nor did anybody else. I heard a rumor that he had been shot during a brawl in a public house, but I do not know if it was true. I have often wondered who this man was, and whether he was a doctor at all. I once saw him amputate an arm with amazing rapidity. He must have known something about anatomy, but evidently very little about dressing and disinfecting a wound and his instruments were incredibly primitive. The English chemist had told me he always wrote out the same prescriptions often with wrong spelling and wrong dose. My own belief is that he was no doctor at all, but a former butcher or perhaps an orderly in an ambulance who had had some good reason for leaving his own country.

Billy stayed with me in Piazza di Spagna till the spring when I took him down to San Michele where he gave me a hell of a time for the rest of his happy life. I cured him of dipsomania. He became in many ways a quite respectable monkey. You will hear more about him later on.



CHAPTER 12

MY friend the Swedish Minister in Rome showed me only the other day the copy of a letter of mine written nearly 20 years ago. The original he said he



had forwarded to the Swedish Foreign Office for perusal and meditation. It was a related answer to a repeated official request from the Swedish Legation that I should at least have the decency to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the Messina medal bestowed on me by the Italian Government for something I was supposed to have done during the earthquake. The letter ran as follows:

**"YOUR EXCELLENCY,**

"My guiding principle in the matter of decorations has so far been only to accept a decoration if I had done nothing whatsoever to deserve it. A glance at the Red Book will make you realise the remarkable results of my strict adherence to this principle during a number of years. The new method suggested by your Excellency's letter, i.e. to seek public recognition for what little useful work I may have tried to do, seems to me a risky undertaking of doubtful practical value. It would only bring confusion into my philosophy, and it might irritate the immortal gods. I slipped unnoticed out of the chaos of things of Naples. I mean to do the same from the ruins of Messina. I need no commemorative medal to remember what I saw."

**A**s it happens, I must admit that this letter is all humbug. The Swedish Minister never returned my Messina medal to the Italian Government. I have got it somewhere in a drawer, with a clear conscience and no greater confusion in my philosophy than before. There was in fact no reason why I should not accept this medal, for what I did in Messina was very little compared with what I saw hundreds of unnamed and unrecorded people do at the peril of their lives. I myself was in no peril except that of dying from hunger and from my own stupidity. It is true that I brought a number of half-suffocated people back to life by means of artificial respiration, but there are few doctors, nurses, or coastguards who have not done the same for nothing. I know that I dragged single-handed an old woman from what had been her kitchen but I also know that I abandoned her in the street screaming for help, with two legs broken.

There was indeed nothing else for me to do. Until the arrival of the first hospital ship no dressing material and no medicine whatsoever was obtainable. There was also the naked baby I found late one evening in a courtyard. I took it to my cellar where it slept peacefully the whole night, tucked under my coat, now and then sucking my thumb in its sleep. In the morning I took it to the nurse of St. Teresa in what remained of their chapel where already over a dozen babies were lying on the floor screaming with hunger, as for a whole week not a drop of milk could be found in Messina. I always marvelled at the number of unborn babies picked out of the ruins or found in the streets. It almost looked as if Almighty God had shown a little more pity on them than on the grown-up people. The aqueduct having been broken, there was no water either except from a few stinking wells, polluted by the thousands of putrefied bodies strewn all over the town. No bread, no meat, hardly any macaroni, no vegetables, no fish, most of the fishing boats having been swamped or smashed to pieces by the tidal wave which swept over the beach, carrying away over a thousand people, huddled there for safety. Hundreds of them were hurled back on the sand, where they lay for days rotting in the sun.

The biggest shark I have ever seen—the strait of Messina is full of sharks—was also thrown up on the sand, still alive. I watched with hungry eyes when he was being cut open, hoping to snatch a slice for myself. I had always been told that the flesh of the shark is very good. In his belly was the whole leg of a woman in a

woollen red stocking and a thick boot, amputated as by a surgeon's knife. It is quite possible that there were other than sharks that tasted human flesh during those days, the less said about it the better. Of course, the thousands of homeless dogs and cats, snaking about the ruins during night, lived on nothing else, until they were caught and devoured by the living whenever there was a chance. I myself have roasted a cat over my spirit lamp. Luckily there were plenty of oranges, lemons, and mandarins to steal in the gardens. Wine was plentiful, the looting of the thousands of wine cellars and wine shops began the very first day. Most people were more or less drunk in the evening, myself included. It was a real blessing. It took away the fainting sensation of hunger, and few people would have dared to fall asleep had they been sober. Shocks occurred almost every night, followed by the roar of falling houses and renewed screams of terror from the people in the streets. On the whole I slept rather well in Messina, notwithstanding the inconvenience of having constantly to change my sleeping quarters. The cellars were, of course, the safest place to sleep in if one could overcome the haunting fear of being entrapped like a rat by a falling wall. Better still was to sleep under a tree in an orange grove but after two days of torrential rain the nights became too cold for a man whose whole outfit was in the haversack on his back. I tried to console myself as best I could for the loss of my beloved Scotch pipe by the thought that it was probably wrapped round some even more dilapidated garments than my own. I would, however, not have exchanged them for anything better even had I a chance. Only a very brave man would have felt comfortable in a decent suit of clothes among all these people saved in their night-shirts, maddened by terror, hunger and cold—he would besides not have kept it for long.

**T**hat robbery from the living and the dead, assaults, even murders, occurred frequently before the arrival of the troops and the declaration of martial law is not to be wondered at. I know of no country where they would not have occurred under similar indescribable circumstances. To make matters worse, the law of irony had willed it that while of the eight hundred carabinieri in the Collegio Militare only fourteen escaped alive, the first shock opened the cells for over four hundred untried professional murderers and thieves on life sentences in the prison by the Capuccini. That these gaol-birds, after having looted the shops for clothes and the armourers for revolvers, had a real good time in what remained of the rich city is certain. They even broke open the safe of the Banco di Napoli, killing two night watchmen. Such was, however, the terror that prevailed in all minds that many of these bandits preferred to give themselves up and be locked up in the hull of a steamer in the harbor, rather than remain in the doomed city, notwithstanding their unique opportunities. As far as I am concerned I was never molested by anybody, on the contrary they were all touchingly kind and helpful to me as they were to each other. Those who had got hold of any clothing or food were always glad to share it with those who had not. I was even presented by an unknown shop-keeper with a smart quilted ladies' dressing-gown, one of the most welcome presents I have ever received.

One evening, in passing by the ruins of a palazzo, I noticed a well-dressed man throwing down some pieces of bread and a bundle of carrots to two horses and a little donkey imprisoned in their underground stable. I could just see the doomed animals through a narrow chink in the wall. He told me he came there twice a day with whatever scraps of

food he could get hold of. The sight of these poor animals dying of hunger and thirst was so painful to him that he would rather shoot them with his revolver if only he had the courage, but he had never had the courage to shoot any animal, not even a quail. I looked in surprise at his handsome, intelligent and rather sympathetic face and asked him if he was a Sicilian. He said he was not but that he had lived in Sicily for several years. It began to rain heavily and we walked away. He asked me where I was living and when I answered nowhere in particular he looked at my denuded clothes and offered to put me up for the night. He was living with two friends close by. We groped our way among huge blocks of masonry and piles of smashed furniture of all descriptions, descended a flight of steps and stood in a large underground kitchen dimly lit by an oil-lamp under a color print of the Madonna stuck up on the wall. There were three mattresses on the floor. Signor Amedeo said I was welcome to sleep on his, he and his two friends were to be away the whole night to search for some of their belongings under the ruins of their houses. I had an excellent supper, the second decent meal I had had since my arrival at Messina. The first had been a couple of days before when I had unexpectedly come upon a joyous luncheon party in the garden of the American Consulate, presided over by my old friend Winthrop Chanler, who had arrived the same morning in his yacht loaded with provisions for the starving city.

I slept soundly the whole night on Signor Amedeo's mattress, only to be awakened in the morning by the safe return of my host and his two friends from their perilous night expedition—perilous indeed, as I knew that troops were ordered to shoot at night any person attempting to carry anything away, were it even from the ruins of his own house. They flung their bundles under the table and themselves on their mattresses and were all fast asleep when I left. Dead tired though he looked, my kind host had not forgotten to tell me that I was welcome to stay with him as long as I liked, and of course I asked for nothing better. The next evening I had supper again with Signor Amedeo; his two friends were already fast asleep on their mattresses, they were all three to be off again for their night's work after midnight. A kinder man than my host I never saw. When he heard I was out of cash, he offered at once to lend me five hundred lire. I regret to say I owe him them still. I could not help expressing my surprise that he was willing to lend his money to a stranger of whom he knew nothing. He answered me with a smile that I would not be sitting by his side if he did not trust me.

**L**ATE the following afternoon as I was crawling among the ruins of the Hotel Trinacria in search of the corpse of the Swedish Consul I was suddenly confronted with a soldier pointing his rifle at me. I was arrested and taken to the nearest post. Having overcome the preliminary difficulty of locating my obscure country, and having scrutinised my permit signed by the prefect, the officer in charge let me off, my only corpus delicti consisting in a half-carbonised Swedish Consular Register. I left the post rather uneasy, for I had noticed the somewhat puzzled look in the officer's eye when I had told him I was unable to give my exact address. I did not even know the name of the street my kind host was living in. It was already quite dark. Soon I started running, for I imagined I heard stealthy footsteps behind me as if somebody was following me, but I reached my sleeping quarters without further adventures.

Signor Amedeo and his two friends were already asleep on their mattresses. Hungry as usual I sat down to the supper



my kind host had left for me on the table I meant to keep awake till they were about to start and offer Signor Amadeo to help him that night in his search for his belongings. I was just saying to myself that it was the least I could in return for his kindness to me when I suddenly heard a sharp whistle and the sound of footsteps. Somebody was coming down the stairs. In an instant the three men asleep on the mattresses sprang to their feet. I heard a shot, a carabinieri fell headlong down the stairs on the floor at my very feet. As I bent rapidly over him to see if he was dead, I distinctly saw Signor Amadeo pointing his revolver at me. The same instant the room was full of soldiers. I heard another shot and after a desperate struggle the three men were overpowered. As my host passed before me, handcuffed, with a stout rope tied round his arms and legs, he raised his head and looked at me with a wild flash of hatred and reproach that made the blood freeze in my veins. Half an hour later I was back again at the same post, where I was locked up for the night.

In the morning I was interrogated again by the same officer, to whose intelligence and kindness I probably owe my life. He told me the three men were escaped prisoners on life sentence in the prison by the Capucini, all "peri-colossissimi." Amadeo was a famous bandit who had terrorised the country round Gigena for years with a record of eight homicides. It was also he and his gang who had broken into the Banco di Napoli and killed the watchman the previous night while I was sound asleep on his mattress. The three men had been shot at daybreak. They had asked for a priest, had confessed their sins and had died fearlessly. The police officer said he wished to compliment me for the important role I had played in their capture. I looked him in the eye and said I was not proud of my achievement. I had realised long ago that I was not fit to play the role of an accuser and still less the role of an executioner. It was not my business, maybe it was his, maybe it was not. God knew how to strike when He wished to strike. He knew how to take a life as well as how to give it.



## CHAPTER 13

**S**PRING had come and gone. It was getting on towards Roman summer. The last foreigners were vanishing from the stuffy streets. The marble goddesses in the empty museums were enjoying their holidays cool and comfortable in their fig-leaves. St. Peter was taking his siesta in the shade of the Vatican gardens. The Forum and the Coliseum were sinking back into their haunted dreams. Giovannina and Rosina were looking pale and tired. The dogs were panting. The monkeys under the Trinità dei Monti steps were yelling for change of air and scenery. My beautiful little cutter was riding at her anchor off Porto d'Anzio, waiting for the signal to hoist sail for my island home, where Mastro Nicola and his three sons were scanning the horizon from the parapet of the chapel for my return. My last visit before leaving Rome was to the Protestant Cemetery by Porta San Paolo. The nightingales were still singing to the dead, who did not seem to mind being forgotten in so sweet a place, so fragrant with lilac roses and myrtle in full bloom. Giovannina's eight children were all down with malaria. There was plenty of malaria in the outskirts of Rome in those days. Baedeker might say what

he liked. The eldest girl, Maria, was so emaciated by repeated attacks of fever that I told her father that she would not survive the summer if she was left in Rome. I offered him to let her spend the summer in San Michele with my household. He hesitated at first. The poor-class Italians are most reluctant to be separated from their sick children. They prefer to let them die at home rather than to have them taken to a hospital. He ended by accepting when he was told to take his daughter to Capri himself to see with his own eyes how well she would be looked after by my people. Miss Hall, an English pensioner of mine, who was the self-constituted guardian of my two Capri girls with Giovannina and Rosina and all the dogs went by rail to Naples as usual, I, with Billy the baboon, the mongoose and my little owl had a glorious sail in the yacht. We rounded Monte Circeo as the sun was rising, caught the morning breeze from the Bay of Gaeta, darted at racing speed under the Castle of Iachia, and dropped anchor at the Marina di Capri as the bells were ringing mezzogiorno. Two hours later I was at work in the garden of San Michele with hardly any clothes on.

**A**FTER five long summers' incessant toil from sunrise till sunset San Michele was more or less finished, but there was still a lot to be done in the garden. A new terrace was to be laid out behind the house. Another loggia to be built over the two small Roman rooms which we had discovered in the autumn. As to the little cloister court I told Mastro Nicola we had better knock it down. I did not like it any more. Mastro Nicola implored me to leave it as it was. We had already knocked it down twice. If we kept on knocking down everything as soon as it was built, San Michele would never be finished. I told Mastro Nicola that the proper way to build one's house was to knock everything down, never mind how many times and begin again until your eye told you that everything was right. The eye knew much more about architecture than did the books. The eye was infallible, as long as you relied on your own eye, and not on the eye of other people. As I saw it again I thought San Michele looked more beautiful than ever. The house was small. The rooms were few but there were loggias, terraces and pergolas all around it to watch the sun, the sea, and the clouds—the soul needs more space than the body. Not much furniture in the rooms, but what there was could not be bought with money alone. Nothing superfluous, nothing unbecomingly no bric-a-brac, no trinkets.

The pergola was already covered with young vines. Roses, honeysuckle and ivy were clustering round the long row of white columns. Among the cypresses in the little cloister court stood the Dancing Faun on his column of cipolino. In the centre of the big loggia sat the bronze Hermes from Herculaneum. In the little marble court outside the dining-room all ablaze with sun, sat Billy the baboon, hard at work catching Tappio's flea, surrounded by all the other dogs drowsily awaiting their turn for the customary completion of their morning toilette. Billy had a wonderful hand for catching fleas. No jumping or crawling thing escaped his vigilant eye. The dogs knew it quite well, and enjoyed the sport as much as he did. It was the only sport tolerated by the law of San Michel. Death was fulminant and probably painless. Billy had swallowed his prey before there was time to realise the danger. Billy had given up drinking and become a respectable monkey in the full bloom of manhood, alarmingly like a human being;

on the whole, well behaved, though somewhat bolterous when I was out of sight, making fun of everybody. I often wondered what the dogs really thought of him at the back of their heads. I am not sure they were not afraid of him. They generally turned their heads away when he looked at them. Billy was afraid of nobody but me. I could always see by his face when he had a bad conscience which was generally the case. Yes, I think he was afraid of the mongoose who was always sneaking about the garden on restless feet, silent and inquisitive. There was something very manly about Billy. He could not help it. His Maker had made him so. Billy was not at all inhuman to the attractions of the other sex. Billy had taken a great liking at first sight to Elisa, the wife of my gardener, who stood for hours staring at him with fascinated eyes, where he sat in his private fastness, smacking his lips at her. Elisa was expecting a baby as usual. I had never known her otherwise. Somehow I did not quite like this sudden friendship with Billy. I had even told her she had better look at somebody else.

Old Pacciale had gone down to the Marina to receive his colleague, the gravedigger of Rome, who was to arrive at noon with his daughter by the Sorrento sailing boat. As he had to be back at his job at the Protestant Cemetery the eve of the following day he was to be taken in the afternoon to inspect the two cemeteries of the island. In the evening my household was to offer a dinner with vino a volonte on the garden terrace to their distinguished visitor from Rome.

**T**HE bells in the chapel rang "Ave Maria." I had been on my legs since 5 o'clock in the morning hard at work in the blazing sun, tired and hungry. I sat down to my frugal supper on the upper loggia, grateful for another happy day. On the garden terrace below sat my guests in their Sunday clothes, round a gigantic plate of macaroni and a huge piletto of San Michele's best wine. In the place of honor at the head of the table sat the gravedigger of Rome with the two gravediggers of Capri, one on each side of him. Next sat Baldassare, my gardener, and Gaetano, my sailor, and Mastro Nicola with his three sons, all talking at the top of their voices. Round the table stood their womenfolk in admiration, according to Neapolitan custom. The sun was slowly sinking over the sea. For the first time in my life it seemed a relief to me when it disappeared at last behind Iachia. Why was I longing for the twilight and the stars; I the sunworshipper, who had been afraid of darkness and night ever since I was a child? Why had my eyes been burning so when I looked up to the glorious sun god? Was he angry with me? Was he going to turn his face away from me and leave me in the dark? I who was working on my knees to build him another sanctuary?

A dark cloud suddenly descended over the sea and over the garden at my feet. My burning eyelids closed with terror.

"Listen, compagni!" shouted the gravedigger of Rome from the terrace below, "Listen to what I tell you! You peasant folk who only see him going about in this wretched little village, barefooted and with no more clothes on than you have. Do you know that he is driving about the streets of Rome with a carriage and pair? They say he even went to see the Pope when he had influenza? I tell you, compagni, there is nobody like him. He is the greatest doctor in Rome. Come with me to my cemetery and you will see for yourself! Sempre lui! Sempre lui! As



to me and my family I do not know what we should do without him. He is our benefactor. To whom do you think my wife is selling all her wraiths and flowers, if not to his customers? And all these foreigners who ring the bell at the gate and give their penny to my children for being let in. Why do you think they have come there? Why do you think they want? Of course, my children don't understand what they are talking about, and often had to wander all over the cemetery with them before they found what they wanted. Now as soon as some foreigners ring the bell my children know at once what they want and take them straight to his row of graves, and they are always very pleased and give the children an extra penny. *Sempre lui! Sempre lui!* There is hardly a month he does not cut open some of his patients in the mortuary chapel to try to find out what was the matter with them. He gives me fifty lire apiece for putting them back in their coffins. I tell you, compagni! There is nobody like him! *Sempre lui! Sempre lui!*

THE cloud had already drifted away. The sea was once more radiant with golden light. My fear was gone. The devil himself can do nothing to a man as long as he can laugh.

The dinner party broke up. Glad to be alive, and with plenty of wine in our heads, we all went to bed to sleep the sleep of the just.

Hardly had I fallen asleep, than I found myself standing on a lonely plain strewn with debris of broken masonry, huge blocks of travertine and fragments of marbles half hidden by ivy, rosemary and wild honeysuckle, cistus and thyme. On a crumbling wall of opus reticulatum sat an old shepherd playing on the flute of Pan to his flock of goats. His wild, long-bearded face was scorched by sun and wind, his eyes were burning like fire under his bushy brows, his lean emaciated body was shivering under his long blue cloak of a Calabrian shepherd. I offered him a little tobacco, he handed me a slice of fresh goat-cheese and an onion. I understood him with difficulty.

What was the name of this strange place? It had no name.

Where did he come from? From nowhere, he had always been here, this was his home.

Where did he sleep? Where did he sleep?

He pointed with his long staff to a flight of steps under a tumbledown archway. I climbed down the steps hewn in the rock and stood in a dim, vaulted room. In the corner a straw mattress with a couple of sheepskins as bedcover. Suspended round the walls and from the ceiling bunches of dried onions and tomatoes, an earthenware jug of water on the rough table. This was his home, these were his belongings. Here he had lived his whole life, here he would lie down one day to die. In front of me opened a dark, subterranean passage half filled with debris from the fallen roof. Where did it lead to?

He did not know, he had never been there. He had been told as a boy that it led to a cave haunted by an evil spirit who had lived there for thousands of years, in the shape of a huge werewolf who would devour any man who should approach his cave.

I lit a torch and groped my way down a flight of marble steps. The passage widened more and more, an ice-cold blast of air blew in my face. I heard an uncanny moan which made the blood freeze in my veins. Suddenly I stood in a large hall. Two huge columns of African marble still

supported a part of the vaulted roof, two others lay across the mosaic floor wrenched from their pedestals by the grip of the earthquake. Hundreds of huge bats were hanging in black clusters round the walls, others were fluttering in wild flight round my head, blinded by the sudden light of the torch. In the midst of the hall crouched a huge granite sphinx, staring at me with stony, wide-open eyes.

I started in my sleep. The dream vanished. I opened my eyes, the day was breaking.

Suddenly I heard the call of the sea, imperious, irresistible like a command. I sprang to my feet, flung myself into my clothes and rushed up to the parapet of the chapel to hoist the signal to the yacht to make ready for the start. A couple of hours later I boarded my boat with provisions for a week, coils of stout rope, pick-axes and spades, a revolver, all my available money, a bundle of torches of resinous wood, such as fishermen use for night fishing. A moment later we hoisted sail for the most stirring adventure of my life. The following night we dropped anchor in a lonely cove, unknown to all but a few fishermen and smugglers. Gaetano was to wait for me there with the yacht for a week and to run for shelter to the nearest port in case bad weather set in. We knew this dangerous coast well, with no safe anchorage for a hundred miles. I also knew its wonderful inland, once the Magna Græcia of the Golden Ages of Hellenic art and culture, now the most desolate province of Italy abandoned by man to malaria and earthquake.

Three days later I stood on the same lonely plain strewn with broken masonry and huge blocks of travertine and fragments of marbles half hidden under ivy, rosemary and wild honeysuckle, cistus and thyme. On the crumbling wall of opus reticulatum sat the old shepherd playing on his pipe to his flock of goats. I offered him a little tobacco, he handed me a slice of fresh goat-cheese and an onion. The sun had already gone down behind the mountains, the deadly mist of malaria was slowly creeping over the desolate plain. I told him I had lost my way, I dared not wander about alone in this wilderness, might I stay with him for the night?

He led the way to his underground sleeping quarters I knew as well from my dream. I lay down on his sheepskins and fell asleep.

IT is all too weird and fantastic to be translated into written words. You would besides not believe me if I tried to do so. I hardly know myself where the dream ended and where reality began. Who steered the yacht into this hidden, lonely cove? Who led my way across this trackless wilderness to the unknown ruins of Nero's villa? Was the shepherd of flesh and blood, or was he not Pan himself who had come back to his favorite haunts of old to play the flute to his flock of goats?

Do not ask me any questions. I cannot tell you, I dare not tell you. You may ask the huge granite sphinx who lies crouching on the parapet of the chapel in San Michele. But you will ask in vain. The sphinx has kept her own secret for five thousand years. The sphinx will keep mine.

I returned from the great adventure, emaciated from hunger and hardships of all sorts, and shivering with malaria. Once I had been kidnapped by brigands. There were plenty of them in Calabria in those days. It was my rags that saved me.

Twice I had been arrested by the coast-guards as a smuggler. Several times I had been stung by scorpions. My left hand was still in a bandage from the bite of a viper. Off Punta Licosa, where Leucoclea, the Siren sister of Parthenope, lies buried, we were caught in a south-westerly gale, and would have gone to the bottom of the sea with our heavy cargo had not Sant'Antonio taken the helm in the nick of time. Votive candles were still burning before his shrine in the church of Anacapri when I entered San Michele. The rumor that we had been wrecked in the heavy gale had spread all over the island. All my household was overjoyed to welcome me home.

YES, all was well at San Michele, grazie a Dio. Nothing had happened in Anacapri, as usual nobody had died. The parroco had sprained his ankle. Some people said he had slipped when descending the pulpit last Sunday. Others said it was the parroco of Capri who had made him mal'occhio. Everybody knew the parroco of Capri had the evil eye. Yesterday morning the Canonico Don Giacinto had been found dead in his bed down in Capri. The Canonico had been quite well when he went to bed. He had died in his sleep. He had been lying in state during the night before the High Altar. He was to be buried with great pomp this morning. The bells had been ringing since daybreak.

In the garden the work had been going on as usual. Mastro Nicola had found another testa di cristiano when knocking down the cluster wall and Baldassare had come upon another earthenware jar full of Roman coins while taking up the new potatoes. Old Pacciale who had been digging in my vineyard at Damecula, took me aside with an air of great mystery and importance. Having ascertained that nobody overheard us, he produced from his pocket a broken clay pipe black with smoke. It might have belonged to some soldier of the Maltese regiment who camped at Damecula in 1866.

"The pipe of Tiberius!" said old Pacciale.

The dogs had had their baths every midday and their bones twice a week according to the regulations. The little owl was in good spirits. The mongoose was on his legs day and night always on the look-out for something or somebody. The tortoises seemed very happy in their own quiet way.

Had Billy been good? Yes, Elias hurried to answer, Billy had been very good, un vero angelo.

I thought he did not look like one as I watched him grinning at me from the top of his private fig-tree. Contrary to his habit he did not come down to greet me. I felt sure he had been up to some mischief. I did not like the look of his face. Was it really true that Billy had been good?

Gradually the truth came out. The very day I had sailed Billy had thrown a carrot at the head of a forester who was passing under the garden wall and smashed his eyeglass. The forester was very angry and was going to lodge a complaint at Capri. Elias protested vigorously. It was all the fault of the forester who had no business to stand and laugh at Billy like that. Everybody knew he got angry when people laughed at him. The next day there had been a terrible fight between Billy and the fox-terrier. All the dogs had thrown themselves into the fray. Billy had fought like *il Demonio*, and even wanted to bite Baldassare when he tried to separate the belligerents. The battle



had suddenly ceased with the arrival of the mongoose. Billy had leaped to his feet, and all the dogs had slunk away as they always did when the little mongoose turned up. Billy and the dogs had been at daggers drawn ever since. He had even refused to continue to catch their fleas. Billy had chased the Siamese kitten all over the garden, and ended by carrying it up to the top of the fig-tree, and proceeded to pull off all its hair. Billy had been constantly teasing the tortoises. Amanda, the biggest tortoise, had laid seven eggs as big as pigeon eggs to be hatched by the sun, tortoise-fashion. Billy had gulped them down in an instant. Had they at least been careful not to leave any wine bottles about? There was an ominous silence. Puccia, the most trustworthy of the household, admitted at last that on two occasions Billy had been seen sneaking out of the wine-cellar with a bottle in each hand. Three days ago two more wine bottles had been discovered in the corner of the monkey-house, carefully buried under the sand. According to the instructions Billy had been immediately locked up in the monkey-house on water and bread pending my return. The next morning the monkey-house had been found empty. Billy had broken out in the night in some inexplicable way. The bars were intact. The key to the padlock was in Baldassarre's pocket. The whole household had been hunting for Billy in vain all over the village. Baldassarre had caught him at last this very morning high up on the mountain of Barbarossa, fast asleep, with a dead bird in his hand. While the investigation was going on Billy was sitting at the top of his tree looking defiantly at me. There could be no doubt that he understood every word we said. Stern disciplinary measures were necessary. Monkeys like children must learn to obey until they can learn to command. Billy was beginning to look uneasy. He knew I was the master. He knew I could catch him with the lasso as I had done before. He knew that the whip in my hand was for him. The dogs knew it equally well where they sat in a circle round Billy's tree wagging their tails with clear consciences, thoroughly enjoying the situation—dogs rather like to assist at the whipping of somebody else. Suddenly Elisa put her hands over her abdomen with a piercing scream, and was dragged on to her bed in the cottage in the nick of time by Puccia and me while Baldassarre rushed to fetch the midwife. When I returned to his tree Billy had vanished. So much the better for him and for me. I hate to punish animals.



CHAPTER 14

THE festa di Sant'Antonio was the greatest day in the year for Anacapri. For weeks the little village had been all astir for the solemn commemoration of our Patron Saint. The streets had been cleaned, the houses where the procession had to pass had been whitewashed, the church decorated with red silk hangings and tapestries, the fireworks ordered from Naples, the band, most important of all, hired from Torre Annunziata. The series of festivals opened with the arrival of the band on the eve of the great day. Half across the bay the band had already to begin to blow all they were worth, far too far away

to be heard by us in Anacapri but near enough with favourable wind to irritate the ears of the Capresi in the hated village below. On landing at the Marina the band and their gigantic instruments were packed in two big carts and taken as far as the carriage road was finished. The rest of the way they had to climb in loose formation up the steep Phoenician steps, blowing incessantly. Under the wall of San Michele they were received by a deputation from the Municipio. The magnificent bandmaster in his gorgeous uniform all covered with gold lace a la Murat raised his baton and, preceded by the boys of the village, the band made their solemn entrance into Anacapri a tempo di marcia blowing their horns, clarinets and oboes, banging their drums and cymbals and rattling their triangles as hard as they could. Inauguration concert on the Piazza all decorated with flags and crammed with people, lasting without any interval till midnight. A few hours' dreamless sleep in the old barracks where the English soldiers slept in 1806, interrupted by the bursting of the first rockets to announce that the great day was dawning. At 4 a.m. reveille through the village blowing lustily in the fresh morning breeze. At 5 the usual morning mass in church read as always by the parson assisted, in honor of the occasion, by the band on empty stomachs. At 7 intermezzo, a cup of black coffee, half a kilo of bread and fresh goat-cheese. At 8 the church was already filled to the last place, the men on one side, the women on the other, their babies asleep on their laps. In the centre of the church the band on their specially erected tribune. The twelve priests of Anacapri in their choir stalls behind the High Altar embarked courageously on the *Missa Solennis* of Pergolesi, trusting to Providence and the accompanying band to see them through. Musical intermezzo, a furious gallop played by the band with great bravura, much appreciated by the congregation. At ten o'clock *Messa Cantata* from the High Altar with painful solos by poor old Don Antonio and tremolos of protestation and sudden cries of distress from the inside of the little organ, worn out by the wear and tear of three centuries. At eleven sermon from the pulpit in commemoration of Sant'Antonio and his miracles, each miracle illustrated and made visible by a special gesture appropriate to the occasion. Now the orator would raise his hands in ecstasy to the Saints in Heaven, now he would point his index to the floor to locate the underground dwellings of the damned. Now he would fall on his knees in silent prayers to Sant'Antonio suddenly to spring to his feet on the point of precipitating himself from the pulpit, to smite down an invisible scoundrel with a blow from his fist. Now he would bend his head in rapturous silence to listen to the happy chants of the angels, now, pale with terror, he would put his hands to his ears not to hear the grinding of the teeth of Il Demonio and the cries of the sinners in their captivity. At last, streaming with perspiration and prostrated by two hours of tears and sobs and maledictions at a temperature of 105 Fahrenheit, he would slink down on the floor of the pulpit with a terrific curse on the Protestants. 12 o'clock Great excitement on the Piazza. Ecco la processione! Ecco la processione! The procession is coming out. First came a dozen small children, almost babies, hand in hand. Some wore short white tunics and angel wings like Raphael's putti. Some, entirely naked and adorned with garlands of vine-leaves and wreaths of roses round their brows, looked as if detached from a Greek bas-relief. Then came the Daughters of Mary, tall slender girls in

white robes and long, blue veils with the silver medal of the Madonna round their necks on a blue ribbon. Then came the *bizzocche*, in black dresses and black veils, dried-up old spinsters who had remained faithful to their first love, Jesus Christ. Then came the "Congrega di Carità", preceded by their banner, old, grave-looking men in their quaint black and white cassocks of the time of Savonarola.

La musica! La musica!

Then came the band in their gold-laced uniforms from the time of the Bourbon kings of Naples, preceded by their magnificent bandmaster blowing for all they were worth a wild polka, a special favorite piece of the saint. I understood. Then, surrounded by all the priests in their gala robes and saluted by hundreds of crackers, appeared Sant'Antonio erect on his throne, his hand stretched out in the act of blessing. His robe was covered with precious lace and strewed with jewels and ex-votos, his mantle of magnificent old brocade was fastened on his breast with a fibula of sapphires and rubies. From a string of multi-colored glass beads round his neck hung a huge coral in the shape of a horn to protect him against the evil eye.

CLOSE on the heels of Sant'Antonio came I, bareheaded, wax taper in hand, walking by the side of the sindaco—an honor bestowed upon me by special permission from the Archbishop of Sorrento. Then came the municipal councillors relieved for the day from their grave responsibility. Then came the notables of Anacapri: the doctor, the notary, the apothecary, the barber, the tobacconist, the tailor. Then came il popolo: sailors, fishermen, contadini, followed at a respectful distance by their womenfolk and their children.

In the rear of the procession walked humbly half-a-dozen dogs, a couple of goats with their kids trotting by their side, and a pig or two, on the lookout for their owners. Specially selected masters of ceremony, gift sticks in their hands, Gold Sticks in Waiting to the Saint, rushed incessantly to and fro along the flank of the procession to keep order in the ranks and to regulate the speed.

As the procession wound its way through the lanes, basketsful of sweet-scented flowers, the favorite flower of the saint, were thrown from every window. The broom is in fact called the *fiore di Sant'Antonio*. Here and there a cord had been stretched across the street from one window to another, and just as the saint passed by, a gaily-colored cardboard angel was seen performing a precipitate flight with flapping wings across the rope, to the huge delight of the crowd.

In front of San Michele the procession halted and the saint was reverently deposited on a specially-erected stand to rest for a while. The clergy wiped the perspiration from their foreheads, the band kept on blowing their *fortissimo* as they had done ever since they issued from the church two hours before. Sant'Antonio looked on benevolently from his stand, while my womenfolk threw handfuls of roses from the windows, old Puccia rang the bells from the chapel, and Baldassarre lowered the flag from the roof of the house.

It was a grand day for us all, everybody was proud of the honor paid to us. The dogs watched the proceedings from the pergola, well behaved and polite as usual though somewhat restless. In the garden the tortoises continued impassive to ponder upon their own problems, the mongoose was too busy to give way to his curiosity. The little cat sat blinking with half-closed eyes on his perch, thinking of something else, Billy, being an unbeliever, was shut up in



the monkey-house, from where he kept up an infernal din, shouting at the top of his voice, banging his water-bottle against his tin bowl, rattling his chain, shaking his bars and using the most horrible language.

Back to the Piazza where Sant'Antonio, saluted by a tremendous detonation of crackers, was reinstated in his shrine in the church, and the procession went home to their macaroni. The band sat down to a banquet offered by the authorities under the pergola of the Hotel Paradiso, half a kilo of macaroni per head, wine to their capacity. At four the doors of San Michele were flung open, half an hour later the whole village was in the garden, rich and poor, men, women, and children and new-born babies, cripples, idiots, blind and lame, those who could not come by themselves were carried on the shoulders of the others. Only the priests were absent, though not by any fault of theirs. Prostrated by their long wanderings, they leaned back in their choir stalls behind the High Altar in fervent prayers to Sant'Antonio, audible maybe to the Saint himself in his shrine, but seldom to anybody else who happened to look into the empty church. A long row of tables with huge pirovetti of San Michele's best wine stretched from one end of the pergola to the other. Old Paciale, Baldassare, and Maestro Nicola were hard at work refilling the wine-glasses, and Giovannina, Rosina, and Silva went round offering cigars to the men, coffee to the women, and cakes and sweets to the children. The band, by special arrangement with the authorities, lent to me for the afternoon, was blowing incessantly from the upper loggia. The whole house was thrown open, nothing was locked up, all my precious belongings were lying about as usual in their apparent disorder on tables, chairs, and on the floor. Over a thousand people wandered freely from room to room, nothing was ever touched, nothing was ever missing. When the bells rang Ave Maria the reception was over and they all went away after much handshaking, happier than ever, but that is what wine is made for.

THE band, in better form than ever, led the way to the Piazza. The twelve priests, relieved and refreshed by their vigil over Sant'Antonio, stood already in compact formation outside the church doors. The sindaco, the municipal councillors, and the notables took their seats on the terrace of the municipio. The band, gasping for breath, hoisted themselves and their instruments on the specially-erected tribune. The people stood in the Piazza packed like herrings. The majestic bandmaster raised his baton, the Gran Concerto began. "Allegretto," "Il Trovatore," "Gli Utenotti," "I Puritani," "Il Ballo in Maschera," a choice selection of Neapolitan folk-songs, polkas, mazurkas, minuets, and tarantellas in uninterrupted succession and ever-increasing tempo until eleven o'clock, when two thousand fire-works of rockets, Roman candles, Catherine wheels, and crackers exploded in the air to the glory of Sant'Antonio.

At midnight the official programme for the festivity was exhausted, but not so the Anacapresi and the band. Nobody went to bed, the village resounded with singing, laughter, and music the whole night long. Evviva la gloria! Evviva il Santo! Evviva la musica!

The band was to depart by the six o'clock morning boat. On their way to the Marina they halted at daybreak under the windows of San Michele for their customary "Serenata d'Addio" in my honor. I can still see Henry James looking down from his bedroom window, shaking with laughter, in his pyjamas.

The band had been sadly reduced in numbers and efficiency during the night. The bandmaster had become delirious, two of the leading oboists had spit blood, the bassoon had had a rupture, the big

drummer had dislocated his right shoulder-blade, the cymbalists had split his eardrums. Two more members of the band—incapacitated by emotion—had had to be taken down to the Marina on donkeys. The survivors lay on their backs in the middle of the road blowing with their last breath their plaintive "Serenata d'Addio" to San Michele.

Revived by a cup of black coffee they staggered speechless to their feet and with a friendly waving of their hands they reeled down the Phoenician steps to the Marina. The Festa di Sant'Antonio was over.



CHAPTER 15

I HAVE been away from San Michele a whole year, what a waste of time! I have come back with one eye less than when I went away. There is nothing more to be said about it. No doubt it was in order to prepare for such an eventuality that I was made to start life with two eyes. I have come back a different man. I seem to be looking out on the world with my one remaining eye from another angle of vision than I did before. I can no more see what is ugly and sordid. I can only see what is beautiful, and sweet, and clean. Even the men and women around me seem different from what they used to be. By a curious optical illusion I can see them no more as they are but as they were meant to be, as they would have liked to be if they had had a chance. I can still see with my blind eye a lot of fools strutting about, but they do not seem to get on my nerves as they used to do. I do not mind their chatter. Let them have their say. Further, I have not come for the present. If I am ever to love my fellow creatures I fear I shall have to be blinded in both my eyes first.

I cannot forgive them their cruelty to animals. I believe there is a sort of retrograde evolution going on in my mind which makes me drift further and further away from other people, and draw closer and closer to Mother Nature and to the animals. All these men and women around me now seem to me of far less importance in the world than before. I feel as if I had been wasting too much of my time with them, as if I could do just as well without them as they can do without me. I well know they have no further use for me. Better flie a l'anglaise before one is turned out. I have plenty of other things to do, and maybe there is not much time left. My wandering about the world in search of happiness is over, my life as a fashionable doctor is over, my life on the sea is over. I am going to stay where I am for good, and try to make the best of it. But shall I be allowed to remain even here in San Michele? The whole bay of Naples lies shining like a mirror below my feet. The columns on the pergola, the loggias and the chapel are all ablaze with light. What will become of me, if I cannot stand the glare? I have given up reading and writing and have taken up singing instead. I did not sing when all was well. I am also learning typewriting, a useful and pleasant pastime. I am told for a single man with a single eye. Each hammerstroke of my typewriter strikes simultaneously the MS. and my skull with a knock-out blow on the top

of every thought that ventures to pop out from my brain. I have besides never been good at thinking. I seem to go on much better without it. There was a comfortable main road leading from the brain to the pen in my hand. Whatever thoughts I have had to spare have groped their way along this road ever since they began to tackle the alphabet. No wonder if they are apt to lose their bearing in this American labyrinth of cogs and wheels! In parenthesis I had better warn the reader that I can only accept responsibility for what I have written with my own hand, not for what has been concocted in collaboration with the Corona Typewriting Company. I shall be curious to see which of the two the reader will like best.

SPRING has come once more. The air is full of it. The ginestra is in bloom. The myrtle is budding. The vines are sprouting flowers everywhere. Roses and honeysuckle are climbing the stems of the cypresses, and the columns of the pergola. Anemones, crocuses, wild hyacinths, violets, orchids, cyclamens are rising out of the sweet-scented grass. Clusters of campanula gracilis and deep blue lithospermum, blue as the Blue Grotto, are springing out of the very rock. The lizards are chasing each other among the ivy. The tortoises are cantering about singing lustily to themselves—perhaps you do not know that tortoises can sing! The mongoose seems more restless than ever. The little minerva owl flaps her wings as if she meant to fly off to look up a friend in the Roman Campagna. Barbarossa, the big Maremma dog, has vanished on errands of his own. Even my rickety old Tappio looks as if he would not mind a little spree it. Lapland. Billy wanders up and down under his fig-tree with a twinkle in his eye and an unmistakeable air of a young man about town, up to anything. Giovannina is having long talks under the garden wall with her sunburnt amoroso. It is all right; they are going to be married after Sant'Antonio. The sacred mountain above San Michele is full of birds on their way home to mate and rear their young. What a joy to me that they can rest there in peace! Yesterday I picked up a poor little skylark so exhausted from his long journey across the sea that he didn't even attempt to fly away. He sat quite still in the palm of my hand as if he understood it was the hand of a friend, perhaps a compatriot. I asked him if he wouldn't sing me a song before he went off again. There was no bird song I liked better than his, but he said he had no time to spare. He had to hurry home to Sweden to sing the summer in. For more than a week the flute-like notes of a golden oriole have been sounding in my garden. The other day I caught sight of his bride hiding in a laurel bush. To-day I have seen their nest, a marvel of bird-architecture. There is also much fluttering of wings and a soft murmur of bird voices in the thicket of rosemary by the chapel. I pretend to know nothing about it but I am pretty sure some flirtation is going on there. I wonder what bird it can be? Last night the secret came out, for, just as I was going to bed, a nightingale started singing Schubert's "Serenade" under my window.

Letze fischen meine Lieder,  
Durch die Nacht zu dir;  
In den stillen Hain bernieder.  
Liebchen, komm zu mir  
"What a beautiful girl Peppinella has turned out, for, just as I was falling asleep, "I wonder if Peppinella . . ."

## THE END

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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